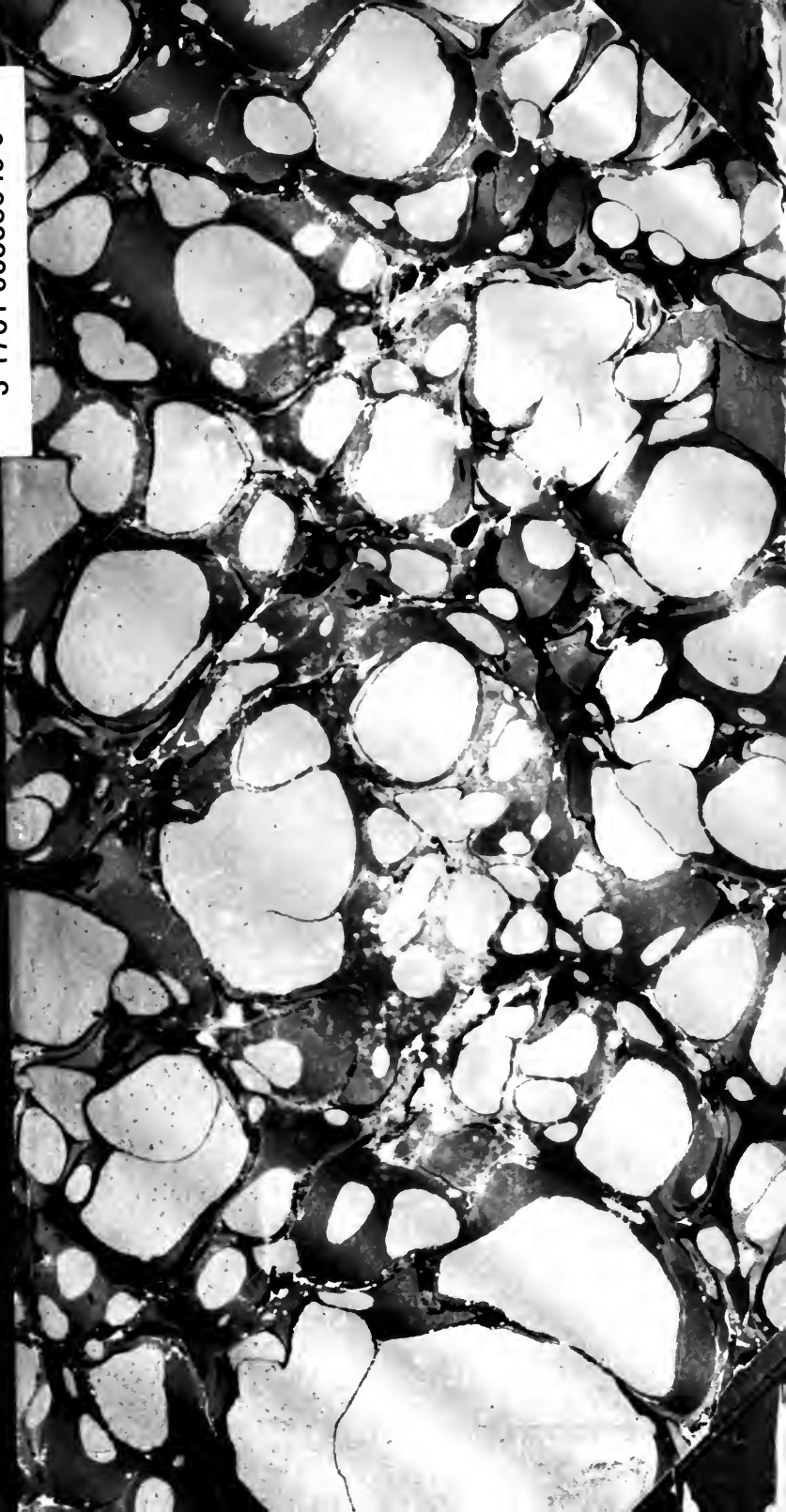




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Mary Molish
Archibald
Memorial



~~OLD PLAYS~~

OLD PLAYS;

BEING A CONTINUATION OF

DODSLEY'S COLLECTION.

WITH

NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

[Sir Charles ^{ed by} Wentworth Dilke]

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE
WONDER OF A KINGDOM:

A
COMEDY.

BY
THOMAS DEKKER.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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THOMAS BIRNEY

THOMAS DEKKER, OR DECKER.

THIS author was associated in writing with many men of great ability, and, as appears from Henslowe's MS. amongst others with Ben Jonson. Of the origin of their quarrel afterwards, though of itself sufficiently notorious, we are quite ignorant; the consequence of it was, Jonson's satirizing Dekker, under the name of Crispinus, in his "Poetaster *," to which the latter replied with great spirit and success in his "Satiromastix." Both these works have merit, but much of their humour is necessarily lost to us from our inability to apply the personal satire; and after all it is better as it is; for we must regret when wit and humour join our natural disposition in transmitting to posterity the weakness of men of distinguished ability. As was not unusual in his time, Dekker was both poet and player, but both could not keep him from poverty, and sometimes extreme distress; of this the following extract from Henslowe's MS.

* Mr. D'Israeli, in a note on this controversy, in his "Quarrels of Authors," 1814, observes, should it "*hereafter*, as I have been imperfectly told, be discovered *not to be Dekker but Marston*, as I was not favoured with the evidence, I am not to be accountable for the error." On this subject Mr. Chalmers, in his "Biographical Dictionary," 1813, under the head of Dekker, says, "The provocation, however, on the part of Jonson is completely overthrown by Mr. Gilchrist, whose accurate research *has* established the fact that the Crispinus of Jonson was not Dekker, but Marston." I presume this information was *privately* communicated to Mr. Chalmers, as it is not *attempted to be proved* in this gentleman's edition of "Bishop Corbet," or his two pamphlets on Ben Jonson, the only works with which, I believe, he has yet favoured the public. If I am correct in this, Mr. D'Israeli's apology will hold good for myself.

is but too sufficient evidence : “ Lent unto the company, the 4 February, 1598, to discharge Mr. Decker owt of the cownter in the powltry, the some of fortie shillings, I say dd. [delivered] to Thomas Downton, xxxxs.” Mr. Oldys* further informs us “ he was in the King’s Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616, and how much longer I know not.” Indeed the very knowledge communicated in his prose works is an evidence of his being perfectly acquainted with the manners of the lowest and most depraved. I by no means mention this against his moral character, although he admits some natural inference might be drawn from them unfavourable to it, for it was probably the consequence of his poverty and long confinement in prison. As a writer he had a good reputation among his contemporaries, and posterity seems inclined to admit the justness of their decision †. Under easier circumstances he might have been less voluminous and more accurate; but the writer for bread has usually little regard for posthumous fame, and in some of his dramatic works we can imagine him hurrying to complete his labours and receive his reward; but he has still left us some noble efforts: the “ Honest Whore” has long been admired, and “ Old Fortunatus,” I trust, requires only to be equally known: others may well be selected worthy of admiration, but amongst many some must be pre-eminent, and in these he is certainly superior to himself, and inferior to few authors of his age. Of the time of his birth and death the reader may hazard a conjecture on the authority of The Epistle Dedicatory to the Justices of the Peace, prefixed to “ English Villanies seven Times pressed to Death by the Printer‡,” published 1638, which concludes, “ this is no sermon, but an epistle dedicatory, which de-

* MS. on Langbaine in British Museum.

† Langbaine has spoken slightly of him: but on this occasion he has evidently allowed his partiality for Ben Jonson to influence his opinion.

‡ This is the seventh edition of “ Villanies discovered by Candle-light,” &c. mentioned in the list of his pamphlets. Ten years after it was again reprinted, and *eight* substituted for “ *seven* times pressed to death.”

dicates these discoveries, and *my threescore years* devotedly." The following passage, however, in the dedication to "Match me in London," published 1631, "I have been a priest in Apollo's temple many years, *my voice is decaying with my age*," would lead us to infer he was somewhat older; this, however, is certain that he could not have died young, having been a public writer upwards of forty years.

A LIST OF HIS DRAMATIC WORKS.

1. Old Fortunatus, C. 4to. 1600.
2. Satiro-Mastix, C. 4to. 1602. H. O.
3. Honest Whore, C. 2 Parts, 1st. 4to. 1604; 4to. 1615; 4to. 1616; 4to. 1635. 2d Part, 4to, 1630; both D. C.
4. Whore of Babylon, H. P. 4to. 1607.
5. If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it; 4to. 1612.
6. Match me in London, T. C. 4to. 1631.
7. Wonder of a Kingdom, C. 4to. 1636.
In conjunction with Webster :
8. Westward Hoe, C. 4to. 1607.
9. Northward Hoe, C. 4to. 1607.
10. Wyat's History, 4to. 1607; 4to. 1612.
With Middleton :
11. The Roaring Girl, C. 4to. 1611. D. C.
With Massinger :
12. The Virgin Martyr, 4to. 1622; 4to. 1651; 4to. 1661; Svo. 1761; 8vo. 1779; 8vo. 1805.
With Ford and W. Rowley :
13. The Witch of Edmonton, T. C. 4to. 1658; 8vo. 1811.
With Ford :
14. The Sun's Darling, 4to. 1656; 4to. 1657; 8vo. 1811.
We learn also from Henslowe's MS. that he wrote Phæton, January, 1597-8 *.

* The dates against the plays mentioned in this MS. is that of their representation. It appears from the following extract that this play was afterwards altered: "Lent unto Samuel Rowley, the 14 of desember, 1601, to geve unto Thomas Deckers for his paynes in Fayeton some of xs. For the corte." Again, "Lent unto Samuel Rowley, the 22 of desember, 1601, to geve unto Thomas Decker, for altering of Fayton for the corte, xxxs."

The Triplicity of Cuckolds, March, 1598-9.

Orestes Furies, March, 1598-9.

The Gentle Craft, June, 1599.

Bear a Brain, June, 1599.

Truth's Supplication to Candlelight, Jan. 1599-1600.

A Medicine for a Curst Wife, July, 1602.

And joined with Michael Drayton in

The Famous Wars of Henry I. and the Prince of Wales, March, 1598.

With Drayton, Chettle, and Wilson, in
Earl Godwin and his Three Sons, March, 1598 ; and
Pierce of Exton, March, 1598.

With Wilson and Drayton in
The Madman's Morris, June, 1598.
Hanibal and Hermes, June, 1598 ; and
Pierce of Winchester, July, 1598.

With these and Munday in
Chance Medley, August, 1598.

With Drayton in
Worse afear'd than Hurt, August, 1598.

The First Civil Wars in France, in Three Parts, Sept.
1598 ; and

Connan, Prince of Cornwall, September, 1598.

With Chettle in
Agamemnon, June, 1599 *.

* The three following extracts are supposed by Mr. Malone to refer to this play, because in the last " a line is drawn through the words *Troylles* and *Cressida*, and the tragedy of *Agamemnon* is written over them."

" April 7, 1599. Lent unto Thomas Downton to lende unto Mr. Deckers and harey cheattel, (Harry Chettle) in earnest of ther boocke called *Troyeles* and *Creassedaye*, the some of iii lb."

" Lent unto harey cheattell and Mr. Dickers in pte of payment of their booke called *Troyelles* and *Cresseda*, the 16 of Aprrell, 1599, xxs."

" Lent unto Mr. Deckers and Mr. Chettel the 26 of Maye, 1599, in earnest of a booke called *Troylles* and *Cresida*, the some of xxs."

Mr. Malone's conjecture may be right, and has something of probability to support it; but it must be noticed that in the first of these extracts, the money is lent in earnest of "*Troilus* and *Cressida*," in the second in part payment for it; from which it would appear that

With Chettle and Haughton in
Patient Grissell, Dec. 1599.

With Haughton and Day in
The Spanish Morris, Jan. 1599-1600.

With the same and Chettle in
The Seven Wise Masters, March, 1599-1600.

With Day and Chettle in
The Golden Ass, and Cupid and Psyche, April, 1600.

With Mundy, Hathwaye, and Drayton, in
The Fair Constance of Rome, Two Parts; June, 1600.

With Chettle in
Sebastian, King of Portugal, April, 1601.

With Drayton, Middleton, Webster, and Mundy, in the
Two Harpies, May, 1602.

With Chettle, Heywood, Smith, and Webster, in
Lady Jane, Two Parts; November, 1602.

With Heywood, Webster, and Chettle, in
Christmas comes but once a Year, Nov. 1602.

And with Middleton in
The Patient Man and Honest Whore, March, 1602-3*.

the work had been in the mean time *completed*. The third is again lent *in earnest*; from which I conceive "*Agamemnon*" was then in progress, and that Henslowe really intended the erasure as the correction of an error: and the following further extract seems to confirm this opinion.

"Lent unto Robert Shawe, the 30 of Maye 1599, in *full payment* of the boocke called the *tragedie of Agamemnon*, the some of *iiil. ivs.* to Mr. Deckers, and harey Chettell:" for if the whole of these extracts relate to one play, they would have received for their labour no less a sum than £8. 5s. whereas Mr. Malone thinks it worth noting, on Wilson's "*Second Part of Henry Richmond*," that, "for this piece the poet received eight pounds. The *common price* was *six pounds*;" and in another place he observes "*six pounds* was the *full price* of a play."

* I think it not improbable that this was one part of the "*Honest Whore*," the full title of which is, "*The Honest Whore, with the Homours of the patient Man and longing Wife*." The following are the remaining notices in the above MS. relating to our author.

"Lent unto the companye the 17 August 1602, to pay unto Thomas Deckers, for new *adycions* to *Owldcastle*, the some of *xxxxs.*"

"Lent unto John Thane, the 7 September, 1602, to geve unto Thomas Deckers for his *adicions* in *Owldcastell*, the some of *xs.*"

"P^d unto Thomas Deckers, at the apoyntment of the company the 16 of janeuary 1601, towards the altering of *Tasso*, the some of *xxs.*"

There is also entered on the Stationers' books, Jan. 15, 1619,

"A Play called the Life and Death of Guy of Warwicke, written by J. Day and Thomas Dekker."

Sept. 9, 1653. The Jew of Venice, by Thomas Dekker, June 29, 1660. Gustavus, King of Swethland, and the Tale of Jocondo and Astolfo, by Tho. Dekker.

May 16, 1631. The Spanish Soldier, by Tho. Dekker; but this is supposed to have been the Noble Spanish Soldier, by S. Rowley.

Mr. Gilchrist also mentions, no doubt on good authority, although to me unknown, that he wrote, in conjunction with Ford, two plays called,

The Fairy Knight; and

The Bristowe Merchant*.

"Lent unto my sonne E. Alleyn the 7 of november, 1602, to geve unto Thomas Deckers for mending of the playe of Tasso, the some of xxxxs."

"Lent unto Mr. Birde, the 4 of Desember, 1602, to pay unto Thomas Deckers in pt. of payment for Tasso, the some of xxs."

"Lent unto Wm. Borne, alias Birde, the 10 of Agust, 1599, to lend unto Bengemyn Johnson and Thomas Dekker, in earnest of ther booke which they are a writing, called *Page of Plim*, the some of xxxxs."

The name of this play, Mr. Malone says, was so blotted in the text it could only be guessed at.

"Lent unto Tho^s. Downton, the 3 of September, 1599, to lend unto Thomas Deckers, Bengemen Johnson, Harcy Cheattell, and other jentellmen, in earnest of a playe called Robart the second kinge of Scottes tragedie, the some of xxxxs."

* The following is a list of Dekker's pamphlets: it is unlikely it should be perfect; but it contains, I believe, all that are known, and is with the plays the most complete list of his works that has yet appeared.

The wondeful Year, 1603; wherein is shewed the Picture of London, lying sick of the Plague. At the end of all (like a merry Epilogue to a dull Play) certain Tales are cut out in sundry Fashions, of purpose to shorten the Lives of long Winter Nights, that lye watching in the Dark for us," 4to. 1603. Reprinted in Phoenix Britannicus, 1732, vol. i. p. 27.

Batchelor's Banquet; wherein is prepared sundry dainty Dishes, &c. pleasantly discoursing the variable Humours of Women," &c. 4to. 1603; reprinted 1677.

The whole Magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Ann his Wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, upon the Day of his Majesty's triumphant Passage (from the Tower) through his honourable City and Chamber of London, the 15th of March, 1603, as well by the English as by the Strangers; with the Speeches and Songs delivered in the several Pageants; and those Speeches that before were published in Latin, now newly set forth in English, 4to. 1604.

News from Hell; brought by the Devil's Carrier, 4to. 1606.

The Seven deadly Sins of London, drawn in Seven several Coaches through the Seven several Gates of the City; bringing the Plague with them, 4to. 1606.

Jests to make you Merry: with the conjuring up of Cock Watt (the walking Spirit of Newgate) to tell Tales. Unto which is added, the Misery of a Prison and a Prisoner. And a Paradox in praise of Serjeants; written by T. D. and George Wilkins, 4to. 1607.

A Knight's conjuring done in Earnest, discovered in Jest, 4to. 1607.

The Dead Term, or Westminster's Complaint for long Vacations and short Terms; by way of Dialogue between London and Westminster, 4to. 1608.

The Gul's Horn Book, 4to. 1609. This work was elegantly reprinted in 1813; and some of the pamphlets here mentioned are included among his works on the authority of the editor, not having myself seen them.

Work for Armourours, or the Peace is broken. Open Wars likely to happen this Year, 1609: God help the Poor, the Rich can shift, 4to. 1609.

Raven's Almanack, 4to. 1609.

The Belman of London; bringing to Light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdom. The 4th edition, 4to. 1616. But there must have been an edition of this work before 1610, having seen a work with that date, called, "Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell; his Defence and Answer to *The Belman of London*."

Troja nova Triumphans, at the receiving Sir John Swinnerton, Knight, into the City of London, 4to. 1612.

Lantern and Candlelight, or the Belman's second Night Walk, 4to. 1612. In the preface to this he notices the pamphlet by the Beadle of Bridewell.

O Per se O, or a new Crier of Lantern and Candlelights, 4to. 1612.

A Strange Horse-race, with the Catchpoll's Masque, and the Bankrupt's Banquet, 4to. 1613.

Artillery Garden, a Poem, 4to. 1616.

Dekkar—his Dream, 4to. 1620.

Villanies discovered by Candlelight, and the Help of a new Cryer,

called, *O Per se O* ; being an addition to the Belman's second Night Walk ; and laying open to the World those Abuses, which the Belman (because he went i' the dark) could not see. With canting Songs, and other new Conceits, never before printed. Newly corrected and enlarged by the Author, 4to. 1620.

Grievous Groans for the Poor. Done by a Wellwisher, who wisheth that the Poor of England might be so provided for, as none should need to go begging within the Realm ; 1622. I know not why the editor of the "*Gul's Horn Book*" has attributed this to Dekker ; there is not the slightest internal evidence, and the dedication is signed M. S. He also mentions the

Rod for Runaways, with the Runaway's Answer, 4to. 1625. I have seen a work called, "*the Runaway's Answer to a Book called a Rod for Runaways,*" 4to. 1625 ; but could not discover authority to fix it on our author.

Thomas of Reading, or the Six Worthys Yeomen of the West. 6th edition, 1632.

PROLOGUE.

THUS from the Poet am I bid to say ;
He knows what judges sit to doom each play ;
(The over-curious critic, or the wise),
The one with squint, t'other with sun-like eyes,
Shoots through each scene ; the one cries all
things down,

T'other hides strangers' faults, close as his own.

'Las ! those that out of custom come to jeer,
(Sung the full quire of the nine Muses here)
So carping not from wit, but apish spite,
And feather'd ignorance, thus ! our poet does
slight.

'Tis not a gay suit, or distorted face,
Can beat his merit off, which has won grace
In the full theatre ; nor can now fear
The teeth of any snaky whisperer ;
But to the white, and sweet unclouded brow,
(The heaven where true worth moves) our poet
does bow :

Patrons of arts, and pilots to the stage,
Who guide it (through all tempests) from the rage
Of envious whirlwinds, O, do you but steer
His muse this day, and bring her to th' wished
shore,

You are those Delphic powers whom she'll adore.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Florence.

Prince of Pisa.

Nicoletto, Lord Vanni.

Trebatio, his son.

Mutio,

Philippo,

Tornelli,

} Courtiers.

Piero, the Duke's son.

Gasparo, his friend.

Tibaldo Neri, in love with Lord Vanni's wife.

Angelo Lotti, in love with Fiametta.

Baptista, his friend.

Jacomo Gentili, the noble housekeeper.

Signior Torrenti, the riotous lord.

Montinello.

Cargo, Lord Vanni's man.

Fiametta, the Duke's daughter.

Dariene, old Lord Vanni's wife.

Alisandra, her daughter.

Alphonsina, sister to Tibaldo Neri.

Two Courtesans.

A Nurse.

THE
WONDER OF A KINGDOM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter DUKE OF FLORENCE, PRINCE OF PISA, NICOLETTO VANNI, TREBATIO, MUTIO, PHILIPPO, TORNELLI, TIBALDO NERI, ALPHONSINA, and DARIENE; CARGO attending.

Flor. WE surfeit here on pleasures : seas nor land
Cannot invite us to a feast more glorious,
Than this day we have sat at : my Lord Vanni,
You have an excellent seat here ; 'tis a building
May entertain a Cæsar : but you and I
Should rather talk of tombs than palaces,
Let's leave all to our heirs, for we are old.

Nic. Old? hem ! all heart of brass ; sound as a
bell ;

Old? why, I'll tell your graces ; I have gone
But half the bridge o'er yet ; there lies before me
As much as I have pass'd, and I'll go it all.

Flor. Mad Vanni, still !

Nic. Old oaks do not easily fall :
December's cold hand combs my head and beard,
But May swims in my blood ; and he that walks
Without his wooden third leg*, is never old.

Pisa. What is your age, my lord?

* *Id est*, without a staff.

Nic. Age? what call you age?

I have liv'd some half a day, some half an hour.

Flor. A tree of threescore years growth, nothing?

Tib. A mere slip; you have kept good diet,
my lord.

Nic. Let whores keep diet;

Tibaldo ne'er; never did rivers run

In wilder, madder streams, than I have done;

I'll drink as hard yet as an Englishman.

Flor. And they are now best drinkers.

Pisa. They put down the Dutchmen clean.

Nic. I'll yet upon a wager hit any fencer's
button.

Car. Some of 'em ha' no buttons to their doub-
lets, sir.

Nic. Then, knave, I'll hit his flesh, and hit
your cockscomb,

If you cross mine once more.

Flor. Nay, be not angry.

Nic. I have my passes, sir, and my passados,
My longes, my stockados, imbrocados,
And all my puntos and puntilios*,
Here at my fingers' end.

Flor. By my faith 'tis well.

Nic. Old? why I ne'er took physic, nor ever
will;

I'll trust none that have art, and leave to kill.

Now for that chopping herb of hell tobacco,

The idle man's devil, and the drunkard's whore,

* The original reads, "pimtoes and pimtillioes; but in printing from a MS. the mistake was very easy. The Hostess, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and Mercutio, "in Romeo and Juliet," both use *punto* as a term in fencing.

I never meddled with her ; my smoke goes
Out at my kitchen-chimney, not my nose*.

Flor. And some lords have no chimnies but
their noses.

Nic. Tobacco-shops show like prisons in hell ;
Hot, smoky, stinking, and I hate the smell.

Pisa. Who'd think that in a coal so ashy white,
Such fire were glowing ?

Flor. May not a snuff give light ?

Tib. You see it does in him.

Alph. A withered tree doth oft bear branches.

Nic. What think you then of me, sweet lady ?

Alph. Troth, my lord, as of a horse, vilely ; if
he can

Neither wihy, nor wag-tail.

Flor. The Lady Alphonsina Neri has given it
to you, my lord.

Nic. The time may come I may give it to her too.

Flor. I doubt, Lord Vanni, she will crack no
nuts.

With such a tough shell as is yours and mine.

But leaving this, let's see you pray at court.

Nic. I thank your grace.

* So in the " Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher :

" You keep your chimnies smoking there, *your nostrils*."

The allusion is well explained by Carlo Buffone, in Act IV. Scene III. of " Every Man out of his Humour : " " They have hired a chamber and all, private *to practice in*, for the making of *the patoun*, the *receipt reciprocal*, and a number of *other mysteries not yet extant*. I brought some dozen or twenty gallants this morning to view 'em (as you'd do a piece of perspective) in at a key-hole ; and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, *holding his snout up like a sow under an apple-tree, while th' other open'd his nostrils with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery.*"

Flor. Your wife and your fair daughter,
One of the stars of Florence, with your son,
Heir to your worth and honours, Trebatio Vanni.

Treb. I shall attend your grace.

Flor. The holy knot
Hymen shall shortly tie, and in fair bands
Unite Florence and Pisa by the hands,
Of Piametta and this Pisan duke
(Our noble son-in-law), and at this day
Pray be not absent.

Nic. We shall your will obey.

Flor. We hear there is a gallant that outvies
Us, and our court for bravery of expence,
For royal feasts, triumphs, and revellings.

Nic. He's my near kinsman, mine own brother's
son;

Who desperately a prodigal race doth run;
And for this riotous humour he has the by-name,
Signior Torrenti, a swift head-long stream.

Flor. But there's another lays on more than he.

Nic. Old Giacomo? open-handed charity
Sits ever at his gates to welcome guests.
He makes no bonfires as my riotous kinsman,
And yet his chimneys cast out braver smoke.
The bellows which he blows with are good deeds,
The rich he smiles upon, the poor he feeds.

Flor. These gallants we'll be feasted by, and
feast;
Fame's praises of 'em shall make us their guest,
Meantime we'll hence. [*Exit Flor. Pisa, &c.*

Enter CARGO.

Car. I have news to tell your lordship: Signior Angelo (of the Lotti family) is banished.

Dar. How! banish'd? Alas, poor Angelo Lotti.

Treb. Why must he go from Florence?

Car. Because he can stay there no longer.

Nic. To what end is he driven from the city?

Car. To the end he should go into some other, my lord.

Nic. Hoida!

Car. I hope this is news, sir.

Nic. What speak the people of him?

Car. As bells ring; some out, some in, all jangle; they say he has dealt with the Genoese* against the state: but whether with the men or the women 'tis to be stood upon.

Nic. Away! sir knave and fool.

Car. Sir knave, a new word: fools, and knaves, sir? [*Exit.*

Nic. This muttering long ago flew to mine ear; The Genoese is but a line thrown out; But Fiametta's love's† the net that chokes him.

Treb. He's worthy of her equal.

Nic. Peace! foolish boy; At these state bonfires (whose flames reach so high) To stand aloof, is safer than too nigh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TIBALDO NERI and ALPHONSINA.

Alph. Why, brother, what's the matter?

* The original, in the language of the time, reads *Genoways*, as in "Antonio and Mellida," p. 164; I had no hesitation in altering it.

† The original reads,

But Fiametta's *love*, the net that choaks him."

I wish here to mention that I have, without comment, necessarily altered passages of this nature more than once in almost every page of these plays; to have noticed them would have been tediously particular both to the reader and myself.

Tib. I'm ill, exceeding ill.

Alph. That's not well.

Tib. Sure I did surfeit at Lord Vanni's.

Alph. Surfeit? you eat some meat against your stomach.

Tib. No, but I had a stomach to one dish, and the not tasting it makes me sick at heart.

Alph. Was it fish or flesh?

Tib. Flesh sure, if I hit the mark right.

Alph. Is't not the missing of a mark (which you long to hit)

Makes you draw sighs instead of arrows?

Tib. Would I had been a thousand leagues from thence!

When I sat down at 's table, or been partner

With Angelo Lotti in his banishment;

Oh! sister Alphonsina, there I drank

My bane; the strongest poison that e'er man

Drew from a lady's eye, now's swelling in me.

Alph. By casting of thy water then*, I guess thou wouldst

Have a med'cine for the green-sickness.

Tib. 'Tis a green wound indeed.

Alph. Tent it, tent it, and keep it from rankling; you are

Over head and ears in love.

Tib. I am, and with such mortal arrows pierc'd I shall fall down——

* This was the phrase in use "for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine:" it occurs again in Act II. And in "Macbeth:"

"If thou couldst, Doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease," &c.

And in the "Puritan," Act IV. Scene I.: "There's physicians enough there to cast his water."

Alph. There's no hurt in that.

Tib. And die, unless her pity
Send me a quick and sweet recovery.

Alph. And faith what doctress is she must call
you patient?

Tib. Fair Dariene, the Lord Vanni's wife——

Alph. How! Dariene? can no feather fit you
but the broach in an old man's hat? were there
so many dainty dishes to fill your belly, and must
you needs long for that dish the master of the
house sets up for his own tooth?

Tib. Could love be like a subject, tied to laws,
Then might you speak this language.

Alph. Love? a disease as common with young
gallants as swaggering and drinking tobacco*;
there's not one of 'em all but will to-day lie draw-
ing on for a woman, as if they were puffing and
blowing at a straight boot, and to-morrow be
ready to knock at death's door; but I would fain
see one of you enter and set in his staff.

Tib. You shall see me then do so.

Alph. I shall look so old first, I shall be taken

* *To drink tobacco* was not an uncommon expression, in Dekker's time, for *smoking it*. So in the "Second Part of the Honest Whore," where the following instances (among others) have been produced by Mr. Reed. In the "Miseries of enforced Marriage:" "I tell thee, Wentloe, thou canst not live on this side of the world, feed well, *drink tobacco*." Again:

"Do, and we'll stay here and *drink tobacco*."

And in the interlude of "Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco, con-
tending for Superiority," Tobacco says,

"What, do ye stand at gaze?

Tobacco is a drink, too.

Beer. *A drink?*

Tobacco. Wine, you, and I, come both out of a pipe."

for thy grandame; come, come, 'tis but a worm between the skin and the flesh; and to be taken out with the point of a waiting-woman's needle, as well as a great countess.

Tib. If this be all the comfort you will lend me, Would you might leave me——

Alph. Leave thee in sickness? I had more need give thee a caudle, and thrust thy addle-head into a nightcap; for look you, brother——

Tib. Even what you will must out.

Alph. If what you will might so too, then would you be in tune: I warrant if the sucket* stood here before thee, thy stomach would go against it.

Tib. Yes, sure my stomach would go against it: 'Tis only that which breeds in me despair.

Alph. Despair for a woman? they hang about men's necks in some places thicker than hops upon poles.

Tib. Her walls of chastity cannot be beaten down.

Alph. Walls of chastity? walls of wafer-cakes: I have known a woman carry a feather-bed, and a man in't, in her mind, when in the street she cast up the white of her eye like a puritan.

Tib. Sister you do but stretch me on the rack, And with a laughing cheek increase my pain;

* "Sucket," sweatmeat. So in Middleton's "Witch:":

"For banquetting stuff (as *sucketts*, jellies, sirrups)
I will bring in myself."

And in "Antonio and Mellida, Part II.:"

"Bring hither *suckets*, candied delicacies,
We'll taste some sweetmeats, gallants, ere we sleep."

Be rather pitiful, and ease my torments,
By teaching me how in this dreadful storm
I may escape shipwreck, and attain that shore
Where I may live, here else I'm sure to die.

Alph. Well, brother, since you will needs sail
by such a star as I shall point out; look you here
it is: if she were your feather-maker's, tailor's or
barber's wife, bait a hook with gold, and with
it——

Tib. I do conjure you by that noble blood
Which makes me call you sister, cease to pour
Poison into a wound, so near my heart;
And if to cure love's pains there be an art,
Woman methinks should know it 'cause she
breeds it.

Alph. That cunning woman you take me to
be; and because I see you dissemble not, here's
my medicine.

Tib. I shall for ever thank you.

Alph. First send for your barber.

Tib. For heaven's sake!

Alph. Your barber shall not come to rob you
of your beard; I'll deal in no concealments——

Tib. Oh! fie, fie, fie!

Alph. But let him by rubbing of you quicken
your spirits.

Tib. So, so.

Alph. Then whistle your goldfinches (your gal-
lants) to your fist.

Tib. You're mad! you're mad!

Alph. Into a tavern; drink stiff, swear stiff,
have your music, and your brace; dance, and
whiff tobacco, till all smoke again, and split; sir*.

* "Till all smoke again, and *split, sir*." This expression is
sufficiently common in all our ancient dramas. So in "Mid-

Tib. You split my very heart in pieces.

Alph. And do thus but till the moon cuts off her horns; laugh in the day, and sleep in the night: and this wenching fire will be burnt out of you.

Tib. Away! away! cruel you are to kill,
When to give life, you have both power and skill.

[*Exit.*

Alph. Alas, poor brother, now I pity thee, and wou'd do any thing to help thee to thy longing; but that a gap must be broken; in another man's hedge to rob his orchard; within there! Luca Angelo give him music;
Music has help'd some madmen, let it then
Charm him; love makes fools of the wisest men.

[*Exit.*

*Enter at one Door, ANGELO LOTTI and BAPTISTA;
at the other, PIERO and JASPERO.*

Pier. Yonder's that villain; keep off, Jaspero.
This prey I'll seize.

[*All draw.*

Jas. Be more advised, sir.

Bap. At whose life shoot you?

Pier. At that slave's there.

Ang. Slave? I know you for the duke's son; but I know no cause of quarrel, or this base reproach.

Piero. Thou art a villain.

Ang. Wherein?

summer Night's Dream?" Bottom says, "I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." Where Farmer produces an example from the "Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher, where Nero and Caligula are called "two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split." And Malone another from the "Widow's Tears," by Chapman.

Pier. And by witchcraft
Hast stole my sister Fiametta's heart,
Forcing her leave a prince's bed for thine.

Ang. If for her love you come to kill me; here
I'll point you to a door where you may enter
And fetch out a loath'd life.

Pier. Jaspero !

Jas. Oh, my lord !

Ang. Let him come, I owe her all;
And that debt will I pay her gladly.

Jas. Dear sir, hear him.

Ang. But if on any other fire of rage,
You thirst to drink my blood, here I defy
You, and your malice ; and return the villain
Into your throat.

Pier. So brave, sir !

[*They fight.*]

Enter NICOLETTO and CARGO.

Nic. I charge you in the duke's name, keep
the peace ;
Beat down their weapons ! knock 'em down, Cargo !

Car. I have a justice's warrant to apprehend
your weapons ;
Therefore I charge you deliver.

Nic. Oh, my lord, make a fray in an open
street ? 'tis to
Make a bonfire to draw children and fools
Together ; Signior Angelo, pray be wise, and be
gone.

Ang. I do but guard my life, my lord, from
danger.

Bap. (To Piero.) Sir, you do exercise your
violence
Upon a man stabb'd to the heart with wounds ;

You see him sinking, and you set your foot
Upon his head, to kill him with two deaths;
Trample not thus on a poor banish'd man.

Nic. If he be banish'd why dwells he i' th' house,
whose tiles are pull'd down over his head? (*To*
Ang.) You must hunt no more in this park of
Florence; why then do you lie sneaking here to
steal venison?

Ang. My lords, I take my last leave of you all;
Of love and fortunes.

Bap. Lower thou canst not fall.

[*Exeunt Ang. and Bap.*

Jas. Trust me, my lord, this Lotti is a man,
(Setting aside his rivalship in love,
For which you hate him), so abundant rich
In all the virtues of a gentleman,
That had you read their file, as I have done,
You would not only fall in love with him,
And hold him worthy of a princess's bed,
But grieve, that for a woman, such a man
Should so much suffer, in being so put down,
Never to rise again.

Nic. A terrible case, I'd not be in't for all Flo-
rence.

Pier. Troth, dear friend,
The praises which have crown'd him with thy
judgment,
Make me to cast on him an open eye,
Which was before shut, and I pity him.

Jas. * I never heard 'mongst all your Roman
spirits,

* I have taken this line from Piero and given it to Jaspero, to
whom it certainly belongs.

That any held so bravely up his head,
 In such a sea of troubles* (that come rolling
 One on another's neck), as Lotti doth ;
 He puts the spite of fortune to disgrace,
 And makes her, when she frowns worst, turn her
 face.

Pier. No more: I love him, and for all the
 dukedom

Would not have cut so noble a spreading vine,
 To draw from it one drop of blood: Lord Vanni,
 I thank you that you cur'd our wounded peace ;
 So fare you well. [Exit.

Nic. A good health to you both.

Jas. You play the constable wisely.

Car. And I his beadle, I hope as wisely.

Nic. The constable wisely; Cargo he calls me
 fool by craft, but let 'm pass:

Car. As gentlemen do by creditors (muffled†).

Nic. I have another case to handle: thou
 know'st the Donna Alphonsina, of the Neri fa-
 mily.

Car. The little paraquito that was here when
 the duke was feasted? she had quicksilver in her
 mouth, for her tongue, like a bride the first night,
 never lay still.

* This expression was in all probability borrowed from Shak-
 speare's "Hamlet;" and if Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton had
 been aware of it, the former would scarcely have proposed *siege*,
 or the latter read *assail*.

† "Muffled," means *concealing their faces*. The muffler
 (which Falstaff has on when he personates the old woman of
 Brentford) was a piece of linen that covered the lower part of
 the face. See Douce's notes on Act IV. of the "Merry Wives
 of Windsor."

Nic. The same aspen-leaf! the same! Is't not
a galley for

The great Turk to be row'd in?

Car. I think, my lord, in calm weather, she may
sit upon

A galley as big as your lordship.

Nic. Commend me to this Angelica*.

Car. Angelica water is good for a cold stomach.

Nic. I am all fire.

Car. She's a cooler.

Nic. Would 'twere come to that.

Car. A small thing does it, my lord; in the
time a Flemming drinks a flap-dragon.

Nic. Give her this paper, and this; in the one
she may know my mind, in the other, feel me:
this a letter; *this* a jewel: tell her I kiss the
little white nail of her little white finger, of her
more little white hand, of her most little white
body.

Car. Her tell-tale, for all this will I be.

Nic. Thou hast been my weaver's shuttle, to
run betwixt me and my stuffs of *Procreandi*
causa.

Car. A suit of stand-farther-off, had been bet-
ter sometimes.

Nic. No, Cargo, I have still the *Lapis mira-*
bilis; be thou close——

Car. As my lady's chamber-maid.

* The Angelica, here alluded to, is the renowned princess of Cathay, whose beauty is celebrated in the poems of Boyardo and Ariosto. She is called by Milton "the fairest of her sex;" and the enamoured Vanni compares Alphonsina to her on this account.

Nic. Away then! nay quick, knave, thou rack'st me. [*Exit.*

Car. I go to stretch you to your full length. [*Exit.*

Enter JACOMO GENTILI, dressed in a Suit of grey, with Velvet Gown, Cap, and Chain: attended by his Steward and other Servants; and accompanied by MUTIO, PHILLIPPO, TORNELLI, and MONTINELLI.

Gen. Happy be your arrival, noble friends;
You are the first that, like to doves, repair
To my new building; you are my first-born guests,
My eldest sons of hospitality;
Here's to my hearty welcomes.

Mut. Worthy lord,
In one word, and in the word of one, for all,
Our thanks are as your welcomes, infinite.

Phil. Rome, in her ancient pride, never rais'd up
A work of greater wonder than this building.

Gen. 'Tis finish'd, and the cost stands on no
score;

None can for want of payment, at my door,
Curse my foundation; praying the roof may fall
On the proud builder's head, seeing the smoke go
Out of those chimneys, for whose bricks I owe.

Tor. To erect a frame so glorious, large, and
high,
Would draw a very sea of silver dry.

Mon. My Lord Jacomo Gentili, pray tell us,
How much money have you buried under this
kingly building?

Gen. Pray call it not so.

The humble shrub, no cedar here shall grow ;
 You see three hundred doric pillars stand .
 About one square ; three hundred noble friends
 Lay'd (in their loves) at raising of those columns,
 A piece of gold under each pedestal,
 With his name grav'd upon the bottom stone ;
 Except that cost all other was mine own ;
 See here, each day's expenses are so great,
 They make a volume, for in this appears
 It was no task of weeks, or months, but years :
 I trust my steward only with the key,
 Which keeps that secret ; here's arithmetic
 For churls to cast up, there's the root * of all ;
 If you have skill in numbers, number that.

Mon. Good Mr. Steward read it.

Stew. All the charge

In the gross sum amounteth to——

Gen. To what ?

Thou vain vain-glorious fool, go burn that book ;
 No herald needs to blazon charity's arms ;
 Go burn it presently.

Stew. Burn it ?

[*Exit.*

Gen. Away !

I launch not forth a ship, with drums, and guns,
 And trumpets, to proclaim my gallantry ;
 He that will read the wasting of my gold,
 Shall find it writ in ashes, which the wind
 Will scatter ere he spends it †. Another day
 The wheel may turn, and I that built thus high,
 May by the storms of want, be driven to dwell
 In a thatch'd cottage : rancour shall not then
 Spit poison at me, pinning on my back

* The root, or gross amount.

† I should wish to read " spells it."

This card : He that spent thus much, now does lack.

Mon. Why to your house add you so many gates ?

Gen. My gates fill up the number of seven days, At which, of guests, seven several sorts I'll welcome :

On Monday, knights whose fortunes are sunk low ;
On Tuesday, those that all their life-long read
The huge voluminous wonders of the deep,
Seamen, I mean ; and so on other days,
Others shall take their turns.

Phil. Why have you then built twelve such vast rooms ?

Gen. For the year's twelve moons ;
In each of which, twelve tables shall be spread ;
At them, such whom the world scorns, shall be fed ;
The windows of my building, which each morn,
Are porters, to let in man's comfort (light)
Are numbered just three hundred sixty-five ;
And in so many days the sun does drive
His chariot stuck with beams of burnish'd gold ;
My alms shall such diurnal progress make,
As does the sun in his bright zodiac.

Tor. You differ from the guise * of other lands,
Where lords lay all their livings on the rack,
Not spending it in bread, but on the back.

Gen. Such lords eat men, but men shall eat
up me ;
My uncle, the Lord Abbot, had a soul
Subtile and quick, and searching as the fire ;
By magic stairs he went as deep as hell ;
And if in devils' possession gold be kept,

* " Guise," customs : it is too common to need examples.

He brought some sure from thence ; 'tis hid in caves
 Known (save to me) to none ; and like a spring
 The more 'tis drawn, the more it still doth rise,
 The more my heap wastes, more it multiplies.
 Now whether (as most rich men do) he pawn'd
 His soul for that dear purchase none can tell ;
 But by his bed-side when he saw death stand,
 Fetching a deep groan, me he catch'd by th' hand,
 Call'd me his heir, and charg'd me well to spend
 What he had got ill ; deal (quoth he) a dole*
 Which round (with good mens' prayers) may
 guard my soul

Now at her setting forth : let none feel want
 That knock but at thy gates : do wrong to none,
 And what request to thee soe'er is made,
 If honest, see it never be deny'd.

Mon. And you'll perform all this ?

Gen. Fair and upright ;

As are the strict vows of an anchorite :
 A benefit given by a niggard's hand
 Is stale and gravelly bread ; the hunger-starv'd
 Takes it, but cannot eat it ; I'll give none such.
 Who with free heart shakes out but crums, gives
 much.

Mon. In such a ship of worldly cares, my lord,
 As you must sail now in, you'll need more pilots
 Than your ownself to sit and steer the helm.
 You might do therefore well to take a wife.

* "Deal (quoth he) a dole." Dole, in the sense here meant, was, I believe, money distributed among the poor who chose to attend at a funeral: the custom was common in our author's time, and continued, in some places, till of late years. The object of it was to propitiate the divine Judge, and procure rest for the soul of the departed, as Dekker mentions,

"Which round (with good men's prayers) may guard my soul."

Gen. A wife? when I shall have one hand in heaven,

To write my happiness in leaves of stars,
 A wife wou'd pluck me by the other down :
 This bark hath thus long sail'd about the world,
 My soul the pilot, and yet never listen'd
 To such a mermaid's song: a wife? oh, fetters
 To man's blest liberty ! All this world's a prison,
 Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jailer;
 But the iron shackles weighing down our heels,
 Are only women; those light angels turn us
 To fleshly devils; I that sex admire,
 But never will sit near their wanton fire.

Mut. Who then shall reap the golden corn you sow?

Phil. 'Tis half a curse to them that build, and spare,

And hoard up wealth, yet cannot name an heir.

Gen. My heirs shall be poor children fed on alms;
 Soldiers that want limbs; scholars poor and scorn'd;

And these will be a sure inheritance,
 Not to decay; manors and towns will fall,
 Lordships and parks, pastures and woods be sold;
 But this land still continues to the lord:
 No subtle tricks of law can me beguile of this.
 But of the beggar's dish, I shall drink healths
 To last for ever; whilst I live my roof
 Shall cover naked wretches; when I die,
 'Tis dedicated to St. Charity.

Mut. The duke inform'd, what trees of goodness grow

Here of your planting, in true love to your virtues,
 Sent us to give you thanks, for crowning Florence,

With fame of such a subject ; and entreats you
(Until he come himself) to accept this token
Of his fair wishes towards you.

Gen. Pray return

My duty to the duke ; tell him I value his love
Beyond all jewels in the world.

Phil. He has vow'd ere long to be your visitant.

Gen. He shall be welcome when he comes,
that's all ;

Not to a palace, but my hospital.

Omnes. We'll leave your lordship.

Gen. My best thoughts go with you.
My steward ?

Enter STEWARD and BUZARDO.

Stew. Here, my lord.

Gen. Is the book fired ?

Stew. As you commanded, sir, I saw it burn'd.

Gen. Keep safe that jewel, and leave me ; let-
ters ! from whom ?

Buz. Signior Jeronimo Guydanes.

Gen. Oh, sir, I know the business : yes, yes,
'tis the same ;

Guidanes lives amongst my bosom friends :

He writes to have me entertain you, sir.

Buz. That's the bough my bolt flies at, my lord.

Gen. What qualities are you furnish'd with ?

Buz. My education has been like a gentleman.

Gen. Have you any skill in song or instrument ?

Buz. As a gentleman should have ; I know all,
but play on none : I am no barber *.

* Barbers, in Dekker's time, were supposed to be universally able to play on the lute or cittern. See the extract from Lord Falkland's "Marriage Night," vol. i. p. 341.

Gen. Barber! no, sir, I think it; are you a linguist?

Buz. As a gentleman ought to be; one tongue serves one head;

I am no pedlar, to travel countries.

Gen. What skill ha' you in horsemanship?

Buz. As other gentlemen have; I ha' rid some beasts in my time.

Gen. Can you write and read then?

Buz. As most of your gentlemen do; my bond has been

Taken with my mark at it.

Gen. I see you are a dealer*, give me thy hand, I'll entertain thee howsoever, because in thee I keep half a score gentlemen: thy name?

Buz. Asinius Buzardo.

Gen. I entertain thee, good Buzardo.

Buz. Thanks, sir.

Gen. This fellow's a stark fool, or else too wise, The trial will be with what wing he flies. [*Exit.*]

* "I see you are a dealer." Gentili (judging from the preceding speech of Buzardo) means, I presume, that he had been dealing with tradesmen by taking up goods on credit, and entering into obligations, which were recorded in their books.

ACT II. SCENE I.

TIBALDO brought in sick in his Chair, ALPHONSINA, MUTIO, PHILIPPO, TORNELLI, MONTIVELLO.

Mut. In laws of courtesy, we are bound, sweet lady,

(Being thus nigh) to see you and your brother,
Our noble friend, tho' the duke had not sent.

Alph. Thanks, worthy sir.

Phil. Signior Tibaldo hath desire to sleep.

Tor. Then leave him; company offends the sick.

Alph. Our humblest duty to my lord the duke,
If in my brother's name, and mine, you tender
For this his noble love, we both shall rest
Highly indebted to you all.

Mut. Sweet madam,
You shall command our lives to work your good.

Alph. Signior, your love.

Omnes. All at your service, madam.

Mut. A quick and good health to your noble brother.

Alph. And all fair fortunes doubled on yourself.

[*They salute her and exeunt.*]

So! methinks a lady had more need have a new pair of lips, than a new pair of gloves, for though they were both of one skin, yet one would wear out sooner than the other; I think these courtiers have all offices in the spicery, and taking my lips

for sweetmeats, are as saucy with 'em as if they were fees; I wonder, Tibaldo, thou canst sit still, and not come in for a share; if old Vanni's wife had been here, all the parts about you had mov'd.

Tib. Thou thinkst I lie in; here's such a gossiping, as if 'twere a childbed chamber.

Alph. So 'tis; for I'll swear all this stir is about having a woman brought to bed; marry, I doubt it must be a man's lying-in.

Tib. I would thy tongue were a man then, to lie.

Alph. I had rather it were a woman, to tell truth.

Tib. Good sister Alphonsina, you still play
The bad physician; I am all on fire,
And you to quench me, pour on scopes of oil;
I feel ten thousand plummets at my heart,
Yet you cry, lay on more, and are more cruel
Than all my tortures.

Alph. Sadness*, I pity thee;
And will to do thee service, venture life,
Mine honour being kept spotless.

Tib. Gentle sister,
The easiest thing i'th' world to beg, I crave,
And the poorest alms to give.

Alph. But ask and have.

Tib. A friendly counsel; lo, that's all.

Alph. 'Tis yours.

Be rul'd by me then; in an ashy sheet,
Cover these glowing embers of desire.

Tib. Embers? I wou'd you felt 'em, 'tis a fire.

Alph. Come, and set hand to paper, I'll indite.

* *Id est*, in sadness, or seriously.

Tib. And she'll condemn me; no, I will not write.

Alph. Then prithee take this physic; be not the sea, to drink strange rivers up, yet still be dry; be like a noble stream, covet to run betwixt fair banks, which thou mayst call thine own; and let those banks be some fair lady's arms, fit for thy youth and birth.

Tib. Against your charms,
Witch! thus I stop mine ears.

Alph. I'll holla them: this deer runs in my lord's park,
And if you steal it, look to have bloodhounds scent you.

Tib. Are you mad?

Alph. Yes, you shall find venison-sauce dearer than other flesh.

Tib. No, no; none else must, none shall, none can,

My hunger feed but this; down will I dive,
And fetch this pearl, or ne'er come up alive.

Alph. Are all my warm caudles come to this? Now I see thou'rt too far gone, this lady hath overspent thee, therefore settle thine estate, pluck up a good heart, and I'll pen thy will.

Tib. Oh, fie! fie!

Alph. Bequeath thy kisses to some tailor, that hunts out weddings every Sunday. *Item,* Thy sighs to a noise of fiddlers* ill paid; thy paleness

* "A noise of fiddlers," signified in our poet's time a *company* of fiddlers. See the various examples produced by Stevens in a note on Act II. of the "Second Part of Henry IV." So in Middleton's "Witch," Firedrake says,

"Hark, hark, mother;

They are above the steeple already flying
Over your head with a *noise of musicians.*"

to a fencer fighting at sharp ; thy want of stomach to one of the duke's guard.

Tib. I beg it at thy hands, that being a woman, thou'lt make a wonder.

Enter CARGO.

Alph. What's that?

Tib. Hold thy tongue.

Alph. It's an instrument ever play'd on, cause well strung.

Who's that come into the chamber there? Oh, Mr. Cargo.

Car. My lord hath sent you a jewel, lock'd up in this paper ; and the moisture of a goose quill, that's to say words, in that.

Alph. Oh, sir, I thank your lord, and this your pains ; have him into the buttery—let me see, (*reads.*) *Lady, that I love you, I dare swear like a lord, (I shall have oaths enough then), I send you all that is mine, in hope all shall be mine that is yours ; for it stands to reason that mine being yours, yours should be mine, and yours being mine, mine should be yours. Love me, or I die ; if I die, you kill me ; if you kill me, I will say nothing, but take the blow patiently.* I hold my life this lord has been bastinado'd ; out upon him rammish fox ! he stinks hither : prithee, good brother, read.

Tib. I will.

[*Reads.*

Alph. Is't gander month with him ? How the devil is my maidenhead blasted, that among such shoals of gallants that swim up and down the court, no fish bites at the bait of my poor beauty, but this tough cod's head ?

Tib. Oh, sister, peace for heaven's sake! here
lies health

Even in this bitter pill (for me), so you
Would play but my physician, and say, take it;
You are offered here to sojourn at his house:
Companion with his lady.

Alph. Sir, I have you. And I going upon so
weighty a business as getting of children, you
would ha' me pin you to my sleeve.

Tib. Most true.

Alph. You care not so I turn whore to pleasure you.

Tib. Oh, sister, your high worth is known full
well;
'Gainst base assault, a fort impregnable;
And therefore (as you love my life), i' th' springe
Catch this old woodcock.

Alph. In the flame I'll singe
My wings, unless I put the candle out,
That you i' th' dark may bring your hopes about.
You have won me.

Tib. You revive me.

Alph. Have a care you cast not yourself down
too soon now.

Tib. I warrant you.

Alph. As for my old huckster's artillery, I have
walls of chastity strong enough, (shoot he never
so hard) to keep him from making any breach.

Tib. 'Twill be a noble battle on each side;
Yet now my spirits are roused, a stratagem
Lies hatching here; pray help me, noble sister,
To give it form and life.

Alph. My best.

Tib. What think you,

(The mark of man not yet set in my face *)
 If as your sister, or your kinswoman,
 I go in woman's habit, for thereby,
 Speech, free access, fair opportunity,
 Are had without suspicion.

Alph. Mine be your will;
 Oh me! what pains we take to bring forth ill!
 Such a disguise is safe too, since you never
 But once were seen there.

Tib. My wise sister ever.

Alph. Send in the fellow there that brought
 the letter.

Enter CARGO drunk.

Why how now? do his legs fail him already?
 A staff for his declining age!

Car. I have a pikestaff of mine own already,
 but I could not keep out your scurvy desperate
 hogshead from coming in upon me; I'm cut i' th'
 coxcomb †.

Alph. Nothing I see is so like an old man, as
 a young man drunk.

Car. Or when he comes from a wench.

Alph. Before he bear your answer let him sleep.

Tib. Whilst you laugh at what I could almost
 weep. [*Exeunt.*

* *Id est*, I am yet without a beard.

† "*Cut i' the coxcomb*," and *cut i' the back*, were common phrases
 when speaking of one drunk.

Enter ANGELO dressed as a Physician, BAPTISTA attending him as his Servant.

Ang. Dear friend, I should both wrong my
faith and fortunes,
To make 'em thus dance antics; I shall never
play the dissembler.

Bap. Then never play the lover;
Death! for a woman, I'd be flay'd alive
Could I but find one constant: is't such a matter
For you then to put on a doctor's gown,
And his flat velvet cap *, and speak the gibberish
Of an apothecary?

Ang. If thus disguis'd
I'm taken, all the physic in the world
Cannot prolong my life.

Bap. And dying for her,
You venture bravely; all women o'er your grave
Will pray that they so kind a man may have,
As to die for 'em; say your banishment
Had borne you hence; what hells of discontent
Had rack'd your soul for her, as hers for you?
Should you but faint, well might you seem untrue:
Where this attempt your loyalty shall approve,
Who ventures farthest wins a lady's love.

Ang. How are my beard and hair?

Bap. Friend, I protest,
So rarely counterfeit, as if a painter

* In the reign of Elizabeth almost all ranks, trades, and professions had a dress by which they might be distinguished: sometimes regulated by acts of parliament. I have before mentioned the *woollen caps* of the shopkeepers; a gown and flat velvet cap is at present the full dress of a doctor of physic at Cambridge; but it is only worn on occasions of ceremony.

Should draw a doctor : were I sick myself,
 And met you with an urinal in my hand,
 I'd cast it at your head, unless you cast
 The water for me ; come, all's passing well ;
 Love which makes pale the cheeks, gives you
 complexion,

Fit for a sallow Frenchman.

Ang. I will on then :

In France I long have liv'd, and know the garb
 Of the French mountebanks, whose apish gesture,
 Although in them I hold ridiculous,
 Myself shall practise.

Bap. For a doctor's man,
 You see I'm fitted ; foot by foot I'll walk,
 And meet all dangers sent against your breast.

Ang. I thank thee, noble friend ; let's then to
 court.

The pangs a lover suffers are but short.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter FLORENCE, PISA, NICOLETTO, PHILIPPO,
 TORNELLI, PIERO, met by an old NURSE.*

Flor. How now, Nurse, how does my Fiametta?

Nurse. Oh, my sweet lord, she's at it again, at
 it again !

Flor. Who are with her ? Call for more help.

Nurse. More help ! alas, there's my Lady
 Vanni with her, and ladies upon ladies, and doc-
 tors upon doctors, but all cannot do.

Pisa. How does it take her, Nurse?

Nurse. Oh, sweet princess, it takes her all over
 with a pricking ; first about her stomach, and
 then she heaves and heaves, that no one man with
 all his weight can keep her down.

Pier. At this I wonder, that her sickness makes her doctors fools.

Nic. He that she finds most ease in, is Dr. Jordan.

Flor. I will give half my dukedom for her health.

Nic. Well, well, if death do take her, he shall have the sweetest bed-fellow that ever lay by lean man's side.

Flor. I entreat thee, Nurse, be tender over her.

Nurse. Tender, quoth a? I'm sure my heels are grown as hard as hoofs, with trotting for her; I'll put you in one comfort.

Flor. What's that, Nurse?

Nurse. In her greatest conflict she's had a worthy feeling of herself. [Exit.

Flor. So, so, I'm glad of it. My Lord of Pisa, Under this common blow, which might have strook The strongest heart here, pray do not you shrink.

Pisa. Sickness is life's retainer, sir; and I (What is not to be shun'd) bear patiently; But had she health as sound as hath the spring, She wou'd to me prove sickly autumn still.

Flor. Oh, say not so.

Pisa. I find it; for being loyal,
As the touch-needle to one star still turning,
I lose that star; my faith is paid with scorning.
Who then with eagle's wings of faith and truth,
Would in her sun-beams play away his youth,
And kiss those flames, which burn but out mine
eyes,

With scalding rivers of her cruelties?

Flor. 'Tis but her wayward sickness casts this
eye
Of slightness on you.

Pisa. 'Tis, my lord, her hate;
For when death sits even almost on her brows,
She spreads her arms abroad to welcome him,
When in my bridal bed I find a grave.

Enter MUTIO.

Flor. Now, Mutio?

Mut. There's a Frenchman come to court,
A profess'd doctor, that has seen the princess,
And will on her recovery pawn his life.

Flor. Comfort from heaven, I hope; let's see
this doctor.

Enter ANGELO *dressed like a Doctor*, BAPTISTA
attending as his Man.

Flor. Welcome, good doctor: have you seen
my daughter?
Restore her health, and nothing in my dukedom
Shall be too dear for thee; how do you judge her?

Ang. Be me trat, my lord, I find her a very
bad lady, and no well.

Flor. Piero, take the Duke of Pisa pray, and
be your sister's visitants.

Pier. Sir, we shall, if the duke please.

Pisa. The poisoned may drink gall.

[*Exeunt* Piero and Pisa]

Flor. Attend the duke.

CARGO *enters with a Letter, which he delivers to*
NICOLETTO.

Car. The party, sir.

Nic. Thou shalt have Cæsar's pay—my coach!

Car. Old January goes to lie with May.

[*Exeunt Nicoletto and Cargo.*]

Flor. Doctor, I thus have singled you to sound
The depth of my girl's sickness; that if no skill
Of man can save her, I against heaven's will
May arm my breast with patience; therefore be
free.

Ang. By my tra' and fa', my lor', me no point
can play de hound, and fawn upon *de* most
puissant Roi in de world; a Frenchman bear de
brave mind for dat.

Flor. So, so, I like him better.

Ang. Me gra tank you; now for de malady of
de princess; me one, two, tre time, feel her pulse,
and ron up and down all de oder parts of her
body, and find noting but dat she be trobla with
le gran desire of de man.

Flor. A great desire of a man?

Ang. A my trat 'tis verament, she longa to do
some ting in love upon le gentlehom.

Flor. Doctor, thou hit'st her heart; 'tis there
she's wounded,

By a poison'd arrow, shot from a villain's hand;
One Angelo of the Lotti family;
And till that head be pluck'd out she will pine,
Unless control'd by some deep art of thine.

Ang. All tings possibela me sall undergo, me
ha' read Gallen, Hippocrates, Avicena, but no
point can peek out le remedy for de madam in
de briars of love.

Flor. No medicine you say in any of them for
love?

Ang. Ay me, trat not worth a louse: only in

my peregrination about le grand globe of de world, me find out a fine trick for make a de man and voman do, dat is tickla in love.

Flor. The man and woman do? how do, how do?

Ang. To be cura, and all whole admirable vell.

Flor. As how pray?

Ang. Me have had under my fingera many brave wench, and most noble gentle dames, dat have be much troubla, upon de wild vorme in de tail for de man.

Flor. Very good.

Ang. And be my tra my lord, by experiment me find dat de heart of de man—you understanda me.

Flor. Yes, yes, the heart of the man.

Ang. Wee, wee, de heart of de man being all dry as peppera——

Flor. So, so.

Ang. And rub upon de ting (vat you call it) sall make it moulder all to crumble and dust.

Flor. Oh, oh, a grater.

Ang. Ee by my tra you say vell, ruba de man's dry heart upon de grater, and drink de powder in de pot le vine, by de gentlewoman, and by garsblot, she presentamently kick up de heel at de man she lova.

Flor. Excellent!

Ang. No point more remembra, but cry out le French poo upon le varlet.

Flor. So she will hate her lover.

Ang. Begar, as myself hate le puzcat, cry mew at my shin; and will have de rombling a de gut, for de other gentlehom.

Flor. Thou com'st up close to me now, my brave doctor.

Ang. Begar me hope so, and derfore, my lord, apply le desperate medicine to le perilous maulady; and have dis Angelo be cut in de troat, and be manslaughtered.

Flor. You then advise me to have Angelo slain?

Ang. Wee.

Flor. And then to have my daughter drink his heart?

Ang. Wee, wee.

Flor. Grated and dried, and so——

Ang. Wee, wee, wee.

Flor. I wou'd I grip'd it fast now in this hand, And eat it panting hot, to teach a peasant To climb above his being; doctor, he dies.

Ang. Knocka de pate down begar.

Flor. But stay, stay, he's fled Florence; it will be

A work to find him first out, and being found,
A task to kill him; for our gallants speak
Much of his worth; the varlet is valiant.

Ang. No matera for dat; for two, tree, four crown, dar be rascals sall run him in on de backside.

Flor. He shall be sought for, and being found, he dies.

Ang. Pray, my lor', suffer a le princess and me for be in private. Le doctor uses for touch a de ooman.

Flor. Do so, whilst I for Angelo's death use speed,
For till I have his heart, mine own must bleed.

[*Exit.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Ang. Oh, my Baptista!

Bap. I have heard the thunder aim'd at your life.

Ang. And it will strike me dead,
With a most sudden and invisible blow.

Bap. Now that you see his vengeance apt to fall,
Fly from it.

Ang. How?

Bap. By fair and free access,
Open your dangers to your mistress's eyes;
Were she stark mad, so she be mad for love,
You'll bring her to her wits, if wisely now
You put her into th' way; gold barr'd with locks,
Is best being stolen*; steal her then.

Ang. 'Tis but a rack at most,
Oh, on what boisterous seas is true love tost!

[*Exeunt.*

* This seems to be merely an exemplification of the proverb,
"Stolen joys are the sweetest."

ACT III. SCENE I.

Trumpets sounding. Enter an Usher bare headed, perfuming a Room: afterwards SIGNIOR TORRENTI gorgeously attired, attended by a Company of Gallants.

Tor. This room smells.

1 Gal. It has been new perfumed.

Tor. Then 'tis your breeches; stand off—and shines there (say you) a sun in our horizon, full as glorious as we ourself?

2 Gal. So cry the common people.

Tor. The common people are rascals, lying devils;

Dunghills, whose savour poisons brave mens' fames:

That ape of greatness (imitating me)

I mean that slavish Lord Jacomo,

Shall die a beggar, if at the year's end,

His total of expense dares equal mine;}

How is his house built?

1 Gal. Admirable fair.

Tor. Fair? I'll gild mine (like Pompey's theatre)
All o'er to outshine his; the richest hangings
Persian, or Turk, or Indian slaves can weave,
Shall from my purse be bought at any rates;
I'll pave my great hall with a floor of clouds,
Wherein shall move an artificial sun,
Reflecting round about me golden beams,
Whose flames shall make the room seem all on fire,

And when 'tis night, just as that sun goes down,
 A silver moon shall rise, drawn up by stars,
 And as that moves, I standing in her orb,
 Will move with her, and be that man i' th' moon,
 So mock'd in old wives' tales; then over head,
 A roof of woods, and forests full of deer,
 Trees growing downwards, full of singing choirs;
 And this I'll do that men with praise may crown
 My fame, for turning the world upside down:
 And what brave gallants are Gentili's guests?

1 *Gal.* The Lord Jacomo Gentili feeds
 All beggars at his table.

Tor. Hang Jacomo!
 My board shall be no manger for poor jades
 To lick up provender in.

2 *Gal.* He welcomes soldiers.

Tor. Let soldiers beg and starve, or steal and
 hang.

Wou'd I had here ten thousand soldiers' heads,
 Their skulls set all in silver, to drink healths
 To his confusion, first invented war;
 And (the health drunk) to drown the bowls i' th' sea;
 That very name of soldier makes me shrug,
 And think I crawl with vermin; give me lutes;
 Mischief on drums! for soldiers, fetch me whores;
 These are mens' bliss, those every kingdom's sores;
 We gave in charge to search through all the world
 For the best cooks, rarest musicians,
 And fairest girls, that will sell sin for gold.

1 *Gal.* Some of all sorts you have.

Tor. Let me have more
 Than the Grand Signior; and my change as rare;
 Tall, low, and middle size, the brown, and fair;
 I'd give a prince's ransom now to kiss

Black Cleopatra's cheek ; only to drink
 A richer pearl, than that of Anthony's ;
 That fame (where his name stands) might put
 down mine.

Oh, that my mother had been Paris' whore !
 And I had liv'd to see a Troy on fire,
 So that by that brave light, I might have danc'd
 But one lavolta with my courtezan.

Enter FOURTH GALLANT.

4 *Gal.* Pattern of all perfection breath'd in man !
 There's one without, before your excellence
 Desires access.

Tor. What creature ?

4 *Gal.* Your own brother ;
 At least he terms himself so.

Tor. Is he brave ?

4 *Gal.* He's new come from sea.

Tor. 'Tis true, that Jason
 Rigg'd out a fleet to fetch the golden fleece ;
 'Tis a brave boy, all elemental fire ;
 His ships are great with child of Turkish treasure,
 And here shall be delivered ; marshal him in
 Like the sea's proud commander ; give our charge.

Omnes. Sound drums and trumpets for my
 lord ! away !

*[Torenti's brother, bare and ragged, is
 ushered in by the attendants ; Torenti
 starts, so that his hat falls off : an at-
 tendant takes it up and offers it to him.]*

Tor. Thou whoreson peasant, know me ! burn
 that windfall !

It comes not to my head that drops so low.—
 Another !

1 *Gal.* Hats for my lord!

[*Three or four hats are brought in.*

Tor. It smells of earth; stood it again so high,
My head would on a dunghill seem to lie.
How now! what scarecrow's this?

Bro. Scarecrow? thy brother;
His blood clear as thine own, but that it smokes not,
With perfum'd fires as thine doth.

Tor. Has the poor snake a sting? can he hiss?
What begs the rogue for?

Bro. Vengeance,
From the just thunderer to throw Lucifer down;
How high soever thou rearest thy Babel brows,
To thy confusion I this language speak:
I am thy father's son.

Tor. Ha, ha, the skipper raves.

Bro. The aw'd Venetian, on St. Mark's proud
day,
Never went forth to marry the rich sea,
With casting in her lap a ring of gold,
In greater bravery, than myself did freight
A fleet of gallant youthful Florentines,
All vow'd to rescue Rhodes from Turkish slavery:
We went, and waded up in our own bloods,
Till most of us were drown'd——

Tor. Fair riddance on you.

Bro. Where such a peacock durst not spread
his plumes;
We fought, and those that fell left monuments
Of unmatch'd valour to the whole race of man;
They that were ta'en ('mongst whom myself was
chief)

Were three years chain'd up to the tugging oar;
See here the relics of that misery;

If thou would'st know more, read it on my back,
Printed with the bull's pizzle

Tor. Hang the dog!

What tellest thou me of pizzles?

Bro. 'Tis thy brother tells thee so, note me.

Tor. I know thee not;

Set mastiffs on him! worry him from my gates!

Bro. The first unhappy breath I drew, mov'd
here,

And here I'll spend my last, ere brav'd from hence;
Here I'll have meat and clothes.

Tor. Kick the cur out.

Bro. Who dares?

Take from that sumpter-horse's back of thine,
Some of those gaudy trappings to clothe mine,
And keep it from the keen air; fetch me food,
You fawning spaniels!

1 *Gal.* Some spirit of the buttery.

2 *Gal.* It should be by his hunger.

Bro. I am starv'd,

Thirsty, and pin'd to the bare bones; here I'll eat,
At thine own scornful board, on thine own meat;
Or tear it from thy throat as 'tis chewing down.

Tor. I'll try that; if my dinner be prepared,
Serve me in my great state along this way;
And as you pass, two there with pistols stand,
To kill that rav'nous vulture, if he dare thrust
His talons forth to make one dish his prey.

[*Exeunt all but the brothers.*]

Bro. Now view my face, and tho' perhaps you
sham'd

To own so poor a brother, let not my heart-strings
In sunder crack, if we now being lone,
You still disdain me.

Tor. Wretch ! I know thee not,
And loathe thy sight.

Bro. Slave ! thou shalt know me then ;
I'll beat thy brains out with my galley-chain.

Tor. Wilt murder thine own brother ?

Bro. Pride doth itself confound ;
What with both hands the devil strove to have
bound,

Heaven with one little finger hath untied ;
This proves that thou may'st fall, because one
blast

Shakes thee already ; fear not, I'll not take
The whip out of your hand ; and tho' thou break'st
Laws of humanity and brotherhood,
I'll not do so ; but as a beggar should
(Not as a brother) knock I at the gate
Of thy hard heart for pity to come forth,
And look upon my wretchedness. A shot

[*Kneels.*

Tore to the keel that galley where I row'd ;
Sunk her ; the men slain, I by diving 'scaped,
And sat three leagues upon a broken mast,
Wash'd with the salt tears of the sea, which wept
In pity to behold my misery.

Tor. Pox on your *tarry* misery !

Bro. And when heaven's bless'd hand hal'd
me to a shore

To dry my wet limbs, was I forc'd to fire,
A dead man's straw bed thrown into the street.

Tor. Foh ! thou'rt infectious.

Bro. Oh, remember this !

He that does good deeds here, waits at a table
Where angels are his fellow servitors.

Tor. I am no robin red-breast to bring straws
To cover such a corse.

Bro. Thou art turn'd devil.

(*Trumpets sound.*) *Enter an armed Sewer, after him a Company with covered Dishes; Coronets on their Heads; two with Pistols to guard it.*

Tor. Where's thy great stomach; eat; stand!
let him chose
What dish he likes.

[*Brother snatches a pistol: all fly off**.]

Bro. This then, which I'll carve up
On thy base bosom: see, thou trivial fool,
Thou art a tyrant (o'er me) of short reign,
This cock outcrows thee, and thy petty kings;
Thou'rt a proud bird, but flyest with rotten wings;
To show how little for thy scorn I care,
See my revenge turns all to idle air. [*Shoots up.*
It upward flies, and will from thence, I fear,
Shoot darts of lightning to confound thee here.
Farewell thou huge Leviathan, when thou'st drunk
dry

That sea thou roll'st in, on some base shore die.

[*Exit.*

Enter GALLANTS with their Swords drawn.

Omnes. Where is the traitor?

Tor. Now the house is fired,
You come to cast on waters; bar up my doors;
But one such tattered ensign here being spread,
Draws numbers hither; here must no rogues
be fed:

* "Snatches a pistol: all fly off," an evident stage direction has, in the original, crept into the text.

Command my carpenters invent odd engines,
 To manacle base beggars, hands and feet;
 And by my name call 'em my whipping-posts;
 If you spy any man that has a look
 Stigmatically drawn *, like to a fury's,
 (Able to fright), to such I'll give large pay,
 To watch and ward for poor snakes night and day,
 And whip 'em soundly if they approach my gates;
 The poor are but the earth's dung, fit to lie
 Cover'd on muck heaps not to offend the eye.

Enter FIRST GALLANT.

1 *Gal.* Two gentlemen sent from the Florence
 Duke,
 Require speech with your lordship.
Tor. Give 'em entrance.

Enter MUTIO and PHILIPPO.

What are you? and whence come you?

Mut. From the duke.

Tor. Your business?

Mut. This: fame sounding forth your worth
 For hospitable princely house-keeping,
 Our duke, drawn by the wonder of report,
 Invites himself (by us) to be your guest.

* One upon whom nature has set a mark of deformity. In the
 "Third Part of Henry VI." the Queen calls Richard

"A foul misshapen *stigmatic*,
 Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided."

And in the "Comedy of Errors," where Stevens produces the
 passage in the text, Adriana says,

"He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
 Ill-fac'd, worse body'd, shapeless every where;
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt; unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind."

Tor. The honour of ambassadors be yours ;
 Say to the duke that Cæsar never came
 More welcome to the capitol of Rome,
 Than he to us—healths to him—fill rich wines.

Mut. You have this wonder wrought, now rare
 to men ;
 By you they have found the golden age again.

Tor. Which I'll uphold, so long as there's a sun
 To play the Alchymist.

Phil. (Aside.) This proud fellow talks
 As if he grasped the Indies in each hand.

Tor. Health to your duke !

Amb. We pledge it on our knees.

Tor. I'll stand to what I do, but kneel to none.

[*Music plays. Torrenti drinks to the health
 of the duke, and then breaks his glass :
 Mutio and Philipppo pledge it in gold
 cups ; which, on their offering to return
 them, the servitors refuse to take back.*

Tor. Break not our custom, pray ye ; with one
 beam,

The god of metals makes both gold and wine ;
 To imitate whose greatness, if on you,
 I can bestow wine, I can give gold too ;
 Take them as free as Bacchus spends his blood,
 And in them drink our health.

Mut. Your bounty far
 Exceeds that of our Cæsars.

Tor. Cæsar *ero, vel nihil ero* :
 What are gold heaps, but a rich dust for kings
 To scatter with their breath, as chaff by wind ?
 Let him then that hath gold bear a king's mind,
 And give till his arm aches ; who bravely pours
 But into a wench's lap his golden showers,

May be Jove's equal * ; oh, but he that spends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debtor,
And such a noble spender is Jove's better ;
That man I'll be ; I'm Alexander's heir
To one part of his mind ; I wish there were
Ten worlds, yet not to conquer, but to sell
For Alpine hills of silver ; and that I
Might at one feast spend all that treasure dry ;
Who hoards up wealth, is base ; who spends it,
brave ;

Earth breeds gold, so I tread but on my slave ;
Bear back our gratulations to your duke. [*Exit.*

Amb. We shall, great sir.

Mut. Torrenti call you him ; 'tis a proud rough
stream.

Phil. He's of the Roman family indeed.

Mut. Lord Vanni's ? rather my Lord Vanity's.

Phil. And heaps of money sure have struck
him mad.

Mut. He'll soon pick up his wits, let him but
bleed

Thus many ounces at one time ; all day
Could I drink these dear healths, yet ne'er be
drunk.

Phil. And carry it away most cleanly.

Mut. Not a pin the worse ;
What might his father leave him ?

Phil. A great estate,
Of some three hundred thousand crowns a year.

Mut. Strange he's not begg'd †, for fools are
now grown dear ;
An admirable coxcomb !

* The allusion is to the story of Jupiter and Danae.

† See vol. i. p. 262.

Phil. Let wonder pass;
He's both a brave lord and a golden ass. [*Exit.*

Scene draws and discovers FIAMETTA reposing upon a Bed; the DUKE, PRINCE OF PISA, and PIERO enter with Ladies, NURSE, and Attendants; ANGELO and BAPTISTA as before.

Ang. I pray you hush all, a little hush, le fair lady by her own volenter disposition, has take a ting dat is of such a grand operation, it shall makea de stone for sleep.

Flor. What, noble doctor, is the name of it?

Ang. 'Tis not your scurvy English poppy, nor mandragora, nor a ting so danger as oppium, but 'tis de brave ting a de vorld, for knock a de braine asleep.

Pisa. I am glad she takes this rest.

Ang. Peace! begor it is snore and snore, two mile long; now if your grace vill please for procure music, be restore as brave as de fish.

Flor. Call for the music.

Ang. Makea no noise, but bring in de fiddlers, and play sweet.

Nic. Oh, out upon this doctor! hang him! does he think to cure dejected ladies with fiddlers?

Ang. De grand French poo stopa de troat! pray void le shambera.

Flor. All, all part softly; peace, Nurse, let her sleep.

Nurse. Ay, ay, go out of her prospect, for she's not to be cur'd with a song.

[*All leave the room except Ang. Bap. and Fia.*

Ang. Baptista, see the door fast, watch that narrowly.

Bap. For one friend to keep door for another, is the office now amongst gallants, common as the law ; I'll be your porter, sir.

Ang. She does but slumber ; Fiametta ! love !

Fia. The Pisan prince comes : daggers at my heart !

Ang. Look up ; I am not he, but Angelo.

Fia. Ha ! who names Angelo ?

Ang. Angelo himself ;

Who with one foot treads on the throat of death,
Whilst t'other steps to embrace thee, thus i' th'
shape

Of a French doctor.

Fia. Oh, my life ! my soul !

Ang. Hear me.

Fia. I'm now not sick, I'll have no physic,
But what thyself shall give me.

Ang. Let not joy confound our happiness ; I
am but dead
If it be known I am here.

Fia. Thou shalt not hence.

Ang. Be wise, dear heart ; see here the best
of men,

Faithful Baptista.

Fia. Oh, I love Baptista,
'Cause he loves thee ; but my Angelo I love 'bove
kings.

Bap. Madam, you'll spoil all,
Unless you join with us in the safe plot
Of our escape.

Ang. Sweet Fiametta, hear me !
For you shall hence with us.

Fia. Over ten worlds,
But I'll not hence ; my Angelo shall not hence ;
True love, like gold, is best being tried in fire ;
I'll defy father, and a thousand deaths for thee.

[*Knocking within.*

Ang. Undone ! : undone !

Bap. At the court gate,
I see a gibbet already, to hang 's both ;
Death ! the duke beats at the door.

Fia. He shall come in.

Enter Omnes.

One frown at thee, my tragedy shall begin ;
See father——

Flor. I told you that I heard her tongue.

Fia. See, Father——

Flor. What, sweet girl ?

Fia. That's Angelo, and you shall pardon him.

Flor. With all my heart.

Fia. He says he pardons thee with all his heart.

Ang. Me lor, be all mad, le brain crow, and
run whirabout like de windmill sail, pardon a
moy ? por quoy my sweet madam, pardon your
povera doctor ?

Fia. Because thou art my banish'd Angelo.

Flor. Stark mad.

Pisa. This her recovery ?

Fia. He is no doctor ;

Nor that his man, but his dear friend Baptista ;
'Has black'd his beard like a comedian,
To play the mountebank ; away, I'll marry
None but that doctor, and leave Angelo.

Ang. Ay, do pray artely, madam.

Fia. Leave off thy gibberish, and I prithee speak
Thy native language.

Ang. Par-ma-foy all French; begar she be mad as de moon.

Flor. Sweet girl! with gentle hands, sir, take her hence.

Fia. Stand from me, I must follow Angelo.

Pisa. Thine eyes drink sleep from the sweet god of rest.

Fia. Oh, you shoot poison'd arrows through my breast.

[*Exeunt all but Flor. Ang. and Bap.*]

Flo. What strange new fury now possesseth her?

Ang. Begar her imaginashon be out a de vits; and so dazell de two nyes, and come down so into de belly, and possibla for make her tink me or you to be le shentleman she lova, and so she takea my man for a jackanape, me know not who.

Bap. For one Baptista.

Ang. Povera garshon a my trat.

Flor. I do believe you both; but, honest doctor, Strain all thy art, and so thou leave her well, I care not if you call up fiends from hell.

Ang. Dar be too much devil in de body already; be my trat, my lor, me no stay here for ten hundred hundred coronaes; she cry upon me, 'tis Master Angelo; you tink so not one and two time, but a tyrd time, you smella me out, and so cuta my troat; adieu, my lor.

Flor. Still your opinion holds to kill that villain, And give her his heart dried.

Ang. In de pot a vine, wee, very fine.

Flor. This gold take for thy pains to make her sound,

There needs a desperate cure to a desperate wound. [Exit.

Ang. How blows it now?

Bap. Fair, with a prosperous gale.

Ang. Poor love, thou still art struck with thine own fate;

My life hangs at a thread; friend, I must fly.

Bap. How, to be safe?

Ang. I will take sanctuary;

I know a reverend friar, in whose cell

I'll lurk till storms blow o'er: if women knew

What men feel for them, none their scorns should rue.

Enter TIBALDO in Woman's attire, and ALPHONSINA.

Alph. Is't come to this? have the walls of the castle been besieged thus long, lying open for a breach? and dare you not give fire to one piece? oh, you're a proper soldier! good sister-brother follow your game more close, or I'll leave you.

Tib. What would you have me do?

Alph. Why, I would ha' you (tho' you be in women's apparel) to be yourself a man, and do what you come for.

Tib. I have been giving her a thousand onsets, And still a blushing cheek makes me retire; I speak not three words, but my tongue is ready To ask forgiveness of her.

Alph. Must thou needs at thy first encounter tell her thou art a man? why when you walk together, cannot you begin a tale to her, with once upon a time there was a loving couple that hav-

ing tired themselves with walking, sat down upon a bank, and kist, and embraced, and played; and so by degrees bring the tale about to your own purpose, can you not? fie, you are the worst at these things, sir.

Tib. I am, sister, indeed.

Alph. And the more fool you indeed: you see how the old stinking fox, her husband, is still rubbing me as if I had the palsy; I'll not have his wither'd hands (which are as moist as the side of stock-fish) lie piddling in my bosom; therefore determine some thing, or farewell.

Tib. I have, dear sister, if you will but hear me.

Alph. Come on, out with 't then.

Tib. Give you the old man promise of your love,
And the next night appoint him for your bed;
Rap'd with joy, he'll feign business of state,
To leave his lady, and to lie alone.

Alph. Very good.

Tib. Then my request shall be, that for that night

She would accept me for her bed-fellow;
And there's no question, sister, of the grant;
Which being enjoy'd, I doubt not but to manage
And carry all so even on level ground,
That my offence shall in my love seem drown'd.

Alph. The clock for your business thus far goes true; but now for me, what shall I do with the old cock in my roost?

Tib. Sister, you have some trick (no doubt) to keep
Him within compass.

Alph. No not I, believe me; I know not what to do with him, unless I should give him a little

nux vomica, to make him sleep away the night ;
but, brother, to pleasure you, I'll venture a joint ;
and yet it troubles me too, that I should prove a
traitor to my sex ; I do betray an innocent lady,
to what ill I know not.

But love, the author of it, will I hope
Turn it quite otherwise, and perhaps it may be
So welcome to her as a courtesy.

Tib. I doubt not but it shall.

Alph. We nothing can,
Unless man woman help, and woman man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

(Trumpets sound.) Enter TORRENTI in a very costly Dress, between the two Dukes, who are attended by LORD VANNI and the other Courtiers; the latter seem to wonder at TORRENTI'S dress. Then a masquo enters of Women in strange Habits, who dance and exeunt. TORRENTI gives Jewels and Chains of Pearls to the Dukes, and a Chain of Gold to every Courtier. The Dukes and Courtiers then depart, leaving VANNI and TORRENTI on the Stage.

Nic. Thou art my noble kinsman, and but thy mother

*(Upon my soul) was chaste, I should believe
Some emperor begot thee.*

Tor. Why, pray, uncle?

Nic. Suppose all kingdoms on the earth were balls,

And that thou held'st a racket in thy hand,
To toss 'em as thou wou'dst, how wou'dst thou
play?

Tor. Why, as with balls, bandy 'em quite away.

Nic. A tennis-court of kings could do no more;
But faith what dost thou think, that I now think,
Of thy this day's expense?

Tor. That it was brave.

Nic. I think thee a proud vain-glorious brag-
ging knave;

That golden womb thy father left so full, thou
Vulture-like eat'st through : oh, here's trim stuff!
A good man's state, in garters, strings, and ruff;
Hast not a saffron shirt on too? I fear thou'rt
Troubled with the green sickness, thou look'st wan.

Tor. With anger at thy snarling : must my hose
Match your old greasy codpiece?

Nic. No ; but I'd have thee live in compass.

Tor. Fool, I'll be

As the sun in the zodiac ; I am he
That wou'd take Phæton's fall, tho' I set fire
On the whole world, to be heaven's charioteer
(As he was) but one day.

Nic. Vain riotous coxcomb,
Thou'st fir'd too much already ; parks, forests,
chases,
Have no part left of them, but names and places ;
'Tis voic'd abroad thy lands are all at pawn.

Tor. They are, what then?

Nic. And that the money went
To entertain the pope's great nuncio,
On whom you spent the ransom of a king.

Tor. You lie.

Nic. I thank you, sir.

Tor. Say all this true
That I spent millions, what's that to you?
Were there for every day i' th' year a pope,
For every hour i' th' year a cardinal,
I'd melt both Indies but I'd feast 'em all.

Nic. And leave your courtesans bare ; that
leaving bare,
Will one day leave thee naked ; one night's waking,
With a fresh whore, cost thee four thousand ducats,
Else the bawd lies.

Tor. Wert thou not mine uncle,
I'd send thee with thy frozen beard where furies
Should singe it off with fire-brands; touching
Wenching! thou art thyself an old rotten whore-
master?

Nic. I a whore-master?
To show how much I hate it, ha'k, when next
thy tumblers
Come to dance upon the ropes,
Play this jig to 'em*.

Tor. Go, go, idle drone;
Thou enviest bees with stings, 'cause thine is
gone;
Plate, jewels, revenues, all shall fly.

Nic. They shall?

Tor. And then, sir, I'll turn pickled thief, a
pirate;
For as I to feed riot, a world did crave,
So nothing but the sea shall be my grave;
Meantime that circle few begin I'll run,
Tho' the devil stand i' th' centre.

Nic. What's that circle?

Tor. The vanity of all mankind be mine,
In me all prodigal's looseness fresh shall flow;
Wine, harlots, surfeits, rich embroidered clothes,
Fashions, all sensual sins, all new-coin'd oaths,
Shall feed me, fill me; I'll feast every sense,
Nought shall become me ill, but innocence.

[*Exit.*

Nic. I hope a wallet hanging at thy back;
Who spends all young, ere age comes, all will
lack.

[*Exit.*

* Some stage direction is here evidently wanting, probably he
here whispers to his kinsman.

The Scene changes to GENTILI'S. Enter an APOTHECARY followed by a Servant, to whom he gives Gold: then enter GENTILI attended by a Number of Servants in blue Coats, and followed by his STEWARD, and a BROKER. A Trumpet sounds.

Gen. What sounds this trumpet for ?

Omnes. Dinner, my lord.

Gen. To feast whom this day are my tables spread ?

Stew. For seamen, wreck'd, aged, or sick, or lame,

And the late ransom'd captives from the Turk.

Gen. Cheer them with hearty welcomes in my name ;

Attend them as great lords ; let no man dare
To send 'em sad hence ; bounty shall be plac'd

At the board's upper end ; for mariners

Are clocks of danger that do ne'er stand still ;

Their dial's hand e'er points to th' stroke of death ;

And (albeit seldom windless) lose their breath ;

I love 'em, for they eat the dearest bread

That life can buy ; when the elements make wars,

Water, and air, they are sav'd by their good stars.

And for the galley-slaves, make much of those,
love that man

Who suffers only for being christian : what suiters
wait ?

Stew. Come near, one at once ; keep back, pray.

Brok. A sorry man, a very sorry man.

Gen. What makes thee sorry ?

Brok. All I had is burnt, and that which
touches me to the quick, a box of my sweet evi-
dence, my lord.

Gen. Show me some proof of this.

Brok. Alas, too good proof, all burnt, nor stick nor stone left.

Gen. What wou'dst have me do?

Brok. Bestow but a bare hundred pound on me, to set me up.

Gen. Steward, deliver him a hundred pound.

Brok. Now all the——

Gen. Nay, kneel not, sir; but hear me.

Brok. Oh, my honey lord!

Gen. Faces are speaking pictures; thine's a book,
Which if the leaf be truly printed, shows
A page of close dissembling.

Brok. Oh, my lord!

Gen. But say thou art such, yet the money's
thine,
Which I to charity give, not to her shrine;
If thou cheat'st me, thou art cheated? how?
thou'st got
(Being liquorish) ratsbane from a galley-pot,
Taking it for sugar; thou art now my debtor,
I am not hurt, nor thou I fear, much better;
Farewell.

Enter a lame-legg'd SOLDIER.

Sol. Cannons defend me! gunpowder of hell,
Whom dost thou blow up here?

Brok. Some honest sculler, row this lame dog
to hanging.

Gen. What noise is that?

Stew. My lord calls to you.

Sol. Was there ever call'd

A devil by name from hell? then this is one.

Gen. My friend, what is he?

Sol. A city pestilence;
 A moth that eats up gowns, doublets and hose;
 One that with bills, leads smocks and shirts together
 To linen-close-adultery, and upon them
 Strows lavender, so strongly*, that the owners
 Dare never smell them after; he's a broker.

Gen. Suppose all this; what hurt hath he done thee?

Sol. More than my limb's loss; in one week
 he eat
 My wife up, and three children; this christian
 Jew did;
 Has a long lane of hellish tenements,
 Built all with pawns.

Gen. All that he had is burnt.

Sol. He keeps a whore indeed; this is the raven,
 Cried knock before you call; he may be fir'd†,
 His lousy wardrobes are not; to this hell-hound
 I pawn'd my weapons to buy brown bread
 To feed my brats and me; (they forfeited)
 Twice so much as his money him I gave
 To have my arms redeem'd, the griping slave
 Swore (not to save my soul) unless that I

* This affords an explanation of a passage in Massinger's excellent play of "A New Way to pay Old Debts:—"

"Over. I lent you

A thousand pounds: put me in good security,

And suddenly, by mortgage, or by statute

Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you

Dragg'd in your *lavender robes* to the gaol."

The term denotes that his robes were redeemed from a pawn-brokers.

† "He may be fir'd," i. e. afflicted with the venereal disease, which was then called the *brenning*, or burning disease.

Laid down my stump here for the interest,
And so hop home.

Gen. Unheard-of villain !

Broker, is this true ?

Brok. 'Twere sin, my lord, to lie.

Gen. Soldier, what is't thou now crav'st at my hands ?

Sol. This my petition was, which now I tear ;
My suit here was, when the next place did fall,
To be a beadsman in your hospital ;
But now I come most piteously complaining
Against this three-pile rascal *, widow's decayer,
The orphan's beggerer, and the poors' betrayer ;
Give him the Russian law for all these sins.

Gen. How ?

Sol. But one hundred blows on his bare shins.

Brok. Come home and take thine arms.

Sol. I'll have those legs.

Gen. Broker, my soul foresaw goods thus ill got
Would as ill thrive ; you ask'd a hundred pound,
'Tis yours ; but, crafty broker, you play'd the
knave

To beg, not needing. This man now must have
His request too ; 'tis honest, fair, and just,
Take hence that varlet therefore, and on his shins,
In ready payment, give him an hundred blows.

Brok. My lord ! my pitiful lord !

Sol. I must bestir my stumps too. Justice,
my lord !

Gen. I will not ravel out time ; Broker, I offer
you
A hundred for a hundred.

* Shakspeare uses the same metaphor in " Love's Labour Lost : " " *Three-pil'd hyperboles.*" It is taken from velvet.

Sol. That's his own usury.

Gen. A hundred pound, or else a hundred blows;
Give him that money, he shall release you those.

Brok. Take it, and may'st thou rot with it.

[*Exit.*

Sol. Follow thee thy curse *,
Wou'd blows might make all brokers still disburse!

Gen. What next?

Serv. The party, sir.

Gen. What party, sir?

If honest, speak; I love no whisperer.

Ser. This gentleman is a great shooter.

Gen. In a long bow? how far shoots he?

Ser. To your lordship, to be your apothecary.

Gen. Umph; what spy you in my face, that I
shou'd buy

Your drugs and drenches? bears not my cheek
a colour

As fresh as any old man's? do my bones
Ache with youth's riots? or my blood boil hot
With fevers? or is't numb'd with dropsies, cold
Coughs, rheums, catarrhs, gouts, apoplexy fits?
The common sores of age on me never ran;
Nor Galenist, nor Paracelsian,
Shall e'er read physical lectures upon me.

Apot. Two excellent fellows, my lord.

Gen. I honour their profession;
What the Creator does, they in part do,
For a physician's a man-maker too:
But, honest friend,
My kitchen is my doctor, and my garden,
Trusty apothecary; when they give me pills,

* "Follow thee thy curse," i. e. may the curse of rottenness which thou invokest fall upon thyself.

So gently work they, I'm not choak'd with bills,
Which are a stronger purge than the disease.

Apot. Alas, my lord, and 'twere not for bills,
our shops wou'd down.

Gen. Sir, I believe you ; bills nor pills I'll take ;
I stand on sickness's shore, and see men toss'd
From one disease to another, at last lost ;
But to such seas of surfeits, where they're drown'd,
I never venturing, am ever sound.

Apot. Ever sound, my lord ? if all our gallants
shou'd be so, doctors, apothecaries, and barber-
surgeons, might feed upon onions and butter-
milk ; ever sound ! a brave world then.

Gen. 'Tis their own fault, if they fear springs
or falls,
Wine-glasses fill'd too fast, make urinals ;
Man was at first born sound, and he grows ill
Seldom by course of nature, but by will ;
Distempers are not ours, there should be then
(Were we ourselves) no physic ; men to men
Are both disease's cause and the disease,
I'm free from (thanks, good fate) either of these.

Apot. (*To Ser.*) My fifty crowns !

Ser. Not I.

Apot. No ! must I give you a glister ?

Ser. Hist ! hist !

Apot. If your lordship will not allow me to mi-
nister to yourself, pray let me give your man a
purgation.

Ser. Me a purgation ? my lord, I'm passing well.

Gen. Him a purge ! why ?

Apot. Or rather a vomit, that he may cast up
fifty crowns,

Which he swallowed as a bribe to prefer me.

Gen. My health is bought and sold, sir, then
by you;

A doctor baits you next, whose mess of potions
Striking me full of ulcers, a gibberish-surgeon,
For fifty crowns more, comes to draw my will,
For money, slaves their sovereigns thus kill;
Nay, nay, so got, so keep it; for his fifty
Give him a hundred crowns, because his will
Aim'd at my health I know, and not at ill:
Fare you well, sir.

Apot. Who pays me, sir?

Ser. Follow me; I, sir. [*Exit Ser. and Apot.*]

Enter GOLDSMITH.

Gold. The fellow, my lord, is fast.

Gen. What fellow, sir?

Gold. The thief that stole this jewel from your
honour;

He came unto my stall, my lord——

Gen. So!

Gold. And ask'd me
Not the fourth part in money it was worth,
And so smelling him out——

Gen. You did——

Gold. I did, sir,
Smell him out presently, and underhand
Sent for a constable, examined him,
And finding that he is your steward's man,
Committed him to th' jail.

Gen. What money had he upon this jewel of
you?

Gold. None, my good lord, after I heard it yours.

Gen. Else you had bought it,

And been the thief's receiver; you're a varlet,
Go to! a saucy knave; if I want money,
And send my servant's servant (cause the world
Shall not take notice of it) to pawn, or sell
Jewels or plate, tho' I lose half in half,
Must you, sir, play the marshall, and commit him,
As if he were a rogue? go and release him,
Send him home presently, and pay his fees; do
you see, sir?

Gold. My lord, I do see.

Gen. Lest by the innocent fellow,
I lay you fast by th' heels; do this you're best;
You may be gone.

Gold. Here's a most excellent jest. [*Exit.*

Enter STEWARD.

Gen. Hark you, the Duke of Florence sent
me once

A jewel, have ye it? for you laid it up.

Stew. My lord, I have it.

Gen. Are you sure you have it?

Why change you colour? know you this? do
you know

Your man you sent to sell it? you belike
Thought in my memory it had been dead,
And so your honesty too came buried;
'Tis well; out of mine eye!

Enter TORRENTI'S BROTHER.

What wou'd you with me?

Bro. Your pity on a wretch late wreck'd at sea,
Beaten a shore by penury; three years a Turkish
galley-slave.

Gen. Your birth?

Bro. Such, sir,

As I dare write myself a gentleman;
 In Florence stood my cradle, my house great,
 In money, not in mercy; I am poor,
 And dare not with the beggar pass their door.

Gen. Name them, they shall be forc'd to thy relief.

Bro. * To steal compassion from them like a thief?

Good my lord pardon me; under your noble wing,
 I had rather sit, than on the highest tree sing,
 That shadows their gay buildings.

Gen. Young man I do commend thee; where's my steward?

Give me thy hand, I entertain thee mine:
 Make perfect your accounts, and see the books deliver'd

To this gentleman.

Stew. This poor rogue, sir?

Gen. Thou art a villain, so to term the man,
 Whom I to liking take; sir, I discharge you;
 I regard no man's outside, 'tis the linings
 Which I take care for.

Stew. Not if you knew how lousy they were.

Gen. Cast not thy scorn upon him; (*to the Bro.*)
 prove thou but just,
 I'll raise the cedar's spring out first from dust.
[*Exit.*

The Scene changes to LORD VANNI'S House.

Enter NICOLETTO, DARIENE, ALPHONSINA, ALESSANDRA, TIBALDO, and CARGO.

Nic. Madam, this night I have received from court,

* In the original this is given to Gentili.

A book of deep import, which I must read,
And for that purpose will I lie alone.

Dar. Be master of your own content, my lord,
I'll change you for some female bed-fellow.

Nic. With all my heart.

Tib. Pray, madam, then take me.

Nic. Do, prithee, wife.

Dar. And, sir, she is most welcome.

Nic. Wou'd I were at it, for it is a book
My fingers itch till I be turning o'er;
Good rest! (*aside*) fair Alphonsina, you'll not fail.

Alph. (*Aside.*) No, fear me not.

Nic. All, all to bed! to bed!

Alph. Mine eyes are full of sleep; I'll follow
you. [*Exit.*]

Dar. I to my closet, and then, bed-fellow,
Expect your company.

Tib. I will be for you, lady.

Ales. Madam, so please you, forfeit to my mother,

And let yourself and I be bed-fellows.

Tib. Dear heart, I humbly thank you, but I
must not.

Ales. Lady, I rather wish your company,
Because I know one maiden best conceals
What's bosom'd in another; but I'll wait
With patience a time fitting.

Tib. Worthy lady,
This time is yours and mine.

Ales. Thus I begin then,
And if I cannot woo relief from you,
Let me at least win pity; I have fix'd
Mine eye upon your brother, whom I never
But once beheld here in this house, yet wish

That he beheld me now and heard me;
You are so like your brother, that methinks I
 speak to him,
And that provokes a blush to assail my cheek;
He smiles like you, his eyes like yours; pray, lady,
Where is the gentleman? 'twas for his sake
I would have lien with you, wou'd 'twere as lawful,
To fellow nights with him.

Tib. Troth, I do wish it.

Ales. And if in this you enrich me with your
 counsel,
I'll be a grateful taker.

Tib. Sure my brother
Is bless'd in your affection, and shall have
Good time to understand so.

Dar. (*Within.*) Alessandra.

Ales. Madam.

Dar. A word! come quickly. [*Exit Ales.*]

Tib. O ye heavens!
How strangely one hour works upon another.
I was but now heart-sick, and long'd for meat;
Which being set before me I abhor.

Enter ALPHONSINA.

Alph. Brother.

Tib. What frights you thus from your chamber?

Alph. Such a fury as thou.

Tib. How now? hast lost thy wits?

Alph. I'll swear thou hast; for thou hast can-
 died

Thy sweet but poisonous language to dishonour
Me thy most wretched sister; who no better than
 a vile

Instrument to thy desires, deserves to be styl'd

Bawd; worse than the bawds,
Who every day i' th' week shake hands with hell.

Tib. Ha' patience, dearest sister; I protest,
By all the graces that become a man,
I have not wrong'd Dariene nor her lord.

Alph. Thou shalt not then, by heaven!

Tib. By all goodness not;
With a well-blush'd discourse, fair Alessandra,
Supposing me your sister, hath discovered
The true pangs of her fancy towards Tibaldo,
And in it crav'd my aid; which heard, even then,
My brutish purpose broke its neck, and I
Will prove the daughter's husband, that came
hither

A traitor to the mother.

Alph. My noble brother!
Our doings are alike, for by Trebatio
(Whom I with honour name) his father's foulness
shall be

Cut off and crost.

Tib. Get to your chamber;
No longer will I play the woman's part,
This night shall change my habit with my heart.

[*Exit.*]

Enter NICOLETTI with a Light.

Nic. In this chamber she lies, and that's her
window; wou'd I were in: the air bites*, but
the bit that I shall bite anon sharpens my sto-
mach; the watch-word is a cornet; (*cornet with-
in*), it speaks, she bids me come without a light;
and reason, she's light enough herself; wink thou
one-eyed bawd, be thou an emblem of thy master,
and burn in secret.

*. "The air bites shrewdly."

Enter ALPHONSINA above.

Alph. My lord !

Nic. What says my most moist-handed * sweet lady ?

Alph. Who is there with you ?

Nic. No christian creature, I enter *solus*.

Alph. I fear I must entreat you to stay a little.

Nic. As long as thou desirest, but wilt come down ?

Alph. I would be loath to lose all upon one rest †.

Nic. Shall I mount then ?

Alph. For mine honour being once crack'd—

Nic. Crack a pudding ! I'll not meddle with thine honour.

Alph. Say you should get me with child ?

Nic. I hope I am not the first lord has got a lady with child.

Alph. Is the night hush'd ?

Nic. There's nothing stirring ; the very mice are asleep ‡ ; as I am noble, I'll deal with thee like a gentleman.

* So in " Othello : "

" This hand is *moist*, my lady ;

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart."

And in " Anthony and Cleopatra : "

" If an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognostication, &c.

† The original reads,

" I would be lothe to lose all *upon rest*."

If this be erroneous, as I have presumed, it may be variously altered ; I suppose it a metaphor taken from the game of *Primero*, and the meaning of the passage to be, *I should be loath to risk all I am worth upon one chance*. See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. x. p. 364.

‡ " Not a mouse stirring."

HAMLET.

Alph. I'll do that then, which some citizens will not do to some lord.

Nic. What's that?

Alph. Take your word; I come.

Nic. Ud's my life!

Alph. What's the matter, sir? [*Music within.*]

Nic. I hear a lute, and sure it comes this way.

Alph. My most lov'd lord, step you aside; I would not have you seen for the saving of my right hand; preserve mine honour, as I preserve your love.

Enter TREBATIO with Music.

Nic. Pox on your cat's guts!

Alph. To an unworthy window, who is thus kind?

Tre. Look out of it, and 'tis the richest case-
ment

That ever let in air.

Alph. Trebatio?

Tre. Ay, my most fair mistress.

Alph. Neither of both, good sir*;
Pray play upon some other, you abuse me,
And that which seems worse, in your father's house,

Nic. Brave girl——

Alph. But you are young enough to be forgiven,
If you will mend hereafter; the night has in it
Unwholesome fogs, and blasts; to bed, my lord,
Lest they attach your beauty; nothing more,
I'll pay you for your song. [*Exit,*

Tre. Are you gone so?

Well, you hard-hearted one, you shall not ever
Be lady of yourself; away. [*Exit,*

* *Id est*, neither most fair, nor your mistress.

Enter CARGO running.

Car. Oh, my lord! I have stood centinel as you bad me, but I am frightened.

Nic. With what?

Car. The night-mare rides you; my lady is conjured up.

Nic. Now the devil lay her down! prevented in the very act?

Car. She works by magic, and knows all.

Enter DARIENE.

Dar. Do you shrink back, my lord? you may with shame;

Have I ta'en you napping, my lord?

Nic. But not with the manner*, my lady.

Dar. Have you no bird to fly at, but what sits on your own son's fist?

Nic. How! my son's fist?

Dar. Yes, the lady whom you wrought to have been your harlot,
Your son has long since won to be his bride;
Both they and I have this night exercis'd
Our wits to mock your dotage.

Nic. Am I then gull'd?

Car. † Yes, my lord, and bull'd too; yonder's Tibaldo Neri come this morning ‡.

* A thief who is taken with the stolen goods about his person is, in law, said to be "taken with the manner," and is not bailable: Vanni's intention was evident, but the fact was not committed.

† This speech is in the original given to Dariene.

‡ A very short time has elapsed since they *retired to rest* in this scene, and they now talk of *morning*: but violations of probability in time is common with Dekker as the other writers of the age, and still more gross in parts of "Fortunatus."

Dar. So early, is his sister with him?

Car. Not that I saw, but I saw him kiss my young mistress three or four times; I think 'twere good to ask the banns of matrimony.

Nic. Wou'd it were no worse; let's in, and give 'em the morning's salutation.

Dar. I'll tell him all.

Nic. Sweet lady, seal my pardon with a kiss,
He ne'er was born, that never did amiss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter FLORENCE, PIERO, PISA, MUTIO, TORNELLI, and PHILIPPO.

Pier. Sir, I have found Angelo with long and busy search.

Flor. And will he come?

Pier. Your honour (as you charg'd me) I impawn'd

For his safe passage.

Flor. By my life he shall; when will he come?

Pier. My friend brings him along.

Flor. Philippo Mutio, go and persuade our daughter

To walk, and take the air.

Pisa. I'll play that orator. *[Exit.]*

Flor. Attend the Duke of Pisa; prithee, Piero, Discover where this Angelo lay lurking.

Pier. The world he has shut up, and now the book

He reads, is only here*; see where he comes.

Enter ANGELO in a Friar's dress accompanied by another Friar: FIAMETTA enters at the same Time from the other Side.

Flor. Way for my daughter! look you, there's Angelo.

Fia. Ha! yes, 'tis the star I sail by; hold me not;

* The book meant by Piero is Angelo's own heart; and no doubt Piero lays his hand upon his breast as he speaks this.

Why do you stick like rocks, to bar my way,
And utterly to wreck me?

Flor. Art thou mad?

Fia. Yes, I am mad; oh, my best life, my soul!

[*Runs to him.*

Ang. Whom seek you, lady?

Fia. Do you not know me, sir?

Ang. Yes.

Fia. Dost thou not love me?

Ang. Yes.

Fia. At very heart?

Ang. Yes, at the very soul.

Fia. Burns not your love,
With that most holy fire, the god of marriage
Kindles in man and woman?

Ang. No.

Fia. Ha, no?

Flor. He says no.

Fia. Then so, *quod dedi perdidit*.

Ang. How can I love you, lady?

I have climb'd too many of such fruitless trees.

Fia. Have you indeed?

Ang. Yes, and have pull'd the apples.

Fia. Now I beshrew your fingers.

Ang. And when I touch'd 'em, found 'em
turn'd to dust.

Why should you love me? I have chang'd my
pleasure

In beauteous dames, more than I have my dreams,
Four in one night.

Flor. He'll prove a lusty Lawrence*;

This is the star you sail by though.

* This would appear to have been a well-known denomination on these occasions. It is found in the "Captain," and "Tamer Tamed" of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ang. Why should you love me? I am but a tomb,

Gay outside, but within rotten and foul *.

Fia. I'll swear thou'rt most diseas'd, even in thy soul;

Oh thou, thou most perfidious man alive!

So prosper, as my poor sick heart doth thrive;

Give me thy hand, I hate thee, fare thee well.

(*To Pisa.*) Come, I make thee my heaven, were't once my hell.

Pisa. I'm rapt above the spheres, joy strikes me dumb.

Flor. Thou'st lent unto mine age a score of years,

More than e'er nature promis'd, by thy loving

This noble prince; thou'rt his then?

Fia. His—to prove it; (*To Ang.*) hence Thou from me! ne'er more behold mine eyes!

Ang. Now find I that a lover's heart last dies.

[*Exit.*

Flor. Ay, ay; so, so; if it die, it shall be buried.

Fia. Good reverend sir, stay you, and as you witness

This my divorce, so shall you seal my contract.

Friar. I will, your pleasure †.

Flor. Fiametta,

Make choice thyself of thine own wedding-day.

Fia. To-morrow be it; love's poison is delay.

Flor. ‡ Gallants, pray stir betimes, and rouse your mistresses;

* This is almost literally taken from a verse in St. Matthew's Gospel.

† I think we should read, "I will attend your pleasure."

‡ In the original the whole of this speech is given to Fiametta; but I have no hesitation in transferring it to one with whose state

Let some invite Lord Vanni and his lady ;
 We dine to-day with Lord Jacomo,
 Thither let's hasten.

Fia. Sir, this holy man
 Shall be this night my confessor ; about midnight
 Expect my sending for you.

Friar. Your devotion commands my service.

Flor. * We're least i' th' friar's stead.
 The prince be your confessor ; girl, prepare
 To play the bride to-morrow, and then being laid,
 One night past o'er, think ne'er to rise a maid.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to GENTILI'S. Trumpets sounding,
 Services carried covered over the Stage ; a Num-
 ber of Poor are attending, and TORRENTI one
 of them ; then enter JACOMO bare, between the
 two Dukes, PIERO, PHILIPPO, TORNELLI, and
 MUTIO.*

Flor. No more of compliment, my Lord Gentili ;
 Such noble welcomes have we had this day,
 We must take blushing leaves, 'cause we can pay
 Nothing but thanks.

Gen. That's more than the whole debt comes to.

Flor. † Ne'er saw I tables crown'd with braver
 store ;

I know no man that spends, nay, nor gives more,
 And yet a full sea still : why yonder fellow,
 The brave mock-prodigal, has spent all indeed,

of mind it is much more agreeable ; besides it is evident from
 what follows, that Fiametta was not of the party that dined with
 Jacomo.

* Here is another error in the original, as evident, I think, as
 the last ; this speech being given as a continuation of the Friar's.

† However tedious, it is necessary that I again inform the
 reader that in the original this speech is given to Gentili.

He that made beggars proud, begs now himself
for need.

Gen. But who relieves him now? none; for I
know

He that in riotous feasting wastes his store,
Is like a fair tree which in summer bore
Boughs laden till they crack'd, with leaves and fruit,
Whose plenty lasting, all men come unto 't,
And pluck, and fill their laps and carry away;
But when the boughs grow bare, and leaves decay,
And the great tree stand sapless, wither'd, dry,
Then each one casts on it a scornful eye,
And grieves to see it stand; nay, does not grieve,
Albeit the axe down to the root it cleave;
The fall of such a tree will I beware,
I know both when to spend, and when to spare.

Flor. 'Tis nobly spoke.

Pisa. Nay, good my lord, make haste!

Pier. Here's a child lost i' th' staying.

Flor. Get two at night for't.

What is the bride yet dress'd?

Pier. She's rigging, sir.

Flor. 'Tis well; music? from whence?

What chamber's that?

Mut. It joins close to the
Lodgings of the bride.

Flor. Inquire

If she be ready, Mutio; say her bridegroom
Attends on her below.

Mut. I shall, my lord. [*Fiametta above.*]

Pier. Tarry, she looks herself out.

Flor. Come, come, loiterer!

Fia. Fair welcome to your grace, and to that
prince,
That should have been my bridegroom.

Flor. Should ha' been?

Pier. Is the moon chang'd already?

Fia. In her changes

The moon is constant, man is only varying,
And never in one circle long is tarrying;
But one man in the moon at once appears,
Such praise (being true to one) a woman bears.

Flor. Take thou that praise, and to this prince
be true;

Come down and marry him

Fia. What would the world say,
If I should marry two men in one day?

Flor. That villain has bewitch'd her.

Pier. Sir, what villain?

Flor. That slave, the banish'd runnagate.

Pier. Cast not on him

Such foul aspersions, till you know his guilt;
Even now you said he was a worthy spirit,
Crown'd him with praise, and do you now condemn
An absent man unheard?

Flor. I'll hang the traitor.

Pisa. Lock all the gates of Florence, lest he
'scape.

Flor. Our pardon, whosoever takes and kill him.

Pier. Oh! who would trust in princes? the
vain breath,

Which in a minute gives one man life and death?

Fia. Come forth, thou threaten'd man! here
kill him all,

Lower than what you stand on, none can fall.

[*Angelo above.*

Ang. I now must stand your arrows, but you
shoot

Against a breast as innocent——

Flor. As a traitor's.

Ang. Your patience, sir.

Pisa. Talk'st thou of patience? that by thy most perfidious——

Enter FRIAR above.

Ang. Hear me, pray !

Or if not me, hear then this reverend man.

Pisa. What makes that friar there ?

Pier. Father, speak your mind.

Friar. I was enjoined to be her confessor,
And came; but then she won me to a vow,
By oath of all my orders, face to face,
To hear her speak unto Angelo; 'twas done;
He came; when falling down on both her knees,
Her eyes drown'd all in tears, she opes a book,
Charging him read his oaths and promises,
The contract of their hands, hearts, yea, and souls,
And ask'd if Angelo would marry her.

Flor. Very good.

Friar. He, looking pale as death, said faintly no.

Pisa. Faintly? he then was willing?

Pier. Pray hear him out.

Friar. Thrice tried he thrice cried no; at
which this lady

Desperately snatching from her side two knives,
Had stabb'd herself to the heart, but that we knit
Our force against it; what should I do in this?
Or* marry her, or rob her of heaven's bliss?
Which glory had been greater to have ta'en
A husband from her, or to have seen her slain?

* The original reads, "not marry her:" but her marriage appears the only means to prevent her suicide.

Flor. Then you have married her?

Friar. I have.

Pier. Brave girl!

Pisa. I'll cut that knot asunder with my sword.

Friar. The hands which heaven hath join'd, no man can part.

Fia. The hands they may; but never shall the heart.

Flor. Why didst thou make to him thy promise then?

Fia. Women are born but to make fools of men. She that's made sure to him, she loves not well, Her banns are ask'd here, but she weds in hell; Parents that match their children 'gainst their will, Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

Flor. Parrot! parrot!

I'll stop your prating; break into her chamber, And lay the villain bleeding at her feet.

[*Florence, Pisa, and the attendants draw their swords.*]

Fia. Villain? it is my husband.

Flor. Enter and kill him!

Pier. Enter, but kill him he that dares; I blush To see two princes so degenerate.

Fia. Oh, noble brother!

Pier. What would you have him do? He well deserves to have her to his wife; Who gives to you a daughter, her a life; In sight of angels she to him was given, So that in striking him, you fight with heaven.

Flor. You see there is no remedy.

Pisa. Troth none;

I threw at all, and (gamester's luck) all's gone; Farewell, brave spirited girl, he that 'gainst wind,

Fire and the sea, law and a woman's mind,
Strives, is a fool; that's I; I'll now be wise,
And never more put trust in woman's eyes.

Fia. I love thee for that word with all my heart.

Flor. Will you come down pray?

Fia. Swear as you are a duke——

Flor. Yet more a-do?

Pisa. Will you not trust your father?

Fia. Why should I? you see there is no trust
i' th' daughter;

Swear by your hopes of good you will not touch
His nail to hurt him.

Flor. By my hopes I swear.

Fia. And you too?

Pisa. Yes, what's falling none can rear.

Fia. We come then; noble friend, flag not thy
wings,

In this war I defy a camp of kings.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

Enter NICOLETTO, TIBALDO, ALPHONSINA, DARIENE, ALESSANDRA, and TREBATIO.

Flor. See, see, more shoals of friends! most
beauteous ladies,

Fair welcomes to you all!

Nic. My lord, those tides

Are turn'd, these ladies are transform'd to brides.

Flor. We heard the happy news; and therefore
sent

To marry joys with joys, yours with our own,
Yours (I see) prosper, ours are overthrown.

Nic. How mean you overthrown?

Enter ANGELO and FIAMETTA.

Flor. Your own eyes shall be witness how:
 nay, nay, pray rise!
 I know your heart is up though your knee's down*.

Ang. All we stand in fear of is your frown.

Fia. And all, dear father, which I beg of you,
 Is that you love this man but as I do.

Flor. What beg you of this prince?

Fia. That he would take
 One favour from me, which myself shall make.

Pisa. Pray let it be of willow.

Fia. Well then it shall.

Alph. Why willow? is the noble prince forsaken?

Pier. All womens' faults, one for another taken.

Alph. Now in good sooth, my lord, she has but
 us'd you

As watermen use their fares, for she look'd one way
 And row'd another; you but wore her glove,
 The hand was Angelo's, and she dealt wisely.

Let woman ne'er love man, or if she do,
 Let him ne'er know it; make him write, wait, woo,
 Court, cog, and curse, and swear, and lie, and pine,
 Till love bring him to death's door, else he's not
 mine;

That flesh eats sweetest that's pick'd close to th'
 bone,
 Water drinks best, that's hew'd even from the stone;
 Men must be put to't home.

* So Shakspeare, in "Richard II."

"Up, cousin, up; you heart is up, I know

Thus high at least [touching his own head] although your
 knee be low."

Nic. He that loves ducking, let him come
learn of thee.

Flor. She has good skill ;
At table will we hear a full discourse
Of all these changes, and these marriages ;
Both how they shuffled, cut, and dealt about,
What cards were best, after the trumps were out ;
Who play'd false play, who true, who sought to
save

An ace i' th' bottom, and turn'd up a knave ;
For love is but a card-play, and all's lost,
Unless you cog ; he that packs best, wins most.

Alph. Since such good gamesters are together
met,
As you like this, we'll play another set.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
PLEASANT COMEDY
OF
OLD FORTUNATUS.

BY
THOMAS DEKKER.

IN selecting for the present publication a drama, the subject of which sets all probability at defiance, the editor begs to submit a few observations to the consideration of the reader, which he trusts will serve as some sort of an apology for his author's choice of a story.

Without adverting to that species of supernatural agency which was then very generally believed, and which Shakespeare has employed with such powerful effect in "Macbeth," it may be observed that the translation of the "Orlando Furioso," by Sir John Harrington, and the "Fairy Queen" of Spenser, must not only have accustomed their readers to tolerate, but to be delighted with fictions of the boldest kind; and those of the enchanted lance of Bradamante, the magical ring of Angelica, the blazing shield of Rogero, and the flying horse of Astolpho are scarcely exceeded by the inexhaustible purse and wishing cap of Fortunatus. It will readily be allowed that fictions of this kind are more suitably employed in poems like those of Spenser and Ariosto than in a dramatic performance; but though Ben Jonson raised his voice against such "as made nature afraid in their plays," and the romantic taste of the age was very forcibly ridiculed by Beaumont and Fletcher, in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," yet it will scarcely be regretted that a more strict adherence to reality did not prevail, when we recollect that it would have deprived us of such plays as "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the "Tempest."

The only edition of this play is that of 1600; it is in black letter, and not divided into acts. The dialogue and general disposition of the piece is humorous, and in the title-page it is called a comedy, in opposition to the received practice, as Fortunatus and his sons die in the progress of the drama. With how much judgment Dekker has varied the story, as it existed in his time, I cannot say, not having been able to procure a copy of it: had I succeeded in my endeavours, I intended to have given a very full extract, if not the whole.

PROLOGUE AT COURT.

Enter Two OLD MEN.

1 *Man.* ARE you then travelling to the temple of Eliza?

2 *Man.* Even to her temple are my feeble limbs travelling. Some call her Pandora*; some Gloriana; some Cynthia; some Belphebe; some Astræa; all by several names to express several loves; yet all those names make but one celestial body, as all those loves meet to create but one soul.

1 *Man.* I am one of her own country, and we adore her by the name of Eliza.

2 *Man.* Blessed name! happy country! Your Eliza makes your land Elysium; but what do you offer?

1 *Man.* That which all true subjects should:

* From the evils Pandora is said to have brought on mortals, and the sense in consequence generally attached to her name, this seems a somewhat equivocal compliment; but Dekker alludes only to her name, which signifies *all-accomplished*, and perhaps to the corresponding description of her in the "Theogony" of Hesiod. Gloriana, Cynthia, Belphebe, and Astrea, were undoubtedly appellations applied to Elizabeth by the poets of her time, although I do not remember any other instance in which she is praised under the name of Pandora.

when I was young, an armed hand; now I am crooked, an upright heart: but what offer you?

2 *Man.* That which all strangers do: two eyes struck blind with admiration; two lips proud to sound her glory; two hands, held up full of prayers and praises; what not, that may express love? what not, that may make her beloved?

1 *Man.* How long is't since you last beheld her?

2 *Man.* A just year: yet that year hath seem'd to me but one day, because her glory hath been my hourly contemplation; and yet that year hath seemed to me more than twice seven years, because so long I have been absent from her. Come, therefore, good father, let's go faster, lest we come too late; for see the tapers of the night are already lighted, and stand brightly burning in their starry candlesticks: see how gloriously the moon shines upon us. [*Both kneel.*]

1 *Man.* Peace, fool! tremble and kneel: the moon sayest thou?

Our eyes are dazzled by Eliza's beams *;
See (if at least thou dare see) where she sits:
This is the great pantheon of our goddess,
And all those faces which thine eyes thought stars,
Are nymphs attending on her deity.
Prithee begin, for I want power to speak.

2 *Man.* No, no, speak thou, I want words to begin. [*Weeps.*]

1 *Man.* Alack! what shall I do? com'st thou with me,
And weep'st now thou behold'st this majesty?

* This compliment is incalculably too gross.

2 *Man.* Great landlady of hearts, pardon me.
 (*To 1 Man.*) Blame not mine eyes, good father ;
 in these tears

My pure love shines, as thine does in thy fears.
 I weep for joy to see so many heads
 Of prudent* ladies clothed in the livery
 Of silver-handed age, for serving you ;
 Whilst in your eyes youth's glory doth renew ;
 I weep for joy to see the sun look old,
 To see the moon mad at her often change,
 To see the stars only by night to shine,
 Whilst you are still bright, still one, still divine ;
 I weep for joy to see the world decay,
 Yet see Eliza flourishing like May ;
 Oh, pardon me your pilgrim ! I have measur'd
 Many a mile to find you ; and have brought
 Old Fortunatus and his family,
 With other Cypriots (my poor countrymen)
 To pay a whole year's tribute : oh vouchsafe,
 Dread queen of fairies, with your gracious eyes,
 T' accept theirs and our humble sacrifice.

1 *Man.* Now I'll beg for thee too ; and yet I
 need not ;
 Her sacred hand hath evermore been known,
 As soon held out to strangers as her own.

2 *Man.* Thou dost encourage me : I'll fetch
 them in,
 They have no princely gifts, we are all poor,
 Our offerings are true hearts, who can wish more?

[*Exeunt.*]

* I cannot but think the word *prudent* has been foisted in here. It is a very cold epithet, as the ladies must have felt, and absolutely destroys the measure.

PROLOGUE.

OF love's sweet war our timorous muse doth sing,
And to the bosom of each gentle dear,
Offers her artless tunes, borne on the wing
Of sacred poesy; a benumbing fear
(That your nice souls, cloyed with delicious sounds,
Will loath her lowly notes) makes her pull in
Her fainting pinions, and her spirit confounds
Before the weak voice of her song begins.
Yet since within the circle of each eye
(Being like so many suns in his round sphere)
No wrinkle yet is seen, she'll dare to fly;
Borne up with hopes, that as you oft do rear
With your fair hands, those who would else sink
down,
So some will deign to smile, where all might frown:
And for this small circumference must stand
For the imagin'd surface of much land,
Of many kingdoms, and since many a mile
Should here be measured out; our muse intreats
Your thoughts to help poor art, and to allow
That I may serve as chorus to her scenes;
She begs your pardon, for she'll send me forth,
Not when the laws of poesy do call,
But as the story needs; your gracious eye
Gives life to Fortunatus' history.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROLOGUE AT COURT.

Two Old Men.

Fortune.

Virtue.

Vice.

Fortunatus.

**Ampedo, } his Sons.
Andelocia, }**

Athelstan, King of England.

Prince of Cyprus.

**Orleans, } French prisoners.
Galloway, }**

**Cornwall, } English noblemen.
Chester, }
Lincoln, }**

Montrose, a Scotch nobleman.

Insultado, a Spanish lord, and prisoner in England.

Shadow, servant to Fortunatus.

Agripyne, daughter to Athelstan.

***Boy, Chorus, Priest, Echo, Kings, a Gardener, a Smith, a
Monk, a Shepherd, Nymphs, Lords, Ladies, Destinies,
Satyrs.***

OLD FORTUNATUS.

Enter FORTUNATUS meanly attired, he walks once or twice about the Stage cracking Nuts before he speaks.

Fort. So, ho! ho! ho! ho!

Echo. (Within.) Ho! ho! ho! ho!

Fort. There, boy!

Echo. There, boy!

Fort. An thou be'st a good fellow, tell me how thou call'st this wood?

Echo. This wood.

Fort. Ay, this wood; and which is my best way out?

Echo. Best way out.

Fort. Ha! ha! ha! that's true, my best way out, is my best way out; but how that out will come in, by this maggot I know not; I see by this we are all worm's meat: well, I am very poor, and very patient; patience is a virtue; would I were not virtuous, that's to say, not poor; but full of vice, that's to say, full of chincks; ha! ha! so I am, for I am so full of chinks*, that a horse with one eye may look

* This is probably an allusion to a line found in Lyly's Grammar:

Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.

as by chincks, in the first instance, money is meant, and the holes in his dress the second.

through and through me: I have sighed long, and that makes me windy; I have fasted long, and that makes me chaste; marry I have prayed little, and that makes me still dance in this conjuring circle; I have wandered long, and that makes me weary; but for my weariness, anon, I'll lie down; instead of fasting, I'll feed upon nuts; and instead of sighing, will laugh and be lean: sirrah Echo!

Echo. Sirrah Echo!

Fort. Here's a nut!

Echo. Here's a nut!

Fort. Crack it!

Echo. Crack it!

Fort. Hang thyself!

Echo. Hang thyself!

Fort. Thou'rt a knave! a knave!

Echo. A knave! a knave!

Fort. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Echo. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Fort. Why so two fools laugh at one another; I laugh at my tittle tattle gammer Echo, and she at me. Shortly there will creep out in print some filthy book* of the old hoary wandering knight, meaning me: would I were that book, for then I should be sure to creep out from hence: I should be a good soldier, for I traverse my ground rarely; marry, I see neither enemies nor friends, but popinjays†, and squirrels, and apes,

* What are now called *pamphlets* were in the time of our poet called *books*, and this (as has been observed by Stevens) whether the composition was a play, a ballad, or a history.

† I do not think it is precisely known what bird this is: Johnson supposed it a *parrot*, which Stevens has shown to be erroneous.

and owls, and daws, and wagtails; and the spite is, that none of these grass-eaters can speak my language, but this fool that mocks me, and swears to have the last word in spite of my teeth; ay, and she shall have it, because she is a woman; which kind of cattle are indeed all echo; nothing but tongue; and are like the great bell of St. Michael's in Cyprus*, that keeps most rumbling when men would most sleep. Echo, a pox on thee for mocking me!

Echo. A pox on thee for mocking me!

Fort. Why so, snip snap, this war is at an end; but this wilderness is world without end; to see how travel can transform; my teeth are turned into nutcrackers; a thousand to one I break out shortly, for I am full of nothing but waring kernels; my tongue speaks no language, but an almond for a parrot, and crack me this nut†. If I hop three days more up and down this cage of cuckoo's nests, I shall turn wild man sure, and be hired to throw squibs among the commonality upon some terrible day. In the meantime, to tell truth, here will I lie. Farewell, fool!

Echo. Farewell, fool!

* I conceive this allusion is to the bell on which the hour is struck by the church clock; the strokes of which are most numerous at midnight, when persons in general have the least wish to hear them.

† It is somewhat difficult to affix any precise meaning to these phrases, which, however, occur not unfrequently in the writings of the time. There is a scarce black letter work named an "Almond for a Parrot;" and the play called, "Crack me this Nut," was performed at the Rose Theatre, in 1595. This latter is also one of the titles of a pamphlet of Lyly's, mentioned in vol. i. p. 200.

Fort. Are not these comfortable words to a wise man? All hail, signior tree! by your leave I'll sleep under your leaves; I pray bow to me, and I'll bend to you; for your back and my brows must, I doubt, have a game or two at noddie ere I wake again: down, great heart, down! hey ho! well, well!

[*He lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter a GARDENER, a SMITH, a MONK, a SHEPHERD, all crowned: a NYMPH with a Globe, another with Fortune's Wheel, then FORTUNE: after her four KINGS with broken Crowns and Sceptres chained in Silver Gyves, and led by her. The first four come out singing; the four KINGS lie down at the Feet of FORTUNE, who treads on their Bodies as she ascends her Chair.

THE SONG.

Fortune smiles; cry holyday!
 Dimples on her cheeks do dwell;
 Fortune frowns; cry welladay!
 Her love is heaven, her hate is hell:
 Since heaven and hell obey her power,
 Tremble when her eyes do lour;
 Since heaven and hell her power obey,
 When she smiles, cry holyday.
 Holyday with joy we cry
 And bend, and bend, and merrily,
 Sing hymns to fortune's deity,
 Sing hymns to fortune's deity.

All. Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily,
 With our song let heaven resound;
 Fortune's hands our heads have crown'd,
 Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

1 King. Accursed queen of chance! what had we done,

Who having sometimes like young Phaetons,
 Rid in the burnish'd chariot of the sun,
 And sometimes been thy minions, when thy fingers
 Weav'd wanton love-nets in our curled hair,
 And with sweet juggling kisses warm'd our cheeks,
 Oh! how have we offended thy proud eyes,
 That thus we should be spurn'd and trod upon,
 Whilst those infected limbs of the sick world,
 Are fix'd by thee for stars, in that bright sphere,
 Wherein our sun-like radiance did appear?

All the Kings. Accursed queen of chance!
 damn'd sorceress!

The rest. Most powerful queen of chance!
 dread sovereignty!

For. No more! curse on; your cries to me
 are music,

And fill the sacred roundure of mine ears
 With tunes more sweet than moving of the spheres.
 Curse on! on our celestial brows do sit
 Unnumber'd smiles, which then leap from their
 throne,

When they see peasants dance, and monarchs
 groan;

Behold you not this globe, this golden bowl,
 This toy called world, at our imperial feet?
 This world is Fortune's ball wherewith she sports.
 Sometimes I strike it up into the air,
 And then create I emperors and kings;
 Sometimes I spurn it, at which spurn crawls out
 That wild beast multitude: curse on, you fools,
 'Tis I that tumble princes from their thrones,
 And gild false brows* with glittering diadems;

* Usurpers who had no legal title to the throne.

'Tis I that tread on necks of conquerors,
 And when like semi-gods they have been drawn
 In ivory chariots to the capitol,
 Circled about with wonder of all eyes,
 The shouts of every tongue, love of all hearts;
 Being swoln with their own greatness, I have
 prick'd

The bladder of their pride, and made them die,
 As water bubbles (without memory :)
 I thrust base cowards into honour's chair,
 Whilst the true spirited soldier stands by
 Bare headed, and all bare ; whilst at his scars
 They scoff, that ne'er durst view the face of wars.
 I set an idiot's cap on virtue's head,
 Turn learning out of doors, clothe wit in rags,
 And paint ten thousand images of loam
 In gaudy silken colours : on the backs
 Of mules and asses I make asses ride,
 Only for sport to see the apish world
 Worship such beasts with sound idolatry.
 This Fortune does, and when all this is done,
 She sits and smiles to hear some curse her name,
 And some with adoration crown her fame.

Monk. True centre of this wide circumference,
 Sacred commandress of the destinies,
 Our tongue shall only sound thy excellence.

The rest. Thy excellence our tongues shall only
 sound.

2 *King.* Thou painted strumpet ! that with ho-
 nied smiles

Opened'st the gates of heaven, and cried'st, come in ;
 Whose glories being seen, thou with one frown
 (In pride) lower than hell tumbled'st us down.

All kings. Even for ever will we ban thy name.

For. How sweet your howlings relish in mine ears!

[She comes down.]

Stand by! now rise; behold here lies a wretch;
To vex your souls, this beggar I'll advance
Beyond the sway of thought; take instruments,
And let the raptures of choice harmony,
Thorough the hollow windings of his ear,

[Music awhile, and he waketh.]

Carry their sacred sounds, and make each sense
To stand amaz'd at our bright eminence.

Fort. Oh, how am I transported! is this earth,
Or blest Elysium?

For. Fortunatus, rise.

Fort. Dread goddess! how should such a
wretch as I

Be known to such a glorious deity?

Oh, pardon me! for to this place I came

Led by my fate, not folly; in this wood

With weary sorrow have I wandered,

And three times seen the sweating sun take rest,

And three times frantic Cynthia naked ride,

About the rusty highways of the skies,

Stuck full of burning stars, which lent their light
To court her negro paramour, grim Night.

For. This travel now expires: yet from this circle,
Where I and these with fairy troops abide,
Thou canst not stir, unless I be thy guide.

I, the world's empress am, Fortune my name;

This hand hath written in thick leaves of steel

An everlasting book of changeless fate,

Shewing who's happy, who unfortunate.

Fort. If every name (dread queen) be there
writ down,

I am sure mine stands in characters of black;

Though happiness herself lie in my name,
I am sorrow's heir, and eldest son to shame.

Kings. No, we are sons to shame, and sorrow's heirs.

For. Thou shalt be one of Fortune's minions ;
Behold these four chain'd like Tartarian slaves,
These I created emperors and kings,
And these are now my basest underlings :
This sometimes was a German emperor,
Henry the Fifth ; who being first depos'd,
Was after thrust into a dungeon,
And thus in silver chains shall rot to death.
This Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor
Of Almain once ; but by Pope Alexander
Now spurn'd and trod on when he takes his horse,
And in these fetters shall he die his slave.
This wretch once wore the diadem of France,
(Lewis the Meek ;) but through his children's
pride,

Thus have I caused him to be famished.

Here stands the very soul of misery,
Poor Bajazet, old Turkish emperor * ;
And once the greatest monarch in the East ;

* It may be thought unnecessary in a drama so irregular as this to take any particular notice of the persons who are brought together. The time of the drama is supposed to be in the reign of Athelstan, and yet Viriatus is introduced, who was dead more than a thousand years before Athelstan was born ; and Bajazet who was not born till at least four hundred years after his death. If these had been introduced by Fortune merely as shadowy figures (like the descendants of Æneas, in the Sixth Book of Virgil, and of Bradamant in the Third Book of " Orlando Furioso," or as the future princes of England in " Macbeth,") and as striking instances of the mutability of human affairs, much of the incongruity arising from their being made speakers would have been avoided.

Fortune herself is sad * to view thy fall,
 And grieves to see thee glad to lick up crumbs
 At the proud feet of that great Scythian swain,
 Fortune's best minion, warlike Tamberlain ;
 Yet must thou in a cage of iron be drawn
 In triumph at his heels ; and there in grief
 Dash out thy brains.

3 *King*. Oh miserable me !

For. No tears can melt the heart of destiny :
 These have I ruin'd, and exalted those :
 These hands have conquer'd Spain : these brows
 fill up

The golden circle of rich Portugal.

Viriat a monarch now, but born a shepherd :

This Primislaus (a Bohemian king),

Last day a carter ; this monk Gregory,

Now lifted to the Papal dignity.

Wretches, why gnaw you not your fingers off,

And tear your tongues out, seeing yourselves trod
 down,

And this Dutch botcher wearing Munster's crown?

John Leyden born in Holland poor and base,

Now rich in empery and Fortune's grace.

(*To Fort.*) As these I have advanc'd, so will I thee.

Six gifts I spend upon mortality,

Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and
 riches ;

Out of my bounty, one of these is thine,

Choose then which likes thee best.

Fort. Oh, most divine !

Give me but leave to borrow wonder's eye,

To look (amaz'd) at thy bright majesty,

* The original reads *said* ; but as Fortune herself is speaking,
 it was an easy and evident corruption.

Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches?

For. Before thy soul (at this deep lottery)
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny,
Know that here's no recanting a first choice:
Choose then discreetly, (for the laws of fate
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate.)

Fort. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd
Night,
Most righteous Parcæ, guide my genius right!
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and
riches?

For. Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me
speak;
If thou kiss wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phœbus) shalt speak oracle;
Thy heaven-inspired soul, on wisdom's wings,
Shall fly up to the parliament of Jove,
And read the statutes of eternity,
And see what's past, and learn what is to come:
If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown; as kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery:
Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong
proof,
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting;
Be ever merry, ever revelling:
Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee:
Are thy desires long life? thy vital thread

Shall bestretch'd out; thou shalt behold the change
 Of monarchies; and see those children die
 Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie :
 If through gold's sacred* hunger thou dost pine ;
 Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run,
 To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
 Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
 Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet ;
 As those are, so shall these be infinite.
 Awaken then thy soul's best faculties,
 And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of fate,
 Which strives to bless thy name of Fortunate.

Kings. Old man take heed! her smiles will
 murder thee.

The others. Old man, she'll crown thee with
 felicity.

Fort. Oh, whither am I rapt beyond myself?
 More violent conflicts fight in every thought,
 Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall
 wrought.

Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?
 Then I lose riches; and a wise man poor,
 Is like a sacred book that's never read,
 To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead † :
 This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
 Than of a thread-bare saint in wisdom's school.
 I will be strong: then I refuse long life;
 And though mine arm should conquer twenty
 worlds,

There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors :

* Sacred is here used in a bad sense. The "*Auri sacra fames*" of Virgil was evidently in the recollection of our poet.

† Our poet may here allude to a passage in the Book of Ecclesiastes, chap. ix. 14th and following verses.

The greatest strength expires with loss of breath;
 The mightiest (in one minute) stoop to death.
 Then take long life, or health : should I do so,
 I might grow ugly ; and that tedious scroll
 Of months and years, much misery may inroll ;
 Therefore I'll beg for beauty ; yet I will not,
 The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
 Lep'rous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
 The wisdom of this world is idiotism ;
 Strength a weak reed ; health sickness' enemy,
 (And it at length will have the victory ;)
 Beauty is but a painting ; and long life
 Is a long journey in December gone,
 Tedious and full of tribulation.

Therefore, dread sacred empress, make me rich ;
[*Kneels down.*]

My choice is store of gold ; the rich are wise :
 He that upon his back rich garments wears,
 Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears :
 Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world ;
 The health, the soul, the beauty most divine ;
 A mask of gold hides all deformities ;
 Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative ;
 Oh, therefore make me rich ! not as the wretch
 That only serves lean banquets to his eye,
 Has gold, yet starves ; is famish'd in his store ;
 No, let me ever spend, be never poor.

For. Thy latest words confine thy destiny ;
Thou shall spend ever, and be never poor :
 For proof receive this purse ; with it this virtue ;
 Still when thou thrusts't thy hand into the same,
 Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,
 Current in any realm where then thou breathest :
 If thou canst dribble out the sea by drops,

Then shalt thou want; but that can ne'er be done,
Nor this grow empty.

Fort. Thanks, great deity!

For. The virtue ends when thou and thy sons
end.

This path leads thee to Cyprus, get thee hence :
Farewell, vain covetous fool, thou wilt repent,
That for the love of dross thou hast despised
Wisdom's divine embrace* ; she would have
borne thee

On the rich wings of immortality ;
But now go dwell with cares, and quickly die.

Kings. We dwell with cares, yet cannot quickly
die.

[*Exeunt Fortune with her attendants, they
singing in the same manner as at her en-
trance. Manet Fortunatus.*]

Fort. But now go dwell with cares, and quickly
die.

How quickly ? If I die to-morrow, I'll be merry
to-day ; if next day, I'll be merry to-morrow ;
go dwell with cares : where dwells Care ? hum,
ha, in what house dwells Care, that I may choose
an honester neighbour ? In princes' courts ? no :
among fair ladies ? neither : there's no Care dwells
with them, but care how to be most gallant.

* I think it is evident that many of the sentiments in this Scene were drawn by our poet from the choice made by Solomon in the beginning of his reign, of wisdom in preference to riches, or honour, or power over his enemies, or length of life, as recorded in the First Book of Kings : and it should be remembered to their honour that many noble images and sentiments were derived from the same divine source by the dramatic poets of the same age.

Among gallants then? fie! fie! no: Care is afraid sure of a gilt rapier; the scent of musk is her poison; tobacco choaks her; rich attire presseth her to death. Princes, fair ladies, and gallants, have amongst you then! for this wet-eyed wench Care dwells with wretches: they are wretches that feel want, I shall feel * none if I be never poor; therefore Care I cashier you my company. I wonder what blind gossip this minx is that is so prodigal; she should be a good one by her open dealing; her name's Fortune: it's no matter what she is, so she does as she says. *Thou shalt spend ever, and be never poor*: mass! yet I feel nothing here to make me rich, here's no sweet music with her silver sound †: try deeper: oh, God be here! ha! ha! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine and ten; good! just ten. It's gold sure, it's so heavy: try again; one, two, &c. good again! just ten, and just ten. Ha! ha! ha! this is rare; a leather mint; admirable! an Indian mine in a lamb's skin; miraculous! I'll fill three or four bags full for my sons, but keep this for myself. If that lean tawny-faced tobaccoconist Death, that turns all into smoke, must turn me so quickly into ashes, yet I will not mourn in ashes, but in music; hey, old lad, be merry! Here's riches, wisdom, strength,

* The original reads, "I feel none;" but I think the context required the change.

† "Music with her silver sound," are the words of a poem in commendation of music, in the "Paradise of Daintie Deuses," quoted more at length by Peter, in Act IV. of "Romeo and Juliet." It is therefore more than probable this is a quotation.

health, beauty, and long life, (if I die not quickly.)
Sweet purse, I kiss thee! Fortune, I adore thee!
Care, I despise thee! Death, I defy thee! [*Exit.*

Enter AMPEDO, SHADOW after him; both sad:
ANDELOCIA after them.

And. S'heart! why, how now; two knights of the post *?

Shad. Ay, master, and we are both forsworn, as all such wooden knights be; for we both took an oath (marry it was not corporal you may see by our cheeks), that we would not fast twenty-four hours to amend†, and we have tasted no meat since the clock told two dozen.

And. That lacks not much of twenty-four; but I wonder when that half-faced moon of thine will be at the full?

Shad. The next quarter, not this; when the sign is in Taurus.

And. Ho! that's to say, when thou eat'st bull beef. But, Shadow, what day is to-day?

Shad. Fasting day.

And. What day was yesterday?

Shad. Fasting day too.

And. Will to-morrow be so too?

Shad. Ay, and next day too.

And. That will be rare, you slave;
For a lean diet makes a fat wit.

* By knights of the post are meant such evidences as will depose to any thing: Andelocia here plays on the words, I conceive, and alludes to their meagre and starved appearance. A humorous description of the true knights of the post may be found in the last Act of Wycherley's "Plain Dealer."

† I conceive this to be erroneous, and that we should read *an end.*

Shad. I had rather be fool, and wear a fat pair of cheeks.

And. Now am I prouder of this poverty, which I know is mine own, than a waiting gentlewoman is of a frizzled groatsworth of hair that never grew on her head. Sirrah Shadow, now we can all three swear like puritans at one bare word: this want makes us like good bowlers, we are able to rub out and shift in every place.

Shad. That's not so; we have shifted ourselves in no place this three months: marry! we rub out in every corner, but here follows no amendment either of life or of livery.

And. Why, brother Ampedo, art thou not yet tired with riding post? Come, come, 'light from this logger-headed jade and walk a-foot, and talk with your poor friends.

Shad. Nay, by my troth, he is like me; if his belly be empty his heart is full.

And. The famine of gold gnaws his covetous stomach more than the want of good victuals: thou hast look'd very devilishly ever since the good angel * left thee. Come, come, leave these broad-brim fashions; because the world frowns upon thee, wilt not thou smile upon us?

Amp. Did but the bitterness of mine own fortunes

Infect my taste, I could paint o'er my cheeks
With ruddy-coloured smiles: 'tis not the want
Of costly diet, or desire of gold,
Inforce this rupture in my wounded breast;
Oh, no! our father (if he live) doth lie

* A pun on the coin of that name.

Under the iron foot of misery,
And (as a dove grip'd in a falcon's claw)
Panteth for life being most assur'd of death:
Brother, for him my soul thus languisheth.

Shad. 'Tis not for my old master that I languish.

Amp. I am not enamour'd of this painted idol,
This strumpet world; for her most beauteous looks
Are poison'd baits, hung upon golden hooks;
When fools do swim in wealth, her Cynthian beams
Will wantonly dance on the silver streams;
But when this squint-eyed age sees virtue poor,
And by a little spark sit shivering,
Begging of all, reliev'd at no man's door,
She smiles on her (as the sun shines on fire)
To kill that little heat; and with her frown
Is proud, that she can tread poor virtue down:
Therefore her wrinkled brow makes not mine sour,
Her gifts are toys, and I deride her power.

Shad. 'Tis not the crab-tree-fac'd world neither that makes mine sour.

And. Her gifts toys? Well, brother virtue, we have let slip the ripe plucking of those toys so long, that we flourish like apple-trees in September, (which having the falling sickness) bear neither fruit nor leaves.

Shad. Nay, by my troth, master, none flourish in these withering times, but ancient bearers* and trumpeters.

And. Shadow, when thou provest a substance, then the tree of virtue, and honesty, and such fruit of heaven, shall flourish upon earth.

* Ancient, in Dekker's time, denoted a pair of colours: Shadow plays on the words of Andelocia.

Shad. True ; or when the sun shines at midnight, or women fly ; and yet they are light enough.

And. 'Twas never merry world with us since purses and bags were invented ; for now men set lime-twigs to catch wealth ; and gold, which riseth like the sun out of the East Indies, to shine upon every one, is like a coney taken napping in a purse-net, and suffers his glistering yellow-faced deity to be lapt up * in lamb skins, as if the innocency of those leather prisons should dispense with the cheveril † consciences of the iron-hearted jailers.

Shad. Snudges ‡ may well be called jailers : for if a poor wretch steal but into a debt of ten pounds, they lead him straight to execution.

And. Doth it not vex thee, Shadow, to stalk up and down Cyprus, and to meet the outside of a man lapped all in damask, his head and beard as white as milk, only with conjuring in the snowy circles of the field argent, and his nose as red as scarlet, only with kissing the ruddy lips of angels, and such an image to wear on his thumb three men's livings in the shape of a seal ring, whilst my brother virtue here——

Shad. And you his brother vice——

And. Most true, my little lean iniquity, whilst

* Vide vol. ii. p. 240.

† “Cheveril,” leather ; or rather kid leather. It occurs often in Shakspeare ; and in “Chabot, Admiral of France :”

“*Chab.* No tough hides limiting our cheveril minds.”

‡ A snudge is, I conceive, an avarious fellow, a miser : one of this description is called “Puckfist, *snudge*-snout, cole-carrierly-clown,” in Act I. of “Wyly Beguiled.”

we three, if we should starve, cannot borrow five shillings of him neither in word nor deed: does not this vex thee, Shadow?

Shad. Not me: it vexes me no more to see such a picture, than to see an ass laden with riches; because I know when he can bear no longer, he must leave his burthen to some other beast*.

And. Art not thou mad to see money on goldsmiths' stalls, and none in our purses?

Shad. It mads not me, I thank the destinies.

And. By my poverty! and that's but a threadbare oath, I am more than mad, to see silk and velvets lie crowding together in mercers' shops, as in prisons, only for fear of the smell of wax† (they cannot abide to see a man made out of wax); for these satin commodities have such smooth consciencies, that they'll have no man give his word for them, or stand bound for their coming forth, but vow to lie till they rot in those shop-counters, except Monsieur Money bail them. Shadow, I am out of my little wits to see this.

* It is not impossible Shakspeare had this in his eye when he wrote the following:

“ If thou art rich thou art poor;
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee!”

† Andelocia alludes to a custom which in the time of our poet seems to have been *very* prevalent, of buying goods and entering into legal obligations at the time for their future payment. “Keep thy hand from mercers' books,” is a piece of advice given to a gallant of this description; and Andelocia exclaims against those prudent tradesmen who dealt only for ready money, and would not accept of any such security.

Shad. So is not shadow : I am out of my wits to see fat gluttons feed all day long, whilst I that am lean fast every day : I am out of my wits to see our Famagosta fools turn half a shop of wares into a suit of gay apparel, only to make other idiots laugh, and wise men to cry, *who's the fool now ?* I am mad to see soldiers beg, and cowards brave. I am mad to see scholars in the brokers'* shops, and dunces in the mercers' : I am mad to see men who have no more fashion in them than poor Shadow, yet must leap thrice a day into three orders of fashion : I am mad to see many things, but horn-mad that my mouth feels nothing.

And. Why now, Shadow, I see thou hast a substance : I am glad to see thee thus mad.

Amp. The sons of Fortunatus had not wont Thus to repine at other's happiness :
But fools have always this loose garment wore,
Being poor themselves they wish all others poor :
Fie, brother Andelocia, hate this madness ;
Turn your eyes inward and behold your soul,
That wants more than your body ; burnish that
With glittering virtue ; and make idiots grieve
To see your beauteous mind in wisdom shine,
As you at their rich poverty repine.

Enter FORTUNATUS gallant.

And. Peace, good virtue ! Shadow, here comes another shadow.

Shad. It should be a camelion, for he is in all colours.

* *i. e.* In the pawnbrokers.

† "Gallant," finely dressed.

Amp. Oh, 'tis my father ! with these tears of joy
My love and duty greet your fair return :
A double gladness hath refresh'd my soul ;
One that you live, and one to see your fate
Looks freshly, howsoever poor in state.

And. My father Fortunatus ? and thus brave ?

Shad. 'Tis no wonder to see a man brave, but
a wonder how he comes brave.

Fort. Dear Andelocia, and son Ampedo,
And my poor servant Shadow, plume your spirits
With light-wing'd mirth ; for Fortunatus' hand
Can now pour golden showers into their laps,
That sometimes scorn'd him for his want of gold.
Boys, I am rich, and you shall ne'er be poor ;
Wear gold, spend gold, we all in gold will feed ;
Now is your father fortunate indeed.

And. Father, be not angry if I set open the
windows of my mind : I doubt for all your brag-
ging you'll prove like most of our gallants in Fa-
magosta, that have a rich outside and a beggarly
inside ; and like mules wear gay trappings, and
good velvet foot-cloths on their backs, yet champ
on the iron bit of penury ; I mean want coin : you
gild * our ears with a talk of gold, but I pray
dazzle our eyes with the majesty of it.

Fort. First will I wake your senses with the
sound
Of gold's sweet music : tell me what you hear ?

[*Shakes his purse.*]

Amp. Believe me, sir, I hear not any thing.

And. Ha ! ha ! ha ! S'heart ! I thought as
much ; if I hear any gingling but of the purse-
strings that go flip, flap, flip, flap, flip, flap, would

* It were better to read "*glad* our ears."

I were turn'd into a flip-flap and sold to the butchers.

Fort. Shadow, I'll try thine ears: hark, does't rattle?

Shad. Yes, like three blue beans in a blue bladder*, rattle bladder, rattle: yōur purse is like my belly, th' one's without money, th' other without meat.

Fort. Bid your eyes blame the error of your ears, You misbelieving pagans; see, here's gold; Ten golden pieces; take them, Ampedo. Hold, Andelocia, here are ten for thee.

Amp. Shadow, there's one for thee; provide thee food.

Fort. Stay, boy; hold, Shadow, here are ten for thee.

Shad. Ten, master? then defiance to fortune! and a fig for famine!

Fort. Now tell me, wags, hath my purse gold or no?

And. We the wags have gold, father; but I think there's not one angel more wagging in this sacred temple; why this is rare. Shadow, five will serve thy turn, give me th' other five.

Shad. Nay, soft master, liberality died long ago: I see some rich beggars are never well but when they be craving: my ten ducats are like my ten fingers, they will not jeopard a joint for you: I am yours, and these are mine; if I part from them, I shall never have part of them.

Amp. Father, if heaven have blest you once again,

* This is a proverbial expression, like that of "a fine new nothing," and has the same meaning.

Let not an open hand disperse that store
Which-gone, life's gone ; for all tread down the
poor.

Fort. Peace Ampedo ! talk not of poverty ;
Disdain, my boys, to kiss the tawny cheeks
Of lean necessity : make not inquiry
How I came rich ; I am rich, let that suffice :
There are four leathern bags trussed full of gold ;
Those spent I'll fill you more : go, lads, be gallant ;
Shine in the streets of Cyprus like two stars,
And make them bow their knees that once did
spurn you ;

For to effect such wonders gold can turn you :
Brave it in Famagosta, or elsewhere ;
I'll travel to the Turkish emperor ;
And then I'll revel it with Prester John* ;
Or banquet with great Cham of Tartary,
And try what frolic court the Souldan keeps ;
I'll leave you presently : tear off these rags ;
Glitter, my boys, like angels, that the world
May (whilst our life in pleasure's circle runs †)
Wonder at Fortunatus and his sons.

And. Come, Shadow, now we'll feast it royally.

Shad. Do, master, but take heed of beggary.

[*Exeunt.*

* A name before Dekker's time commonly given to the King of India ; though sometimes erroneously supposed to belong to the King of Abyssinia. For the origin of it see a note in Weber's " Metrical Romances."

† The original reads " roams," but this trifling alteration both improves the sense and rhyme.

(*Music sounds.*) *Enter VICE with a gilded Face, and Horns on her Head; her Garments long, painted before with Silver half Moons, increasing by little and little till they come to the full: in the midst of them, in capital Letters, this written—Crescit Eundo: her Garment painted behind with Fools' Faces and Devils' Heads; and underneath it, in the midst, this written—Ha! ha! he! she and others wearing gilded Vizards, and attired like Devils, bring out a fair Tree of Gold with Apples on it. After VICE, VIRTUE enters clothed all before in white, and wearing a Coxcomb (or Fool's Cap) upon her Head; on her Breast is this Inscription—Sibi sapit. Her Attire behind is painted with Crowns, and Laurel Garlands stuck full of Stars, held out by Hands thrust out of bright Clouds, and among them this Inscription—Dominabitur astris: she and other Nymphs all dressed in white, with Coxcombs on their Heads, bring a Tree with green and withered Leaves mingled together, and having but little Fruit on it: after the entrance of VIRTUE and her Attendants, FORTUNE enters, one bearing her Wheel, another her Globe; and last of all the PRIEST.*

For. You ministers of Virtue, Vice, and Fortune,
Tear off this upper garment of the earth*,
And in her naked bosom stick these trees.

* This mandate for so simple an operation as "paring off the turf and digging up the earth," might have been placed by the writers of *Scriblerus* amongst those of shutting the door, lighting the fire, snuffing the candle, &c. &c.

Vir. How many kingdoms have I measured,
Only to find a climate apt to cherish
These withering branches? but no ground can
prove

So happy : Ah me ! none do virtue love ;
I'll try this soil ; if here they likewise fade,
To heaven I'll fly, from whence I took my birth,
And tell the gods, I am banish'd from the earth.

Vice. Virtue, I am sworn thy foe ; if there thou
plant,

Here opposite to thine my tree shall flourish,
And (as the running woodbine) spread her arms
To choke thy withering boughs in their embrace ;
I'll drive thee from this world : were Virtue fled,
Vice as an angel should be honoured.

For. Servants of this bright devil and that poor
saint,

Apply * your task ; whilst you are labouring
To make your pains seem short our priest shall
sing.

[*Whilst he sings the rest set the trees into the
earth.*

THE SONG.

Priest. Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines,
Oh, pity ! pity ! and alack the time !
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.

Vice hath golden cheeks, oh pity, pity !
She in every land doth monarchise !
Virtue is exil'd from every city,
Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.

* "Apply" is here used in an unusual sense, and means simply,
"ply," or "ply well."

Oh, pity, pity! Virtue weeping dies!
 Vice laughs to see her faint (alack the time!)
 This sinks: with painted wings the other flies;
 Alack that best should fall, and bad should climb.

Oh, pity, pity, pity! mourn, not sing;
 Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling;
 Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
 Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines*.

For. Flourish or wither, Fortune cares not which,
 In either's fall or height, our eminence
 Shines equal to the sun: the Queen of Chance
 Both virtuous souls and vicious doth advance;
 These shadows of yourselves shall (like yourselves)
 Strive to make men enamoured of their beauties;
 This grove shall be our temple; and henceforth
 Be consecrated to our deities.

Vir. How few will come and kneel at Virtue's
 shrine!

Vice. This contents Virtue, that she's called
 divine.

For. Poor Virtue, Fortune grieves to see thy
 looks

Want cunning to entice: why hang these leaves
 As loose as Autumn's hair, (which every wind,
 In mockery blows from his rotten brows?)
 Why like a drunkard art thou pointed at?
 Why is this motley-scorn† set on thy head?

* The measure of this song is in some parts defective, and I have no doubt the error is with the printers. The two last lines, for example, would read better,

“Now Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
 Whilst Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.”

but I am unwilling to disturb the text.

† The allusion is to the *fool's cap* worn by Virtue.

Why stands thy court wide open, but none in it?
 Why are the crystal pavements of thy temple
 Not worn, not trod upon? All is for this,
 Because thy pride is to wear base attire,
 Because thine eyes flame not with amorous fire.

Vir. Virtue is fairest in a poor array.

For. Poor fool! 'tis not this badge of purity,
 Nor *sibi sapit* painted on thy breast,
 Allures mortality to seek thy love:
 No; now the great wheel of this globe hath run
 And met his first point of creation.
 On crutches went this world but yesterday,
 Now it lies bed-rid; and is grown so old,
 That it's grown young, for 'tis a child again;
 A childish soul it hath, 'tis a mere* fool;
 And fools and children are well pleased with toys;
 So must this world; with shows it must be pleased.
 Then, Virtue, buy a golden face like Vice,
 And hang thy bosom full of silver moons,
 To tell the credulous world as those increase,
 As the bright moon swells in her pearled sphere,
 So wealth and pleasure them to heaven shall rear.

Vir. Virtue abhors to wear a borrowed face.

Vice. Why hast thou borrowed then that
 idiot's hood?

* "Tis a mere fool," 'tis absolutely a fool. The word is not unfrequently used in this sense in conversation, and may sometimes be found in the writings of modern authors; but in Dekker's time it was very common. Shakspeare has frequently used it; and it may be found in almost every contemporary writer.

"Tis merely base to trust them." RAM ALLEY.

"Why, sir, in willing me to believe he loved me so well, being so mere a stranger."

THE GENTLEMAN USHER.

Vir. Fools placed it on my head, that knew
me not,

And I am proud to wear the scorn of fools.

For. Mourn in that pride and die; all the
world hates thee.

Vir. Not all : I'll wander once more through
the world :

Wisdom I know hath with her blessed wings
Fled to some bosom ; if I meet that breast,
There I'll erect my temple, and there rest.
Fortune nor Vice shall then e'er have the power,
By their loose eyes, to entice my paramour :
Then will I cast off this deformity *
And shine in glory, and triumph to see
You conquer'd at my feet, that tread on me.

For. Virtue begins to quarrel : Vice, farewell.

Vice. Stay, Fortune : whilst within this grove
we dwell,

If my angelical and saint-like form
Can win some amorous fool to wanton here,
And taste the fruit of this alluring tree,
Thus shall his saucy brows adorned be :

[*Makes horns.*

To make us laugh.

For. It will be rare. Adieu !

Vir. Foul hell-bred fiend ! Virtue shall strive
with you ;

If any be enamoured of thine eyes,
Their loves must needs beget deformities.
Men are transformed to beasts, feasting with sin ;
But if, in spite of thee, their souls I win,

* The fool's cap.

To taste this fruit, though thou disguise their head,
Their shapes shall be re-metamorphosed.

Vice. I dare thee do thy worst.

Vir. My best I'll try.

For. Fortune shall judge who wins the sovereignty.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. The world to the circumference of heaven
Is as a small point in geometry,
Whose greatness is so little, that a less
Cannot be made *: into that narrow room,
Your quick imaginations we must charm,
To turn that world; and turn'd, again to part it
Into large kingdoms, and within one moment
To carry Fortunatus on the wings
Of active thought, many a thousand miles.
Suppose then since you last beheld him here,
That you have sail'd with him upon the seas,
And leap'd with him upon the Asian shores;
Been feasted with him in the Tartar's palace,
And all the courts of each barbarian king:
From whence (being call'd by some unlucky star)
(For happiness never continues long)
Help me to bring him back to Arragon;
Where for his pride (riches make all men proud)
On a slight quarrel, by a covetous earl,
Fortune's dear minion is imprison'd:
There think you see him sit with folded arms,
Tears dropping down his cheeks, his white hairs
torn,

* A geometrical point is without parts or magnitude, and consequently incapable of division.

His legs in rusty fetters, and his tongue
 Bitterly cursing that his squint-eyed soul
 Did not make choice of wisdom's sacred lore
 Fortune (to triumph in unconstancy),
 From prison bails him; (liberty is wild)
 For being set free, he like a lusty eagle,
 Cuts with his vent'rous feathers through the sky,
 And 'lights not till he finds the Turkish court.
 Thither transport your eyes, and there behold him
 Reveling with the emperor of the East;
 From whence (through fear) for safeguard of his
 life

Flying into the arms of ugly night,
 Suppose you see him brought to Babylon;
 And that the sun (clothed all in fire) hath rid
 One quarter of his hot celestial way
 With the bright morning; and that in this instant
 He and the Soldan meet; but what they say,
 List you, the talk of kings none dare bewray.

[*Exit.*

Enter the SOLDAN, his NOBLEMEN, and FORTUNATUS.

Sol. Art thou that Fortunatus, whose great name,
 Being carried in the chariot of the winds,
 Has fill'd the courts of all our Asian kings
 With love and envy; whose dear presence ties
 The eyes of admiration to thine eyes?
 Art thou that Jove that in a shower of gold
 Appearedst before the Turkish emperor?

Fort. I am that Fortunatus, mighty Soldan.

Sol. Where is that purse which threw abroad
 such treasure?

Fort. I gave it to the Turkish Solomon;

A second I bestowed on Prester John ;
A third the great Tartarian Cham received ;
For with these monarchs have I banquetted,
And rid with them in triumphs through their courts,
In crystal chariots drawn by unicorns :
England, France, Spain, and wealthy Belgia,
And all the rest of Europe's blessed daughters,
Have made my covetous eye rich in th' embrace
Of their celestial beauties ; now I come
To see the glory of fair Babylon *.

Is Fortunatus welcome to the Soldan ?
For I am like the sun, if Jove once chide,
My gilded brows from amorous heaven I hide.

Sol. Most welcome ; and most happy are mine
arms

In circling such an earthly deity :
But will not Fortunatus make me blessed
By sight of such a purse ?

Fort. Ere I depart,
The Soldan shall receive one at my hands,
For I must spend some time in framing it ;
And then some time to breathe that virtuous spirit
Into the heart thereof ; all which is done
By a most sacred inspiration.

Sol. Welcome, most welcome, to the Soldan's
court ;

Stay here, and be the king of Babylon ;
Stay here, and I will more amaze thine eyes,
With wondrous sights, than can all Asia.
Behold yon tower ; there stands my armory,
In which are corslets forg'd of beaten gold,
To arm ten hundred thousand fighting men ;

* The Babylon of Dekker was probably Grand Cairo.

Whose glittering squadrons when the sun beholds,
They seem like to ten hundred thousand Joves,
When Jove on the proud back of thunder rides,
Trap'd all in lightning flames: there can I shew
thee

The ball of gold that set all Troy on fire ;
There shalt thou see the scarf of Cupid's mother,
Snatch'd from the soft moist ivory of her arm,
To wrap about Adonis's wounded thigh ;
There shalt thou see a wheel of Titan's car,
Which dropp'd from heaven when Phaeton fir'd
the world :

I'll give thee (if thou wilt) two silver doves,
Compos'd by magic to divide the air,
Who (as they fly) shall clap their silver wings,
And give strange music to the elements ;
I'll give thee else the fan of Proserpine,
Which in reward (for a sweet Thracian song)
The black-brow'd empress threw to Orpheus,
Being come to fetch Euridice from hell.

Fort. Hath ever mortal eye beheld these wonders * ?

Sol. Thine shall behold them, and make choice
of any,

So thou wilt give the Soldan such a purse.

Fort. By Fortune's blessed hand, (who christened me),

* The curiosities in the Sultan's museum will probably remind some readers of that passage of Scriblerus, where we learn " that if a goodly simile come in his way, a poet will not scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence," and it is a pity that the " Phoenix on her nest," which is there cited, could not be or was not added to the other articles. They are, however, extremely well suited to the miraculous cap and purse.

The mighty Soldan shall have such a purse,
Provided I may see these prizeless wonders.

Sol. Leave us alone. (*Exeunt Nobles.*) Never
was mortal ear

Acquainted with the virtue of a jewel,
Which now I'll show, (out-valuing all the rest).

Fort. It is impossible.

Sol. Behold this casket, [*Draws a curtain.*
Fettered in golden chains; the lock pure gold;
The key of solid gold, which myself keep;
And here's the treasure that's contain'd in it.

[*Takes out the hat.*

Fort. A coarse felt hat: Is this the precious
jewel?

Sol. I'd not exchange this for ten diadems.
On pain of death, none listen to our talk!

Fort. What needs this solemn conjuration?

Sol. Oh, yes; for none shall understand the
worth

Of this inestimable ornament,
But you; and yet not you, but that you swear
By her white hand that lent you such a name,
To leave a wondrous purse in Babylon.

Fort. What I have sworn I will not violate;
But now uncover the virtues of this hat.

Sol. I think none listen; if they do, they die.

Fort. None listen: tell; what needs this jea-
lousy?

Sol. You see 'tis poor in show; did I want
jewels,

Gold could beget them; but the wide world's
wealth

Buys not this hat; this clap'd upon my head
I (only with a wish) am through the air;

Transported in a moment over seas,
 And over lands, to any secret place;
 By this I steal to any princes' court,
 And hear their private councils, and prevent
 All dangers which to Babylon are meant :
 By help of this I oft see armies join,
 Though when the dreadful Alvarado * sounds,
 I am distant from the place a thousand leagues.
 Oh, had I such a purse and such a hat,
 The Soldan were, of all, most fortunate !

Fort. Oh, had I such a hat, then were I brave !
 Where's he that made it ?

Sol. Dead : and the whole world
 Yields not a workman that can frame the like.

Fort. None does † ? (*aside.*) By what trick shall
 I make this mine.

Methinks, methinks, when you are borne o'er seas
 And over lands, the heaviness thereof
 Should weigh you down ; drown you or break
 your neck.

Sol. No ; 'tis more light than any hat beside :
 Your hand shall peise ‡ it.

Fort. Oh, 'tis wondrous heavy.

Sol. Fie, you're deceived ; try it upon your head.

* This word, which is evidently Spanish, I could not find in the dictionaries, but understand, although on no very good authority, that it is a term used among the Spanish soldiery for the parade call.

† " No does," is the reading of the original.

‡ " Peise," poise, weigh. The generality of readers might probably be inclined rather to modernize the word to " poise," than to give a note in explanation ; but as the contrary practice has been adopted by Stevens, Malone, and others, men infinitely better qualified to judge of the propriety than the editor pretends to be, he thinks it advisable to adhere to their decision.

Fort. (Puts the hat on.) Would I were now in
Cyprus with my sons. [*Exit.*]

Sol. Stay, Fortunatus, stay! I am undone.
Treason, lords! treason! get me wings, I'll fly
After this damned traitor through the air.

Enter NOBLES.

Nobles. Who wrongs the mighty king of Ba-
bylon?

Sol. This Fortunatus, this fiend wrongs your
king.

Nobles. Lock the court gates! where is the
devil hid?

Sol. No gates, no grates of iron imprison him;
Like a magician breaks he through the clouds,
Bearing my soul with him; for that jewel gone,
I am dead, and all is dross in Babylon.

Fly after him! 'tis vain; on the wind's wings,
He'll ride through all the courts of earthly kings.

Nobles. What is the jewel that your grace hath
lost?

Sol. He dies that troubles me: call me not king;
For I'll consume my life in sorrowing. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANDELOCIA very gallant, and SHADOW.

And. Shadow, what have I lost to-day at dice?

Shad. More than you will win again in a month.

And. Why, sir, how much comes it to?

Shad. It comes to nothing, sir, for you have
lost your wits; and when a man's wits are lost,
the man is like twenty pounds worth of tobacco,
which mounts into the air, and proves nothing
but one thing.

And. And what thing is that, you ass?

Shad. Marry, sir, that he is an ass that melts so much money in smoke.

And. 'Twere a charitable deed to hang thee a smoking.

Shad. I should never make good bacon, because I am not fat.

And. I'll be sworn thy wit is lean.

Shad. It's happy I have a lean wit; but, master, you have none; for when your money tript away, that went after it, and ever since you have been mad. Here comes your brother; borrow a dram of him, (*Enter AMPEDO*) if his be not mouldy; for mens' wits in these days are like the cuckoo, bald once a year; and that makes motley* so dear, and fools so good cheap.

And. Brother, all hail.

Shad. There's a rattling salutation.

And. You must lend me some more money: nay never look so strange, an you will come off, so: if you will bar me from square play, do: come, come; when the old traveller my father comes home, like a young ape full of fantastic tricks, or a painted parrot stuck full of outlandish feathers, he'll lead the world in a string, and then (like a hot shot) I'll charge and discharge all.

Shad. I would be loath, master, to see that day; for he leads the world in a string that goes to hanging.

And. Take heed I turn not that head into the world, and lead you so. Brother, will't be? ha' you any ends of gold or silver?

Amp. Thus wanton reveling breeds beggary.

* "Motley," i. e. the dress of fools.

Brother, 'twere better that you still liv'd poor ;
Want would make wisdom rich ; but when your
coffers

Swell to the brim, then riot sets up sails,
And, like a desperate unskill'd mariner,
Drives your unsteady fortunes on the point
Of wrack inevitable ; of all the wealth
Left by our father, when he left us last,
This little is unspent ; and this being wasted,
Your riot ends ; therefore consume it all,

[*Gives him a bag.*]

I'll live ; or dying, find some burial.

And. Thanks for my crowns*!

Shadow, I am villainous hungry, to hear one of
the seven wise masters talk thus emptily.

Shad. I am a villain, master, if I am not
hungry.

And. Because I'll save this gold, sirrah Shadow,
we'll feed ourselves with paradoxes.

Shad. Oh rare ! what meat's that?

And. Meat, you gull? 'tis no meat : a dish of
paradoxes is a feast of strange opinions ; 'tis an
ordinary that our greatest gallants haunt now-a-
days, because they would be held for statesmen.

Shad. I shall never fill my belly with opinions.

And. In despite of sway-bellies, gluttons, and
sweet-mouth'd Epicures, I'll have thee maintain
a paradox in commendation of hunger.

Shad. I shall never have the stomach to do't.

And. Seest thou this Crusado? do it, and turn
this into a feast.

Shad. Covetousness and letchery are two de-

* In the original this line is the conclusion of Ampedo's
speech.

vils ; they'll tempt a man to wade through deep matters ; I'll do't, though good cheer conspire my death, for speaking treason against her.

And. Fall to it then with a full mouth.

Shad. Oh, Famine ! inspire me with thy miserable reasons. I begin, master.

Amp. Oh ! miserable invocation.

And. Silence !

Shad. There's no man but loves one of these three beasts, a horse, a hound, or a whore ; the horse by his good will, has his head ever in the manger ; the whore with your ill will, has her hand ever in your purse ; and a hungry dog eats dirty pudding*.

And. This is profound ; forward : the conclusion of this now ?

Shad. The conclusion is plain ; for since all men love one of these three monsters, being such terrible eaters, therefore all men love hunger.

Amp. A very lean argument.

Shad. I can make it no fatter.

And. Proceed, good Shadow : this fats me.

Shad. Hunger is made of gunpowder.

And. Give fire to that opinion.

Shad. Stand by, lest it blow you up : hunger is made of gunpowder, or gunpowder of hunger, for they both eat through stone walls† ; hunger is a grindstone, it sharpens wit ; hunger is fuller of love than Cupid, for it makes a man eat himself ; hunger was the first that ever open'd a cook's shop, cooks the first that ever made sauce,

* "A hungry dog will eat dirty pudding" is a common proverb.

† "Hunger will break through stone walls," is another proverb to be found in Ray's Collection.

sauce being liquorish licks up good meat, good meat preserves life, hunger therefore preserves life*.

Amp. By my consent thou shouldst still live by hunger.

Shad. Not so, hunger makes no man mortal†: hunger is an excellent physician, for he dares kill any body; hunger is one of the seven liberal sciences.

And. Oh, learned! which of the seven?

Shad. Music; for she'll make a man leap at a crust: but as few care for her six sisters, so none love to dance after her pipe: hunger, master, is hungry and covetous, therefore the crusado.

And. But hast thou no sharper reason than this?

Shad. Yes, one: the dagger in Cyprus had never stabb'd out such sixpenny pipes‡, but for hunger.

And. Why, you dolt, these pies are but in their minority.

Shad. My belly and my purse have been twenty times at daggers drawing, with parting the little urchins.

* The logic of Shadow here (who was undoubtedly the buffoon in the play) bears some resemblance to that of Touchstone, in "As you Like it," where he proves that the Shepherd who had never been at court would be *damn'd for it*—"longo sed proximus intervallo." The clowns of Shakspeare have scarcely been imitated with more success than his magic. If Malone's conjecture, however, be just, "Fortunatus" was certainly written as soon as "As You Like it;" so that our poet's humour is his own.

† I conceive we should read "*all men mortal*."

‡ I conceive this word should be *pies*, as in the following speech of Andelocia; but I have so confused an idea of the meaning of the whole passage that I am both unwilling to hazard a conjecture or alteration.

Enter FORTUNATUS.

Amp. Peace, idiot! peace! my father is returned.

Fort. Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air; let none speak to me, till you have mark'd me well.

Shad. Now speak your mind. [*Chalks his coat.*

Amp. Villain, why hast thou chalk'd my father's back?

Shad. Only to mark him, and try what colour air is of.

Fort. Regard him not, Ampedo: Andelocia, Shadow, view me; am I as you are, or am I transform'd?

And. I thought travel would turn my father, madman or fool.

Amp. How should you be transform'd? I see no change.

Shad. If your wits be not planet stricken, if your brains lie in their right place, you are well enough; for your body is little mended by your fetching fegaries.

And. Methinks, father, you look as you did, only your face is more withered.

Fort. That's not my fault; age is like love, it cannot be hid.

Shad. Or like gunpowder a-fire, or like a fool, or like a young novice new come to his lands; for all these will show of what house they come: now, sir, you must amplify.

Fort. Shadow, turn thy tongue to a shadow, be silent. Boys, be proud, your father hath the

whole world in this compass, I am all felicity up to the brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon; I have been this half hour in Famagosta.

And. How? in a minute, father? ha, ha, I see travellers must lie.

Shad. 'Tis their destiny: the fates do so conspire.

Fort. I have cut through the air like a falcon; I would have it seem strange to you.

Shad. So it does, sir.

Fort. But 'tis true: I would not have you believe it neither.

Shad. No more we do not, sir.

Fort. But 'tis miraculous, and true: desire to see you brought me to Cyprus; I'll leave you more gold, and go visit more countries.

Shad. * Leave us gold enough, and we'll make all countries come visit us.

Amp. The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,

And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years,
Death needs must marry you; those short-lived
minutes

That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travel: rest in Cyprus then.

Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die;
And bitter is the sweet that's reap'd thereby.

And. Faith, father, what pleasure have you met by walking your stations?

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I have revel'd with

* This speech agrees better with the station and temper of Andelocia; and the next speech of Ampedo's forms then a proper rejoinder.

kings, danced with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen fantasticoes, convers'd with humorists, been ravish'd with divine raptures of Doric, Lydian, and Phrygian harmonies; I have spent the day in triumphs, and the night in banqueting.

And. Oh rare! this was heavenly.

Amp. Methinks 'twas horrible*.

And. He that would not be an Arabian Phoenix to burn in these sweet fires, let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these vanities?

Fort. Vanities? Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead; too dull, too ponderous to mount up to the incomprehensible glory that travel lifts men to.

Shad. My old master's soul is cork and feathers, and being so light doth easily mount up.

And. Sweeten mine ears, good father, with some more.

Fort. When in the warmth of mine own country's arms,

We yawn'd like sluggards, when this small horizon Imprison'd up my body, then mine eyes

Worship'd these clouds as brightest; but, my boys, The glistering beams which do abroad appear! (In other heavens) fire is not half so clear.

Shad. Why, sir, are there other heavens in other countries?

And. Peace! interrupt him not upon thy life.

Fort. For still in all the regions I have seen, I scorn'd to crowd among the muddy throng Of the rank multitude, whose thicken'd breath,

* I have taken this speech from Shadow, as it seems much better suited to the character of the present speaker.

Like to condensed fogs, do choke that beauty
 Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
 No, I still boldly stept into their courts,
 For there to live 'tis rare, oh, 'tis divine !
 There shall you see faces angelical ;
 There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
 Whose star-like eyes have power (might they still
 shine)

To make night day, and day more crystalline :
 Near these you shall behold great heroes,
 White-headed counsellors, and jovial spirits,
 Standing like fiery cherubims to guard
 The monarch, who in godlike glory sits,
 In midst of these, as if this deity
 Had with a look created a new world,
 The standers-by being the fair workmanship.

And. Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven !
 I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.

Shad. Then Shadow must die among knaves ;
 and yet, why so ? in a bunch of cards, knaves *
 wait upon the kings.

And. When I turn king, then shalt thou wait
 on me.

Shad. Well, there's nothing impossible ; a dog
 has his day, and so have you.

Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all courts
 Beheld such glory, so majestic ?
 In all perfection ? no way blemished ?

Fort. In some courts shall you see ambition
 Sit piecing Dedalus' old waxen wings ;

* Knave is here used in its primitive sense of servant, except it be supposed that it bears (as has been observed by Johnson of a passage in Shakspeare's "Timon,") the compound sense of servant and rascal.

But being clap'd on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction :
For since the heaven's strong arms teach kings to
stand,

Angels are placed about their glorious throne,
To guard it from the strokes of traitorous hands.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these things ;
Fantastic compliment stalks up and down ;
Trick'd in outlandish feathers ; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate.

Enter FORTUNE : after her the three Destinies working.

Shad. I know a medicine for that malady.

Fort. By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.

And. And these are sights for none but gods and kings.

Shad. Yes, and for christian creatures, if they be not blind.

Fort. In these two hands do I gripe all the world.
This leather purse, and this bald woollen hat,
Make me a monarch : here's my crown and sceptre.
In progress * will I now go through the world ;
I'll crack your shoulders, boys, with bags of gold,
Ere I depart : on Fortune's wings I ride,
And now sit in the height of human pride.

* Fortunatus here apes the royal style. When the monarch visited the different parts of the kingdom, it was called "a progress."

For. Now, fool, thou liest ; where thy proud feet do tread,

These shall throw down thy cold and breathless head. [*Fortunatus and the others kneel.*]

Fort. O sacred deity ! what sin is done, That death's iron fist should wrestle with thy son ?

For. Thou art no son of Fortune, but her slave. Thy cedar hath aspir'd to his full height ; Thy sun-like glory hath advanc'd herself Unto the top of pride's meridian, And down amain it comes ! From beggary I plum'd thee like an ostrich ; like that ostrich, Thou hast eaten metals, and abus'd my gifts ; Hast play'd the ruffian, wasted that in riots, Which as a blessing I bestowed on thee.

Fort. Forgive me ! I will be more provident.

For. No, endless follies follow endless wealth. Thou hadst thy fancy, I must have thy fate, Which is, to die when th' art most fortunate. This inky thread thy ugly sins have spun, Black life, black death ; faster ! that it were done*.

Fort. Oh, let me live, but till I can redeem—

For. The Destinies deny thee longer life.

Fort. I am but now lifted to happiness.

For. And now take I most pride to cast thee down.

Hadst thou chosen wisdom, this black had been white,

And death's stern brow could not thy soul affright.

* Supernatural beings (amongst which Fortune must be reckoned) seem generally to have been impatient till the business in question was accomplished. Thus the Spirit, in the "Second Part of Henry VI." on giving the first answer, exclaims,

"That I had said and done!"

Fort. Take this again: (*offering the purse*)
give wisdom to my sons.

For. No, fool, 'tis now too late; as death
strikes thee,
So shall their ends sudden and wretched be.
Jove's daughters (righteous Destinies) make haste!
His life hath wasteful been, and let it waste.

[*Exeunt.*

And. Why the pox dost thou sweat so?

Shad. For anger to see any of God's creatures
have such filthy faces as those sempsters had that
went hence.

And. Sempsters? why, you ass, they are Des-
tinies.

Shad. Indeed, if it be one's destiny to have a
filthy face, I know no remedy but to go mask'd
and cry, woe worth the fates.

Amp. Why droops my father? these are only
shadows,

Rais'd by the malice of some enemy
To fright your life, o'er which they have no power.

Shad. Shadows? I defy their kindred.

Fort. Oh, Ampedo, I faint; help me, my sons!

And. Shadow, I pray thee run and call more
help.

Shad. If that desperate Don Diego Death hath
ta'en up the cudgels once, here's never a fencer
in Cyprus dare take my old master's part.

And. Run, villain, call more help.

Shad. Bid him thank the Destinies for this.

[*Exit.*

Fort. Let me shrink down, and die between
your arms,
Help comes in vain. No hand can conquer fate,

This instant is the last of my life's date.
 This goddess (if at least she be a goddess)
 Names herself Fortune ; wandering in a wood
 Half fanish'd, her I met ; I have (quoth she)
 Six gifts to spend upon mortality,
 Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and
 riches ;
 Out of my bounty one of these is thine.

Amp. What benefit did from your choice arise?

Fort. Listen, my sons. In this small compass lies
 Infinite treasure: this she gave to me,
 And gave to this, this virtue: Take, (quoth she)
 So often as from hence thou draw'st thy hand,
 Ten golden pieces of that kingdom's coin,
 Where'er thou liv'st, which plenteous sure shall last,
 After thy death, till thy sons lives do waste.

And. Father, your choice was rare, the gift
 divine.

Fort. It had been so, if wisdom* had been
 mine.

Amp. But hath this golden virtue never fail'd?

Fort. Never.

And. Oh, admirable ! here's a fire
 Hath power to thaw the very heart of death,
 And give stones life ; by this most sacred death,
 See, brother, here's all India in my hand.

Fort. Inherit you, my sons, that golden land.
 This hat I brought away from Babylon ;
 I robb'd the Soldan of it ; 'tis a prize
 Worth twenty empires in this jewel lies.

And. How, father? jewel? call you this a
 jewel? It's coarse wool, a bald fashion, and

* *Riches* is here the reading of the original: the context seems
 to render the change absolutely necessary.

greasy to the brim; I have bought a better felt for a French crown forty times. Of what virtuous block is this hat, I pray?

Fort. Set it upon thy head, and with a wish, Thou in a moment on the wind's swift wings Shalt be transported into any place.

And. A wishing hat, and a golden mine!

Fort. Oh, Andelocia, Ampedo, now death Sounds his third summons: I must hence: these jewels

To both I do bequeath; divide them not, But use them equally; never bewray What virtues are in them; for if you do, Much shame, much grief, much danger follows you. Peruse this book: farewell! behold in me The rotten strength of proud mortality. [*Dies.*

Amp. His soul is wandering to the Elysian shades.

And. The flower that's fresh at noon, at sunset fades.

Brother, close you down his eyes, because you were his eldest; and with them close up your tears; whilst I (as all younger brothers do) shift for myself: let us mourn, because he is dead; but mourn the less, because he cannot revive; the honour we can do him, is to bury him royally: let's about it then, for I'll not melt myself to death with scalding sighs, nor drop my soul out at mine eyes, were my father an emperor.

Amp. Hence! hence! thou stop'st the tide of my true tears:

True grief is dumb, though it hath open ears.

And. Yet God send my grief a tongue, that I

may have good utterance for it : sob on, brother mine ; whilst you sigh there, I'll sit and read what story my father hath written here.

[They both fall asleep.]

FORTUNE and a Company of Satyrs enter with Music, and playing about FORTUNATUS' Body, take it away ; after they are gone, SHADOW enters running.

Shad. I can get none, I can find none : where are you, master ? have I ta'en you napping ? and you too ? I see sorrow's eye-lids are made of a dormouse's skin, they seldom open ; or of a miser's purse, that's always shut. So ho ! master.

And. Shadow ! why how now ? what's the matter ?

Shad. I can get none, sir, 'tis impossible.

Amp. What is impossible ? what canst not get ?

Shad. No help for my old master.

And. Hast thou been all this while calling for help ?

Shad. Yes, sir : he scorn'd all Famagosta when he was in his huffing, and now he lies puffing for wind, they say they scorn him.

Amp. The poison of their scorn infects not him ; He wants no help ; see where he breathless lies : Brother, to what place have you borne his body ?

And. I bear it ? I touch'd it not.

Amp. Nor I : a leaden slumber press'd mine eyes.

Shad. Whether it were lead or latten * that

* This word, which is found in Act I. of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," has been differently explained by the commentators.

hasp'd down those winking casements, I know not, but I found you both snorting.

Amp. And in that sleep methought I heard
the tunes

Of sullen passions apt for funerals,
And saw my father's lifeless body borne
By Satyrs: oh, I fear that deity
Hath stolen him hence! that snudge his destiny.

And. I fear he's risen again! didst not thou meet him?

Shad. I, sir? do you think this white and red durst have kist my sweet cheeks, if they had seen a ghost? But, master, if the Destinies, or Fortune, or the Fates, or the Fairies have stolen him, never indict them for the felony; for by this means, the charge of a tomb is saved, and you being his heirs, may do as many rich executors do, put that money in your purses, and give out he died a beggar.

And. Away, you rogue! my father die a beggar? I'll build a tomb for him of massy gold.

Shad. Methinks, master, it were better to let the memory of him shine in his own virtues (if he had any) than in alabaster.

Theobald supposes it to have been the old orichalc; Malone that it was made of copper and calimini; and Stevens (who quotes the passage in the text) seems inclined to think it tin. The following extract from "The Frankeleines Tale," descriptive of the colour, may be applied by the reader in support of the opinions to which he may think it most favourable:

"And this was, as the bookes me remember,
The colde frosty seson of December.
Phebus waxe old and *hewed like laton*,
That in his hote declination
Shone as the burned gold with stremes bright;
But now in Capricorne adoun he light,
Wher as he shone ful pale, I dare wel sain."

And. I shall mangle that alabaster face, you whoreson virtuous vice.

Shad. He has a purple heart that can mangle a face of alabaster.

And. Brother, come, come, mourn not; our father is but stept to agree with Charon for his boat-hire to Elysium. See here's a story of all his travels; this book shall come out with a new addition: I'll tread after my father's steps; I'll go measure the world; therefore let's share these jewels, take this or this.

Amp. Will you then violate our father's will?

And. A puritan! keep a dead man's will? Indeed in the old time, when men were buried in soft church-yards, so that their ghosts might rise, it was good; but, brother, now they are imprisoned in strong brick and marble they are fast: fear not: away! away! these are fooleries, gulleries, trumperies; here's this or this, or I am gone with both.

Amp. Do as you please, the sin shall not be mine.

Fools call those things profane that are divine.

And. Are you content to wear the jewels by turns? I'll have the purse for a year, you the hat, and as much gold as you'll ask; and when my pursership ends I'll resign, and cap you*.

Amp. I am content to bear all discontents.

[*Exit.*

* *Cap you*, from the context, must mean, I think, *take from you the cap*. In the "Knight of the burning Pestle" the host threatens to *cap* Ralph, except his reckoning be immediately paid, which is resented by the honest citizen as an unpardonable indignity.

And. I should serve this bearing ass rarely now, if I should load him *, but I will not ; though conscience be (like physic) seldom used, (for so it does least hurt) yet I'll take a dram of it ; this for him, and some gold : this for me ; for having this mint about me, I shall want no wishing cap : gold is an eagle, that can fly to any place ; and like death, that dares enter any place. Shadow, wilt thou travel with me ?

Shad. I shall never fadge with the humour because I cannot lie.

And. Thou dolt, we'll visit all the kings' courts in the world.

Shad. So we may, and return dolts home : but what shall we learn by travel ?

And. Fashions.

Shad. That's a beastly disease † : methinks it's better staying in your own country.

And. How ? In mine own country ? Like a cage-bird and see nothing ?

Shad. Nothing ! yes you may see things enough ; for what can you see abroad, that is not at home ? The same sun calls you up in a morning, and the same man in the moon lights you to bed at night ; our fields are as green as theirs in summer, and their frosts will nip us more in winter ; our birds sing as sweetly, and our women are as fair ;

* As I conceive, if I should try what he can bear by carrying away both purse and hat.

† " Infected with the *fashions*," is one of the disorders of Petruchio's horse, as described by Biondello in Act III. of " Taming of the Shrew." " It is so called in the West of England," says Grey ; " but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens* or *farcy*." Stevens has there, among other instances of its use by the old writers, adduced the passage in the text.

in other countries you shall have one drink to you; whilst you kiss your hand, and duck, he'll poison you: I confess you shall meet more fools, and asses, and knaves abroad than at home, (yet, God be thanked, we have pretty store of all); but for punks we put them down.

And. Prepare thy spirits, for thou shalt go with me,

To England shall our stars direct our course,
Thither the Prince of Cyprus (our king's son)
Is gone to see the lovely Agripyne;
Shadow we'll gaze upon that English dame,
And try what virtue gold has to inflame.

First to my brother, then away let's fly,
Shadow must be a courtier ere he die. [*Exit.*

Shad. If I must the Fates shall be served: I
have seen many clowns courtiers, then why not
Shadow? Fortune, I am for thee. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to England. Enter ORLEANS melancholy, GALLOWAY¹ with him, a BOY after them with a Lute.

Orl. Begone! leave that with me, and leave me to myself; if the king ask for me, swear to him I am sick, and thou shalt not lie; pray thee leave me!

Boy. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Orl. This music makes me but more out of tune:
Oh, Agripyna!

Gal. Gentle friend, no more.

Thou sayest love is a madness, hate it then,
Even for the name's sake.

Orl. Oh, I love that madness!
Even for the name's sake.

Gal. Let me tame this frenzy,
 By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
 By telling thee she's daughter to a king,
 By telling thee the King of Cyprus' son
 Shines like a sun, between her looks and thine,
 Whilst thou seem'st but a star to Agripyne :
 He loves her.

Orl. If he do ; why so do I.

Gal. Love is ambitious, and loves majesty.

Orl. Dear friend, thou art deceived ; love's
 voice doth sing

As sweetly in a beggar as a king.

Gal. Dear friend, thou art deceiv'd : oh, bid
 thy soul

Lift up her intellectual eyes to heaven,
 And (in this ample book of wonders) read
 Of what celestial mould, what sacred essence,
 Herself is form'd ; the search whereof will drive
 Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,
 And in sweet tune set that which none inherits.

Orl. I'll gaze on heaven if Agripyne be there ;
 If not ; fa, la, la, sol, la, &c.

Gal. Oh, call this madness in ; see from the
 windows

Of every eye derision thrusts out cheeks,
 Wrinkled with idiot laughter ; every finger
 Is like a dart shot from the hand of scorn,
 By which thy name is hurt, thine honour torn.

Orl. Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway ?

Gal. Even at thee.

Orl. Ha ! ha ! I laugh at them ; are not they
 mad,

That let my true true sorrow make them glad ?
 I dance and sing only to anger grief ;

That in that anger, he might smite life down
 With his iron fist: good heart, it seemeth then
 They laugh to see grief kill me. Oh, fond men,
 You laugh at others' tears; when others smile
 You tear yourselves in pieces: vile! vile! vile!
 Ha! ha! when I behold a swarm of fools
 Crowding together to be counted wise,
 I laugh because sweet Agripyne's not there;
 But weep because she is not any where,
 And weep because whether she be or not,
 My love was ever, and is still forgot: forgot, for-
 got, forgot.

Gal. Draw back this stream; why should my
 Orleans mourn?

Orl. Look yonder, Galloway, dost thou see
 that sun?

Nay, good friend, stare upon it, mark it well;
 Ere he be two hours older, all that glory
 Is banish'd heaven, and then (for grief) this sky,
 That's now so jocund, will mourn all in black;
 And shall not Orleans mourn? Alack! alack!
 Oh, what a savage tyranny it were,
 T' enforce care laugh, and woe not shed a tear.
 Dead is my love; I am buried in her scorn;
 That is my sun-set, and shall I not mourn?
 Yes, by my troth I will.

Gal. Dear friend, forbear;
 Beauty (like sorrow) dwelleth every where.
 Rase out this strong idea of her face,
 As fair as hers shineth in any place.

Orl. Thou art a traitor to that white and red,
 Which sitting on her cheeks (being Cupid's throne)
 Is my heart's sovereign: oh, when she is dead,

This wonder (beauty) shall be found in none.
 Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
 In love with nothing but deformity.
 O fair deformity! I muse all eyes
 Are not enamour'd of thee; thou didst never
 Murder mens' hearts, or let them pine like wax
 Melting against the sun of destiny*;
 Thou art a faithful nurse to chastity;
 Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,
 For cares, and age, and sickness hers deface,
 But thine's eternal: Oh, deformity!
 Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's,
 For (dead) her beauty will no beauty have,
 But thy face looks most lovely in the grave †.

Enter PRINCE OF CYPRUS and AGRIPYNE.

Gal. See where they come together hand in hand.

Orl. Oh watch, sweet Galloway! when their hands do part,
 Between them shalt thou find my murdered heart.

Cyp. By this then it seems a thing impossible, to know when an English lady loves truly.

Agri. Not so; for when her soul steals into

* The original reads, "thy destiny;" I expunged it as destructive of the metre, and injurious to the sense.

† Mr. Lamb, in his extract from this play, observes, "The humour of a frantic lover is here done to the life. Orleans is as passionate an inamorato as any which Shakspeare ever drew. He is just such another adept in love's reasons. The sober people of the world are, with him,

A swarm of fools
 Crowding together to be counted wise."

her heart, and her heart leaps up to her eyes, and her eyes drop into her hands, then if she say here's my hand, she's your own; else never.

Cyp. Here's a pair of your prisoners, let's try their opinion.

Agri. My kind prisoners well encountered; the Prince of Cyprus here, and myself, have been wrangling about a question of love: my Lord of Orleans, you look lean and likest a lover; whether is it most torment to love a lady and never enjoy her, or always to enjoy a lady whom you cannot choose but hate?

Orl. To hold her ever in mine arms whom I loath in my heart, were some plague, yet the punishment were no more than to be enjoined to keep poison in my hand, yet never taste it.

Agri. But say you should be compelled to swallow the poison.

Orl. Then a speedy death would end a speeding misery: but to love a lady and never enjoy her; oh! it is not death, but worse than damnation; 'tis hell, 'tis——

Agri. No more! no more! good Orleans: nay then I see my prisoner is in love too.

Cyp. Methinks soldiers cannot fall into the fashion of love.

Agri. Methinks a soldier is the most faithful lover of all men else; for his affection stands not upon compliment; his wooing is plain homespun stuff; there's no outlandish thread in it, no rhetoric: a soldier casts no figures to get his mistress' heart; his love is like his valour in the field, when he pays downright blows.

Gal. True, madam, but would you receive such payment?

Agri. No; but I mean I love a soldier best for his plain dealing.

Cyp. That's as good as the first.

Agri. Be it so; that goodness I like: for what lady can abide to love a spruce silken-face courtier, that stands every morning two or three hours learning how to look by his glass, how to sigh by his glass, how to court his mistress by his glass: I would wish him no other plague, but to have a mistress as brittle as glass.

Gal. And that were as bad as the horn plague.

Cyp. Are any lovers possess'd of this madness?

Agri. What madmen are not possest with this love? Yet, by my troth, we poor women do but smile in our sleeves to see all this foppery; yet we all desire to see our lovers attired gallantly, to hear them sing sweetly, to behold them dance comely, and such-like; but this apish, monkey fashion of effeminate niceness, out upon it! Oh, I hate it worse than to be counted a scold.

Cyp. Indeed men are most regarded, when they least regard themselves.

Gal. And women most honoured, when they shew most mercy to their lovers.

Orl. But is't not a miserable tyranny, to see a lady triumph in the passion of a soul languishing through her cruelty?

Cyp. Methinks it is.

Gal. Methinks 'tis more than tyranny.

Agri. So think not I; for as there is no reason to hate any that love us, so it were madness to

love all that do not hate us ; women are created beautiful, only because men should woo them ; for 'twere miserable tyranny to enjoin poor women to woo men : I would not hear of a woman in love for my father's kingdom.

Cyp. I never heard of any woman that hated love.

Agri. Nor I : but we had all rather die than confess we love : our glory is to hear men sigh whilst we smile ; to kill them with a frown ; to strike them dead with a sharp eye ; to make you this day wear a feather, and to-morrow a sick night-cap : oh, why this is rare ! there's a certain deity in this ; when a lady, by the magic of her looks, can turn a man into twenty shapes.

Orl. (*Aside to Gal.*) Sweet friend, she speaks this but to torture me.

Gal. (*Aside to Orl.*) I'll teach thee how to plague her ; love her not.

Agri. (*Aside.*) Poor Orleans ! how melancholy he looks ; if he stay he'll make me surely love him for pure pity. I must send him hence, for of all sorts of love, I hate the French ; I pray thee, sweet prisoner, intreat Lord Longavile to come to me presently.

Orl. I will : and esteem myself more than happy that you will employ me. [*Exit.*]

Agri. Watch him, watch him, for God's sake ! if he sigh not, or look not back.

Cyp. He does both : but what mystery lies in this ?

Agri. Nay no mystery, 'tis as plain as Cupid's forehead. Why this is as it should be : *and es-*

teem myself more than happy that you will employ me : my French prisoner is in love over head and ears.

Cyp. It's wonder how he 'scapes drowning.

Gal. With whom think you ?

Agri. With his keeper, for a good wager : ah, how glad is he to obey ; and how proud am I to command in this empire of affection : over him and such spongy-liver'd youths, (that lie soaking in love) I triumph more with mine eye, than ever he did over a soldier with his sword. Is't not a gallant victory for me to subdue my father's enemy with a look ? Prince of Cyprus, you were best take heed how you encounter an English lady.

Cyp. God bless me from loving any of you, if all be so cruel.

Agri. God bless me from suffering you to love me, if you be not so formable *.

Cyp. Will you command me any service, as you have done Orleans ?

Agri. No other service but this, that (as Orleans) you love me, for no other reason, but that I may torment you.

Cyp. I will ; conditionally, that in all company I may call you my tormentor.

Agri. You shall ; conditionally, that you never beg for mercy. Come, my Lord of Galloway.

Gal. Come, sweet madam. [*Exeunt.*

* " So formable," i. e. if you cannot be formed or moulded in the manner I describe.

Manet CYPRUS.

Cyp. The ruby-colour'd portals of her speech
Were clos'd by mercy : but upon her eye
(Attir'd in frowns) sat murdering cruelty.

Enter AGRIPYNE *behind, and listening.*

She's angry that I durst so high aspire.
Oh, she disdains that any stranger's breast
Should be a temple for her deity :
She's full of beauty, full of bitterness.
Till now I did but dally with love's fire ;
And when I thought to try his flames indeed,
I burnt me even to cinders: oh, my stars !
Why from my native shore did your beams guide
me,

To make me doat on her that doth deride me ?

[*He walks about musing. She then kneels
and exclaims—*

Agri. Hold him in this mind, sweet Cupid, I
conjure thee ! Oh, what music these hey-no's
make ! I was about to cast my little, little self
into a great love-trance for him, fearing his heart
had been flint ; but since I see 'tis pure virgin
wax, he shall melt his belly full ; for now I know
how to temper him. [*Exit.*

Cyp. Never beg mercy ? yet be my tormentor ?

[*He spies her as she goes off.*

I hope she heard me not : doubtless she did :
And now will she insult upon my passions,
And vex my constant love with mockeries ;

Nay, then I'll be mine own physician,
 And outface love, and make her think that I
 Mourn'd thus, because I saw her standing by.
 What news, my Lord of Cornwall?

Enter CORNWALL.

Corn. This, fair prince :
 One of your countrymen is come to court,
 A lusty gallant brave in Cyprus isle,
 With fifty bar'd* horses prancing at his heels,
 Back'd by as many strong-limb'd Cypriots ;
 All whom he keeps in pay ; whose offer'd service,
 Our king with arms of gladness hath embrac'd.

Cyp. Born in the isle of Cyprus? what's his name?

Corn. His servants call him Fortunatus' son.

Cyp. Rich Fortunatus' son? Is he arriv'd?

Enter LONGAVILE, GALLOWAY, and CHESTER, with Jewels.

Long. This he bestowed on me.

Chest. And this on me.

Gal. And this his bounteous hand inforc'd me take.

Long. I prize this jewel at a hundred marks,
 Yet would he needs bestow this gift on me.

Cyp. My lords, whose hand hath been thus prodigal?

* "Bar'd," barbed or adorned with trappings. So in "The Foure Prentices of London," by Heywood :

"Shall our *bar'd horses* climb yond' mountain tops,
 And bid them battle where they pitch their tents?"

Gal. Your countryman, my lord ; a Cypriot.

Long. The gallant sure is all compact of gold :
To every lady hath he given rich jewels ;
And sent to every servant in the court
Twenty fair English angels.

Cyp. This is rare !

Enter LINCOLN.

Lin. My lords, prepare yourselves for revelling ;
'Tis the king's pleasure that this day be spent
In royal pastimes ; that this golden lord,
(For so all that behold him, christen him)
May taste the pleasures of our English court.
Here comes the gallant, shining like the sun.

(*Trumpets sound.*) *Enter* ATHELSTAN, ANDE-
LOCIA, AGRIPTYNE, ORLEANS, LADIES, and other
Attendants ; INSULTADO, a Spanish Lord. *Mu-*
sic sounds within.

And. For these your royal favours done to me,
(Being a poor stranger) my best powers shall prove,
By acts of worth, the soundness of my love.

Athel. Herein your love shall best set out itself,
By staying with us : if our English isle
Hold any object welcome to your eyes,
Do but make choice, and claim it as your prize.

[*The King and Cyprus confer aside.*]

And. I thank your grace. (*Aside.*) Would he
durst keep his word,

I know what I would claim : tush, man ! be bold,
Were she a saint, she may be won with gold.

Cyp. (*Aside to the king.*) 'Tis strange, I must
confess, but in this pride,

His father Fortunatus (if he live)
Consumes his life in Cyprus ; still he spends,
And still his coffers with abundance swell :
But how he gets these riches none can tell.

Athel. Hold him in talk. Come hither, Agripyne.

[*The King and Agripyne confer aside.*

Cyp. But what entic'd young Andelocia's soul
To wander hither ?

And. That which did allure
My sovereign's son ; the wonder of the place.

Agri. (*Aside to Athel.*) This curious heap of
wonders (which an empress
Gave him) he gave me, and by Venus' hand,
The warlike Amorato needs would swear,
He left his country, Cyprus, for my love.

Athel. (*Aside to Agri.*) If by the sovereign
magic of thine eye,
Thou canst enchant his looks to keep the circles
Of thy fair cheeks, be bold to try thy charms ;
Feed him with hopes, and find the royal vein
That leads this Cypriot to his golden mine.

Here's music spent in vain ! Lords, fall to dancing !

Cyp. My fair tormentor, will you lend a hand ?

Agri. I'll try this stranger's cunning in a dance.

And. My cunning is but small, yet who'll not
prove

To shame himself for such a lady's love ?

Orl. These Cypriots are the devils that tor-
ture me.

He courts her, and she smiles ; but I am born
To be her beauty's slave, and her loves scorn.

And. I shall never have the face to ask the
question twice.

Agri. What's the reason ? cowardliness or pride ?

And. Neither: but 'tis the fashion of us Cypriots, both men and women, to yield at first assault; and we expect others shall do the like.

Agri. It's a sign, that either your women are very black, and are glad to be sped, or your men very fond, and will take no denial.

And. Indeed our ladies are not so fair as you.

Agri. But your men more vent'rous at a breach than you, or else they are all dastardly soldiers.

And. He that fights under these sweet colours and yet turns coward, let him be shot to death with the terrible arrows of fair ladies' eyes.

Athel. Nay, Insultado, you must not deny us.

Insul. My Corocon es muy presada, my anima muy atormentada,—no per los Cielos: la piede de Espagnoll, no haze musica in Tierra Inglesa.

Cyp. Sweet Insultado, let us see you dance. I have heard the Spanish dance is full of state.

Insul. Verdad signor: la danza Spagnola, es muy alta,

Majestica, y para monarcas; vuestra Inglesa, Baxa, Fantastica, y muy humilde.

Agri. Doth my Spanish prisoner deny to dance? He has sworn to me by the cross of his pure Toledo, to be my servant: by that oath (my Castilian prisoner) I conjure you to shew your cunning; though all your body be not free, I am sure you heels are at liberty.

Insul. Nolo quire contra dezir: vuestra oio haze conquesto a su prisionero: O yes, la pavyne*

* The pavan, which is here spoken of, is said, in the "Alchemist" of Ben Jonson, to be a Spanish dance. It is also mentioned in the last scene of Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night." It

Hispanola, sea vuestra música y gravedad, y majestad : Paie, dadime Tabacca, Toma my capa, e my espada. Mas alta : Mas alta : Désviaios, Désviaios, Companieros, Mas alta, Mas alta.

[*He dances.*

Athel. Thanks, Insultado.

Cyp. 'Tis most excellent.

Agri. The Spaniard's dance, is as his deeds be, full of pride.

Athel. The day grows old, and what remains unspent

Shall be consum'd in banquets ; Agripyne,
Leave us awhile ; if Andelocia please,
Go bear our beauteous daughter company.

And. Fortune, I thank thee : now thou smil'st
on me. [*Exit with Agri. and Ladies.*

Athel. This Cypriot bears a gallant princely
mind.

My Lord of what birth is your countryman ?
Think not, sweet prince, that I propound this
question,

To wrong you in your love to Agripyne :

Our favours grace him to another end.

Nor let the wings of your affection droop,

Because she seems to shun love's gentle lure.

Believe it on our word, her beauty's prize

Only shall yield a conquest to your eyes.

But tell me what's this Fortunatus' son ?

Cyp. Of honourable blood, and more renown'd
In foreign kingdoms (whither his proud spirit,

seems to have been a majestic and stately dance, and is particularly described by Sir John Hawkins in a note on "Twelfth Night."

Plum'd with ambitious feathers, carries him)
Than in his native country : but last day,
The father and the sons were through their riots
Poor and disdain'd of all ; but now they glister,
More bright than Midas : if some damned fiend
Fed not his bags, this golden pride would end.

Athel. His pride we'll somewhat tame, and
curb the head

Of his rebellious prodigality :
He hath invited us, and all our peers,
To feast with him to-morrow ; his provision
I understand may entertain three kings ;
But, Lincoln, let our subjects secretly
Be charg'd, on pain of life, that not a man
Sell any kind of fuel to his servants.

Cyp. This policy shall clip his golden wings,
And teach his pride what 'tis to strive with kings.

Athel. Withdraw awhile.

[*Exeunt all but Athelstan.*

None fill'd his hands with gold, for we set spies
To watch who fed his prodigality ;
He hung the marble bosom of our court
As thick with glistering spangles of pure gold,
As e'er the spring hath stuck the earth with
flowers :

Unless he melt himself to liquid gold,
Or be some god, some devil, or can transport
A mint about him, (by enchanted power)
He cannot rain such showers : with his own hands
He threw more wealth abroad in every street,
Than could be thrust into a chariot :
He's a magician sure ; and to some fiend
His soul (by infernal covenants) has he sold
Always to swim up to the chin in gold.

Be what he can be, if those dotting fires
 Wherein he burns for Agripyna's love,
 Want power to melt from him this endless mine,
 Then (like a slave) we'll chain him in our tower,
 Where tortures shall compel his sweating hands
 To cast rich heaps into our treasury.

[*Music continues. A curtain is drawn and discovers Andelocia sleeping in Agripyne's lap: she holds his purse in one hand, and assisted by another lady ties another purse (like it) in the place it was taken from, and then both rise from him.*

Agri. I have found the sacred spring that never ebbs.

Leave us. (*Exit lady.*) But I'll not show 't your majesty,

Till you have sworn, by England's royal crown,
 To let me keep it.

Athel. By my crown I swear,
 None but fair Agripyne the gem shall wear.

Agri. Then is this mine: see, father, here's the fire

Whose gilded beams still burn; this is the sun
 That ever shines; the tree that never dies;
 Here grows the garden of Hesperides.

The outside mocks you, makes you think 'tis poor,
 But entering it, you find eternal store.

Athel. Art sure of this? How didst thou drive* it out?

Agri. Fear not his waking yet; I made him drink

* Our poet probably had that passage in the Book of Judges in his eye, where Samson is described as made to sleep on Delilah's knees till his locks were shaven and his strength taken from him.

That soporiferous juice which was compos'd
 To make the queen (my mother) relish sleep,
 When her last sickness summon'd her to heaven.
 He sleeps profoundly : when his amorous eyes
 Had sing'd their wings in Cupid's wanton flames,
 I set him all on fire, and promis'd love :
 In pride whereof, he drew me forth this purse,
 And swore by this he multiplied his gold :
 I tried and found it true ; and secretly
 Commanded music with her silver tongue *
 To chime soft lullabies into his soul ;
 And whilst my fingers wanton'd with his hair
 (T' intice the sleepy juice to charm his eyes)
 In all points was there made a purse like his,
 Which counterfeit is hung in place of this.

Athel. More than a second kingdom hast thou
 won.

Leave him, that when he wakes he may suspect
 Some else has robb'd him. Come, dear Agripyne,
 If this strange purse his sacred virtues hold,
 We'll circle England with a waist of gold.

(*Music still.*) *Enter SHADOW very gallant, reading a Bill, with empty Bags in his Hands, singing.*

Shad. These English occupiers† are mad Trojans : let a man pay them never so much, they'll

* So in "Romeo and Juliet:"

"Music with her silver sound."

Again:

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night."

† "Occupant," (says Mr. Malouë in a note on the "Second Part of Henry IV.") seems to have been formerly a term for a

give him nothing but the bag. Since my master created me steward over his fifty men, and his one-and-fifty horse, I have rid over much business, yet never was gall'd, I thank the destinies. Music ! Oh, delicate warble ! Oh, these courtiers are most sweet triumphant creatures. *Seignior ! Sir ! Monsieur ! Sweet Seignior !* this is the language of their accomplishment. Oh, delicious strings ! these heavenly wire-drawers have stretch'd my master even out at length : yet at length he must wake. Master !

And. Wake me not yet, my gentle Agripyne.

Shad. One word, sir, for the billets, and I vanish.

And. There's heaven in these tunes* : throw the musicians

A bounteous largess of three hundred angels.

Shad. Why, sir, I have but ten pounds left.

[*Andelocia starts up.*

And. Ha ! Shadow ? where's the princess Agripyne ?

Shad. I am not Apollo, I cannot reveal.

And. Was not the princess here when thou cam'st in ?

Shad. Here was no princess but my princely self.

And. In faith ?

Shad. No, in faith, sir.

And. Where are you hid ? where stand you

woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wench. So in a song by Sir T. Overbury :

“ Here's water to quench maiden's fires,
Here's spirits for old occupiers.”

* The original reads *times*.

wantoning? not here? gone i'faith! Have you given me the slip? Well, 'tis but an amorous trick, and so I embrace it: my horse, Shadow, how fare my horse?

Shad. Upon the best oats my under steward can buy.

And. I mean are they lusty, sprightly, gallant, wanton, fiery?

Shad. They are, as all horses are, caterpillars to the commonwealth, they are ever munching: but, sir, for these billets, and these faggots, and bavins.

And. S'heart! what billets? what faggots? dost make me a woodmonger?

Shad. No, sweet seignior; but you have bid the king and his peers to dinner; and he has commanded that no woodmonger sell you a stick of wood, and that no collier shall cozen you of your measure, but must tie up the mouths of their sacks lest their coals kindle your choler.

And. Is't possible? is't true? or hast thou learnt of the English gallants to gull?

Shad. He's a gull that would be taught by such gulls.

And. Not a stick of wood? Some child of envy has buzz'd this stratagem into the king's ear, of purpose to disgrace me: I have invited his majesty, and though it cost me a million, I'll feast him. Shadow, thou shalt hire a hundred or two of carts, with them post to all the grocers in London, buy up all the cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, liquorice, and all other spices that have any strong heart, and with them make fires to prepare our cookery:

Ere Fortunatus' son look red with shame,
He'll dress a king's feast in a spiced flame.

Shad. This device, sir, will be somewhat a kin
to the Lady Pride, 'twill ask cost.

And. Fetch twenty porters, I'll lade all with
gold.

Shad. First, master, fill these bags.

And. Come then, hold up: how now? tricks,
new crotchets, Madam Fortune? dry as an eel-
skin! Shadow, take thou my gold out.

Shad. Why, sir, here's none in.

And. Ha! let me see: oh, here's a bastard
cheek!

I see now 'tis not mine; 'tis counterfeit;
'Tis so: slaye, thou hast robb'd thy master.

Shad. Not of a penny; I have been as true a
steward——

And. Vengeance on thee, and on thy steward-
ship!

Yet, wherefore curse I thee? thy leaden soul
Had never power to mount up to the knowledge
Of the rich mystery clos'd in my purse.

Oh no! I'll curse myself, mine eyes I'll curse,
They have betray'd me; I will curse my tongue,
That hath betray'd me: I'll curse Agripyne,
She hath betray'd me: Sirens cease to sing,
Your charms have ta'en effect, for now I see
All your enchantments were to cozen me.

[*Music ceaseth.*

Shad. What shall I do with this ten pounds, sir?

And. Go buy with it a chain, and hang thyself.
Now think I on my father's prophesy:
Tell none (quoth he) the virtue; if you do,
Much shame, much grief, much danger follows you.

With tears I credit his divinity.
 Oh, fingers! were you upright justices,
 You would tear out mine eyes: had they not gaz'd
 On the frail colour of a painted cheek,
 None had betray'd me: henceforth I'll defy
 All beauty; and will call a lovely eye,
 A sun whose scorching beams burn up our joys,
 Or turn them black like Ethiopians.
 Oh, women! wherefore are you born mens' woe?
 Why are your faces fram'd angelical?
 Your hearts of sponges, soft and smooth in shew,
 But touch'd, with poison they do overflow.
 Had sacred wisdom been my father's fate,
 He had died happy, I liv'd fortunate.
 Shadow, bear this * to beauteous Agripyne,
 With it this message: tell her, I'll reprove
 Her covetous sin the less, because for gold
 I see that most mens' souls too cheap are sold.

Shad. Shall I buy these spices to-day or to-morrow?

And. To-morrow? Ay, to-morrow thou shalt buy them;

To-morrow tell the princess I will love her,
 To-morrow tell the king I'll banquet him,
 To-morrow, Shadow, will I give thee gold;
 To-morrow pride goes bare, and lust a-cold,
 To-morrow will the rich man feed the poor,
 And vice to-morrow virtue will adore:
 To-morrow beggars shall be crowned kings;
 This no-time, morrow's time, no sweetness sings.
 I pray thee, hence: bear that to Agripyne.

* i. e. The counterfeit purse.

Shad. I'll go hence because you send me ; but
I'll go weeping hence for grief, that I must turn
villain as many do, and leave you when you are
up to the ears in adversity. [Exit.

And. She hath robb'd me, and now I'll play
the thief,

I'll steal from hence to Cyprus ; for black shame
Here (through my riots) brands my lofty name ;
I'll sell this pride* for help to bear me thither,
So pride and beggary shall walk together.
This world is but a school of villany,
Therefore I'll rob my brother, (not of gold,
Nor of his virtues, virtue none will steal) ;
But (if I can) I'll steal his wishing hat,
And with that, wand'ring round about the world,
I'll search all corners to find misery,
And where she dwells, I'll dwell, languish, and
die. [Exit.

Chorus. Gentles, if ere you have beheld the
passions,
The combats of his soul who being a king,
By some usurping hand hath been depos'd
From all his royalties, even such a soul,
Such eyes, such heart swol'n big with sighs and
tears,

The star-cross'd son of Fortunatus wears.
His thoughts crown'd him a monarch in the morn,
Yet now he's bandied by the seas in scorn,
From wave to wave ; his golden treasure's spoil
Makes him in desperate language to entreat
The winds to spend their fury on his life ;

* This gaudy and costly dress.

But they (being mild in tyranny) or scorning
 To triumph in a wretch's funeral,
 Toss him to Cyprus: Oh! what treachery
 Cannot this serpent gold entice us to?
 He robs his brother of the Soldan's prize,
 And having got his wish (the wishing hat)
 He does not (as he would) seek misery,
 But hopes by that to win his purse again;
 And in that hope from Cyprus is he fled.
 If your swift thoughts clap on their wonted wings
 In Genoa may you take this fugitive;
 Where having cosened many jewellers,
 To England back he comes; step but to court,
 And there (disguis'd) you find him bargaining
 For jewels with the beauteous Agripyne,
 Who wearing at her side the virtuous purse
 He clasps her in his arms, and as a raven
 Gripping the tender-hearted nightingale,
 So flies he with her (wishing) in the air
 To be transported to some wilderness:
 Imagine this the place: see here they come.

Enter ANDELOCIA with the wishing Hat on:

AGRIPYNE in his Hand.

Since they themselves have tongues, mine shall
 be dumb. [Exit.]

Agri. What devil art thou that affrights me thus,
 Haling a princess from her father's court,
 To spoil her in this savage wilderness?

And. Indeed the devil and the pick-purse
 should always fly together, (for they are sworn
 brothers): but, Madam Covetousness, I am nei-
 ther a devil, as you call me, nor a jeweller, as I

call myself ; no, nor a juggler, yet ere you and I part, we'll have some legerdemain together : do you know me ?

Agri. I am betray'd : this is the Cypriot.
Forgive me ! 'twas not I that chang'd thy purse,
But Athelstan my father ; send me home,
And here's thy purse again : here are thy jewels,
And I in satisfaction of all wrongs——

And. Talk not you of satisfaction ; this is some recompense that I have you ; 'tis not the purse I regard : put it off, and I'll mince it as small as pie meat : the purse ! hang the purse : were that gone, I can make another, and another, and another, ay and another : 'tis not the purse I care for, but the purser : you, ay you. Is't not a shame that a king's daughter, a fair lady, a lady not for lords, but for monarchs, should for gold sell her love, and when she has her own asking, and that there stands nothing between, then to cheat her sweetheart ? Oh, fie, fie ! a she coney-catcher ? You must be dealt soundly with.

Agri. Enjoin what pains thou wilt, I'll endure them, so thou wilt send me to my father's court.

And. Nay, god'slid ! you're not gone so : set your heart at rest, for I have set up my rest, that except you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not. What pains shall I lay upon you ? let me see : I could serve you now but a slippery touch ; I could get a young king or two, or three of you, and then send you home, and bid their grandsire king nurse them : I could pepper you, but I will net.

Agri. Oh, do not violate my chastity !

And. No, why I tell you I am not given to the

flesh, though I savour (in your nose) a little of the devil ; I could run away else, and starve you here.

Agri. If I must die, doom me some easier death.

And. Or transform you (because you love picking) into a squirrel, and make you pick out a poor living here among the nut trees : but I will not neither.

Agri. What will my gentle Andelocia do?

And. Oh, now you come to your old bias of cogging*.

Agri. I pray thee, Andelocia, let me go :
Send me to England, and by heaven I swear,
Thou from all kings on earth my love shalt bear.

And. Shall I in faith?

Agri. In faith, in faith, thou shalt.

And. Here, God a mercy ! now thou shalt not go.

Agri. Oh, God !

And. Nay, do you hear, lady ? cry not y'are best ; no, nor curse me not : for if you think but a crabbed thought of me, the spirit that carried you in mine arms through the air, will tell me all : therefore set your Sunday face upon't. Since you'll love me, I'll love you ; I'll marry you, and lie with you, and beget little jugglers : marry home you get not : England you'll say is yours ; but, Agripyne, love me, and I will make the whole world thine.

Agri. I care not for the world, thou murderest me ;

* Your former custom of deceit and flattery.

Between my sorrow, and the scalding sun,
 I faint, and quickly will my life be done ;
 My mouth is like a furnace, and dry heat
 Drinks up my blood ; O God ! my heart will
 burst ;

I die unless some moisture quench my thirst.

And. S'heart ! now I am worse than ere I was
 before ;

For half the world I would not have her die.
 Here's neither spring, nor ditch, nor rain, nor dew,
 Nor bread, nor drink ; my lovely Agripyne,
 Be comforted ; see here are apple trees.

Agri. Climb up for God's sake ; reach me
 some of them.

And. Look up ; which of these apples likes
 thee best ?

Agri. This hath a wither'd face, 'tis some sweet
 fruit.

Not that, my sorrows are too sour already.

And. Come hither ; here are apples like gold.

Agri. Oh, ay, for God's sake gather some of these.
 Ay me, would God I were at home again.

[*He climbs up.*

And. Stand farther, lest I chance to fall on thee.
 Oh, here be rare apples, rare red-cheek'd apples,
 That cry, come kiss me : apples, hold your peace,
 I'll teach you to cry. [Eats one.

Agri. O England ! shall I ne'er behold thee
 more ?

And. Agripyna, 'tis a most sugar'd delicious
 taste in one's mouth *, but when 'tis down, 'tis as
 bitter as gall.

* It may be unnecessary to inform the reader this was the
 tree planted by Vice in Act I.

Agri. Yet gather some of them. Oh, that a princess

Should pine for food! were I at home again,
I should disdain to stand thus and complain.

And. Here's one apple that grows highest,
Agripyna, an I could reach that, I'll come down.

[*He stands fishing with his girdle for it.*]

Agri. Make haste! for the hot sun doth scald
my cheeks.

And. The sun kiss thee? hold, catch, put on
my hat; I will have yonder highest apple, though
I die for't.

Agri. I had not wot be sun-burnt, wretched me,
O England! would I were again in thee. [*Exit.*]

And. 'Swounds, Agripyna, stay! Oh, I am un-
done! [*He leaps down.*]

Sweet Agripyna, if thou hear'st my voice,
Take pity of me, and return again!
She flies like lightning: oh, she hears me not!
I wish'd myself into a wilderness,
And now I shall turn wild: here I shall famish,
Here die; here cursing die, here raving die;
And thus will wound my breast, and rend my hair.
What hills of flint are grown upon my brows?
Oh, me! two forked horns: I am turn'd beast,
I have abus'd two blessings, wealth and knowledge;
Wealth in my purse, and knowledge in my hat;
By which being borne into the courts of kings,
I might have seen the wondrous works of Jove,
Acquir'd experience, learning, wisdom, truth;
But I in wildness* totter'd out my youth,

* The original reads "wilderness," but the general sense renders the change necessary. Polonius, in "Hamlet," directs his servant to describe Laertes "as being very *wild*," and explains his meaning by saying that he might be represented as addicted

And therefore must turn wild ; must be a beast,
 An ugly beast : my body horns must bear,
 Because my soul deformity doth wear.
 Lives none within this wood ? If none but I
 Live here (thanks heaven), for here none else
 shall die.

[He lies down and sleeps under the tree.]

Enter FORTUNE, VICE, VIRTUE, the PRIEST, and Satyrs with Music, playing as they come in before FORTUNE: they play awhile before FORTUNE speaks.

For. See where my new-turn'd devil has built his hell.

Vice. Virtue, who conquers now? the fool is ta'en.

Vir. O sleepy sin !

[Music plays awhile, and then ceases.]

Vice. Sweet tunes wake him again.

For. Vice sits too heavy on his drowsy soul ;
 Music's sweet concord cannot pierce his ear.
 Sing, and amongst your songs, mix bitter scorn.

Vir. Those that tear Virtue, must by Vice be torn.

THE SONG.

Virtue stand aside: the fool is caught.
 Laugh to see him, laugh aloud to wake him,
 Folly's nets are wide, and neatly wrought,
 Mock his horns, and laugh to see Vice take him.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorn,
 Who's the fool ? the fool, he wears a horn.

[Andelocia wakens and stands up.]

to " gaming, drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, and drabbing," which is a sufficiently copious catalogue for the present speaker.

Virtue stand aside, mock him, mock him, mock him;
 Laugh aloud to see him, call him fool.
 Error gave him suck, now sorrows rock him,
 Send the riotous beast to madness' school.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorn,
 Who's the fool? the fool, he wears a horn.

Virtue stand aside; your school he hates.
 Laugh aloud to see him, mock, mock, mock him;
 Vanity and hell keep open gates,
 He's in, and a new nurse (Despair) must rock him.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorn,
 Fool, fool, fool, fool, fool, wear still thy horn*.

*[When they have done singing, Vice and
 Virtue hold apples out to him, Vice
 laughing, Virtue grieving.]*

And. Oh me! what hell is this? Fiends, tempt
 me not.

(To Vice.) Thou glorious devil hence. Oh, now
 I see,

This fruit is thine, thou hast deformed me:

Idiot, avoid! thy gifts I loath to taste.

Away! since I am enter'd madness' school,

As good to be a beast, as be a fool.

Away! why tempt you me? Somē† powerful grace
 Come and redeem me from this hideous place.

For. To her hath Andelocia all his life
 Sworn fealty; wouldst thou desert her now?

* This song, like the preceding, is extremely well conceived;
 and I believe the imperfections in the measure, as then, to
 have arisen from the carelessness of the printer.

† The original reads "sour," but as Andelocia was ignorant
 of the person and power of Virtue I have made the alteration.

And. Whose blessed tongue names Andelocia?

For. Hers, who (attended on by destinies)
Shorten'd thy father's life, and lengthens thine.

[*He kneels.*

And. Oh, sacred queen of chance! now shorten
mine,

Else let thy deity take off this shame.

For. Woo her! 'twas she that set it on thy head.

And. She laughs to see me metamorphosed.

Vir. Woo me! and I'll take off this ugly scorn.

[*He rises.*

Vice. Woo me! and I'll clap on another horn.

And. I am beset with anguish, shame, and death.
Oh, bid the Fates work fast, and stop my breath.

For. No, Andelocia, thou must live to see
Worse torments (for thy follies) light on thee.
This golden tree, which did thine eyes entice,
Was planted here by Vice: lo, here stands Vice:
How often hast thou sued to win her grace?

And. Till now, I never did behold her face.

For. Thou didst behold her at thy father's death,
When thou in scorn didst violate his will;
Thou didst behold her, when thy stretch'd-out arm
Catch'd at the highest bough, the loftiest vice,
The fairest apple, but the foulest price;
Thou didst behold her, when thy lickerish eye
Fed on the beauty of fair Agripyne;
Because thou'dst gold, thou thought'st all women
thine.

When look'dst thou off from her? for they whose
souls

Still revel in the nights of vanity,
On the fair cheeks of Vice still fix their eye.

Because her face doth shine, and all her bosom

Bears silver moons, thou wast enamour'd of her.
But hadst thou upward look'd, and seen these
shames,

Or view'd her round about, and in this glass
Seen idiots' faces, heads of devils and hell,
And read this *ha! ha! he!* this merry story,
Thou wouldst have loath'd her; where, by loving
her,

Thou bear'st this face, and wear'st this ugly head;
And if she once can bring thee to this place,
Loud sounds these *ha! ha! he!* she'll laugh apace.

And. Oh, re-transform me to a glorious shape,
And I will learn how I may love to hate her.

For. I cannot re-transform thee; woo this wo-
man.

And. This woman? wretched is my state, when I,
To find out wisdom, to a fool must fly.

For. Fool, clear thine eyes; this is bright Areté,
This is poor Virtue; care not how the world
Doth crown her head; the world laughs her to
scorn,

Yet *sibi sapit*, Virtue knows her worth.

Run after her, she'll give thee these and these,
Crowns and bay garlands, (honour's victories):
Serve her, and she will fetch thee pay from heaven;
Or give thee some bright office in the stars.

And. (*Kneels.*) Immortal Areté, Virtue divine,
Oh, smile on me! and I will still be thine.

Vir. Smile thou on me, and I will still be thine;
Though I am jealous of thy apostasy,
I'll entertain thee: here, come taste this tree,
Here's physic for thy sick deformity.

And. 'Tis bitter: this fruit I shall ne'er digest.

Vir. 'Try once again ; the bitterness soon dies.

Vice. Mine's sweet, taste mine.

Vir. But being down 'tis sour ;

And mine being down, has a delicious taste.

The path that leads to Virtue's court is narrow,
Thorny, and up hill ; a bitter journey ;

But being gone through, you find all heav'nly
sweets ;

The entrance is all flinty, but at th' end,

To towers of pearl and crystal you ascend.

And. Oh, delicate ! Oh, sweet ambrosian relish !

And see, my ugliness drops from my brows ;

Thanks, beauteous Areté ! Oh, had I now

My hat and purse again ! how I would shine,

And gild my soul with none but thoughts divine.

For. That shall be tried : take fruit from both
these trees,

By help of them, win both thy purse and hat :

I will instruct thee how, for on my wings

To England shalt thou ride ; thy virtuous brother

Is (with that Shadow who attends on thee)

In London, there I'll set thee presently.

But if thou lose our favours once again

To taste her sweets, those sweets must prove thy
bane. [Exeunt *For.* and *And.*

Vir. *Vice*, who shall now be crown'd with
victory ?

Vice. She that triumphs at last, and that must I.

[Exeunt.]

Scene changes to London. Enter ATHELSTAN, LINCOLN with AGRIPYNE, CYPRUS, GALLOWAY, CORNWALL, CHESTER, LONGAVILE, and MONTROSE.

Athel. Lincoln, how set'st thou her at liberty?

Lin. No other prison held her but your court;
There (in her chamber) hath she hid herself
These two days, only to shake off that fear,
Which her late violent rapture cast upon her.

Cyp. Where hath the beauteous Agripyne been?

Agri. In heaven or hell, in or without the world,
I know not which *; for as I oft have seen
(When angry Thamesis hath curl'd her locks),
A whirlwind come, and from her frizzled brows
Snatch up a handful of those sweaty pearls,
That stood upon her forehead, which awhile,
Being by the boisterous wind hung in the air,
At length hath flung them down and rais'd a storm,
Even with such fury was I wherried up,
And by such force held prisoner in the clouds,
And thrown by such a tempest down again.

Corn. Some soul is damn'd in hell for this
black deed.

Agri. I have the purse safe, and anon your
grace

Shall hear this wondrous history at full.

Cyp. Tell me, tormentor! shall fair Agripyne,
Without more difference, be now christen'd mine?

Agri. My choice must be my father's fair
consent.

* I am afraid our poet alludes here to a passage in the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, chap. xii.

Athel. Then shall thy choice end in this Cyprus' prince.

Before the sun shall six times more arise,
His royal marriage will we solemnize.

Proclaim this honour'd match! come, Agripyne,
I am glad thou'rt here, more glad the purse is
mine.

As they are all going in, enter ANDELOCIA and SHADOW like Irish Costermongers; AGRIPYNE, LONGAVILE, and MONTROSE stay listening to them, the rest exeunt.

Both. Buy my apples? feen apples of Tamasco; feen Tamasco peepins; peeps feen; buy Tamasco peepins?

Agri. Damasco apples? good my Lord Montrose,

Call yonder fellows.

Mon. Sirrah Costermonger!

Shad. Who calls? peeps of Tamasco; feen peeps; and fat 'tis de sweetest apple in de world, 'tis better den de Pome water, or apple John.

And. By my trat, madam, 'tis reet Tamasco peepins, look here else.

Shad. I dare not say, as de Irishman my countryman say, taste de goodness of de fruit: no fait 'tis fary teer, mistress, by Saint Patrick's hand, 'tis teer Tamasco apple.

Agri. The fairest fruit that ever I beheld; Damasco apples? wherefore are they good?

Long. What is your price of half a score of these?

Both. Half a score! half a score! that is doos many, master.

Long. Ay, ay, ten ; half a score, that's five and five.

And. Feeve and feeve? By my trat, and as Creeze save me la, I cannot tell what be de price of feeve and feeve ; but 'tis tree crown for one peepin, dat is the preez if you take 'em.

Shad. Ay fat, 'tis no less for Tamasco.

Agri. Three crowns for one? what wondrous virtues have they?

Shad. O, 'tis feen Tamasco apple, and shall make you a great teal wise, and make you no fool, and make feen memory.

And. And make dis fash be more fair and amiable, and make dis eyes look always lovely, and make all de court and country burn in desire to kiss di honeysweet countenance.

Mon. Apples to make a lady beautiful?

Madam, that's excellent.

Agri. These Irishmen,

Some say, are great dissemblers, and I fear These two the badge of their own country wear.

And. By my trat, and by Saint Patrick's hand, and as Creeze save me la, 'tis no dissembler : de Irishman now and den cut di countryman's throat, but yet in fait he love de countryman, 'tis no dissembler : dis feen Tamasco apple can make de sweet countenance, but I can take no less but tree crowns for one ; I wear out my naked legs and my foots, and my tods, and run hidder and didder to Tamasco for dem.

Shad. As Creeze save me la, he speaks true : peeps feen!

Agri. I'll try what power lies in Damasco fruit. Here are ten crowns for thee, so fare you well.

Mon. Lord Longavile, buy some.

Long. I buy? not I.

Hang them, they are toys: come, madam, let us go.

Both. Saint Patrick, and Saint Peter, and all de holy angels look upon dat fash and make it fair.
[*Exeunt all but And. and Shad.*

Shad. Ha! ha! ha! she's sped, I warrant.

Enter MONTROSE softly.

And. Peace, Shadow! Buy any peepins, buy?

Both. Peeps feen! feen Tamasco apples!

Mon. Came not Lord Longavile to buy some fruit?

And. No fat, master, here came no lords nor ladies but di none sweet self.

Mon. 'Tis well, say nothing, here's six crowns for two:

You say the virtues are to make one strong?

Both. Yes fat, and make sweet countenance and strong too.

Mon. 'Tis excellent; here! farewell, if these prove,
I'll conquer men by strength, women by love.

[*Exit.*

Both. Ha! ha! ha! why this is rare.

Enter LONGAVILE.

Shad. Peace, master, here comes another fool.

Both. Peeps feen! buy any peeps of Tamasco?

Long. Did not the Lord Montrose return to you?

Both. No fat, sweet master, no lord did turn to us. Peeps feen!

Long. I am glad of it: here are nine crowns for thee.

What are the virtues besides making fair?

And. Oh, 'twill make de wondrous wise.

Shad. And dow shall be no more a fool, but sweet face and wise.

Long. 'Tis rare; farewell! I never yet durst woo. None loves me: now I'll try what these can do.

[*Exit.*]

And. Ha! ha! ha! So, this is admirable, Shadow, here end my torments in Saint Patrick's purgatory; but thine shall continue longer.

Shad. Did I not clap on a good false Irish face?

And. It became thee rarely.

Shad. Yet that's lamentable; that a false face should become any man.

And. Thou art a gull, 'tis all the fashion now; which fashion because we'll keep; step thou abroad; let not the world want fools; while thou art commencing thy knavery there, I'll proceed Doctor Dodipoll here*: that done thou Shadow and I will fat ourselves to behold the transformation of these fools: go, fly!

Shad. I fear nothing, but that whilst we strive to make others fools, we shall wear the cockcomb ourselves. Pips fine, &c.

[*Exit.*]

Enter AMPEDO.

And. Sheart! here's my brother whom I have abus'd:

His presence makes me blush, it strikes me dead,

* Our poet alludes here to a comedy, called "The Wisdom of Dr. Dodipoll," which was printed in 1600.

To think how I am metamorphosed.
Feen peepins of Tamasco, &c.

Amp. For shame! cast off this mask.

And. Wilt thou buy any pips?

Amp. Mock me no longer

With idle apparitions: many a land
Have I with weary feet, and a sick soul,
Measur'd to find thee; and when thou art found,
My greatest grief is that thou art not lost:
Yet lost thou art; thy fame, thy wealth are lost,
Thy wits are lost, and thou hast in their stead,
With shame, and cares, and misery crown'd thy
head.

That Shadow that pursues thee, fill'd mine ears
With sad relation of thy wretchedness.

Where is the purse, and where my wishing hat?

And. Where? and where? are you created
constable, you stand so much upon interroga-
tories? the purse is gone, let that fret you; and
the hat is gone, let that mad you; I run thus
through all trades to overtake them; if you'll be
quiet, follow me, and help; if not, fly from me,
and hang yourself: wilt thou buy any pippins?

[*Exit.*

Amp. Oh, how I grieve to see him thus trans-
form'd?

Yet from the circles of my jealous eyes,
He shall not start till he have re-possess'd
Those virtuous jewels; which found once again,
More cause they ne'er shall give me to complain.
Their worth shall be consum'd in murd'ring flames,
And end my grief, his riot, and our shames.

[*Exit.*

Enter ATHELSTAN, *followed by* AGRIPYNE, MONTROSE *and* LONGAVILE *having* Horns; LINCOLN *and* CORNWALL *enter after them.*

Athel. In spite of sorcery try once again ;
Try once more in contempt of all damn'd spells.

Agri. Your majesty fights with no mortal
power.

Shame, and not conquest, hangs upon this strife.
Oh, touch me not, you add but pain to pain,
The more you cut, the more they grow again.

Lin. Is there no art to conjure down this scorn?
I ne'er knew physic yet against the horn.

Enter CYPRUS.

Athel. See, Prince of Cyprus, thy fair Agripyne
Hath turn'd her beauty to deformity.

Cyp. Then I defy thee, Love; vain hopes, adieu!
You have mock'd me long, in scorn I'll now mock
you.

I came to see how the Lord Longavile
Was turn'd into a monster, and I find
An object which both strikes me dumb and blind.
To-morrow should have been our marriage morn,
But now my bride is shame, thy bridegroom scorn.
Oh, tell me yet, is there no art, no charms,
No desperate physic for this desperate wound?

Athel. All means are tried, but no means can
be found.

Cyp. Then, England, farewell! hapless maid,
thy stars,
Through spiteful influence set our hearts at wars.

I am enforc'd to leave thee, and resign
My love to grief.

Enter ORLEANS and GALLOWAY.

Agri. All grief to Agripyne.

Cyp. Adieu ! I would say more had I a tongue
Able to help his master : mighty king,
I humbly take my leave, to Cyprus I ;
My father's son must all such shame defy.

[*Exit.*

Orl. So doth not Orleans ; I defy all those
That love not Agripyne, and him defy
That dares but love her half so well as I.
Oh, pardon me ! I have in sorrow's jail
Been long tormented ; long this mangled bosom
Hath bled, and never durst expose her wounds,
Till now, till now, when at thy beauteous feet
I offer love and life ; oh, cast an eye
Of mercy on me ; this deformed face
Cannot affright my soul from loving thee.

Agri. Talk not of love, good Orleans, but of
hate.

Orl. What sentence will my love pronounce
on me ?

Gal. Will Orleans then be mad ? Oh, gentle
friend——

Orl. Oh, gentle, gentle friend, I am not mad :
He's mad whose eyes on painted cheeks do doat ;
Oh, Galloway ! such read beauty's books by rote.
He's mad that pines for want of a gay flower,
Which fades when grief doth blast, or sickness lour,
Which heat doth wither, and white age's frost
Nips dead : such fairness, when 'tis found, 'tis lost.

I am not mad, for loving Agripyne,
 My love looks on her eyes with eyes divine;
 I doat on the rich brightness of her mind,
 That sacred beauty strikes all other blind;
 Oh, make me happy then! since my desires
 Are set a burning by love's purest fires.

Athel. So thou wilt bear her far from England's
 sight,

Enjoy thy wishes.

Agri. Lock me in some cave,
 Where staring Wonder's eyes shall not be guilty
 To my abhorred looks, and I will die,
 To thee as full of love, as misery.

Athel. I am amaz'd and mad; some speckled
 soul

Lies pawn'd for this in hell, without redemption,
 Some fiend deludes us all.

Corn. Oh, unjust fates,
 Why do you hide from us this mystery?

Lin. My Lord Montrose, how long have your
 brows worn

This fashion? these two feather springs of horn?

Mon. An Irish kern sold me Damasco apples,
 Some two hours since; and (like a credulous fool)
 He swearing to me that they had this power,
 To make me strong in body, rich in mind,
 I did believe his words, tasted his fruit,
 And since have been attir'd in this disguise.

Long. I swear that villain hath beguil'd me too.

Corn. Nay, before God, he has not cozen'd you;
 You have it soundly.

Long. Me he made believe,
 One apple of Damasco would inspire
 My thoughts with wisdom, and upon my cheeks

Would cast such beauty, that each lady's eye,
Which look'd on me, should love me presently.

Agri. Desire to look more fair, makes me more
foul* :

Those apples did entice my wand'ring eye,
To be enamour'd of deformity.

Athel. This proves that true, which oft I've
heard in schools,

Those that would seem most wise, do turn most
fools.

Lin. Here's your best hope, none needs to hide
his face,
For horned foreheads swarm in every place.

*Enter CHESTER bringing in ANDELOCIA dressed
like a French Doctor.*

Athel. Now, Chester, what Physicians hast
thou found?

Chest. Many, my liege, but none that have true
skill
To tame such wild diseases : yet here's one,
A doctor and a Frenchman, whom report
Of Agripyne's grief hath drawn to court.

Athel. Cure her, and England's treasury shall
stand,
As free for thee to use, as rain from heaven.

Mon. Cure me, and to thy coffers I will send,
More gold from Scotland than thy life can spend.

Long. Cure Longavile, and all his wealth is
thine.

And. He Monsieur Long-villain gra tanck you :
gra tanck your mashesty a great teal, artely by my

* " Fool" in the original; but *foul* in the language of those
times meant personal plainness, (see vol. i. p. 232), a sense more
agreeable to the whole speech.

trat: where be dis madam princeza dat be so mush tormenta? O Jeshu! one, two, an tree, four, an five, seez horn: ha! ha! ha! pardona moi prea wid al mine art; for by my trat, me can no point shose but laugh; ha! ha! ha! to mark how like tree bull-beggars *, dey stand. Oh, by my trat and fat, di divela be whoreson, scurvy, paltry, ill favour knave, to mock de madam, and gentillhome so: ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lin. This doctor comes to mock your majesty.

And. No by my trat la, but me lova musha, musha merymant: come, madam, prea artely stand still, and letta me feel you: dis horn, oh, 'tis pretty horn! dis be facile, easy for pull de vey; but, madam, this, oh be grand, grand horn! difficill, and very deep; 'tis perilous, a grand Laroon. But, madam, prea be patient, we shall take it off vell.

Athel. Thrice have we par'd them off, but with fresh pain,
In compass of a thought they rise again.

And. It's true; 'tis no easy matta to pull horn off; 'tis easy for pull on, but hard for pull off; some horn be so good fellow, he will still inhabit in de man's pate, but 'tis all one for tat, I shall snap away all dis: madam, trust dis down into your little belly.

* Bull-beggar and bull-bear were words of the same meaning as the modern bug-bear. Gable Harvey, in his pamphlet entitled "Four Letters and certain Sonnets, &c. &c. used both the former: "He proved a silly *bull-bear*; a very puff of wind; a thing of nothing:" and "some odd wits forsooth will needs be accounted terrible *bull-beggars*, and the only kill-cows of their age:" and again in Pierce's "Supererogation."

Agri. Father, I am in fear to taste his physicks;
First let him work experiments on those.

And. (*Aside.*) I'll sauce you for your infidelity.
In no place can I spy my wishing hat.

Long. Thou learned Frenchman, try thy skill
on me,

More ugly than I am, I cannot be.

Mon. Cure me, and Montrose's wealth shall
all be thine.

And. 'Tis all one for dat : shall do presently ;
madam, prea mark me : monsieur, shamp dis in
your two shaps so, now Monsieur Long-villain,
dis so : now dis, fear noting, 'tis eshelent medi-
cyne : so now cram dis in your guts and belly :
so, now snap away dese whoreson four divela :
ha ! ha ! is no point good ?

[*Pulls Montrose and Longavile's horns off**.

Athel. This is most strange.
Was't painful, Longavile ?

Long. Ease took them off, and there remains
no pain.

Agri. Oh, try thy sacred physic upon me !

And. No by my trat, 'tis no possibla, 'tis no
possibla ; all de mattra, all de ting, all de sub-
stance, all de medicyne be among his and his
belly : 'tis no possibla, till me prepare more.

Athel. Prepare it then, and thou shalt have
more gold,

From England's coffers, than thy life can waste.

And. I mush buy many costily tings dat grow

* The stage direction in the original, " Puts Galloway's horns off," was evidently an error.

in Arabia, in Asia, and America*, by my trat 'tis no possibla, till anoder time, no point.

Agri. There's nothing in the world, but may for gold

Be bought in England: hold your lap, I'll rain A shower of angels.

And. Fie! fie! fie! fie! you no credit le dokature? Ha, but vel, 'tis all one for tat: 'tis no mattera for gold: vel, vel, vel, vel, vel, me have some more, prea say noting, shall be presently prepara for your horns.

(*Aside.*) She has my purse, and yonder lies my hat.

Work brains, and once more make me fortunate. Vel, vel, vel, vel, be patient, madam! presently, presently, be patient! me have two, tree, four, and five medicines for de horn: presently, madam, stand you der: prea wid all mine art, stand you all der: and say noting, so: nor look noting dis vey: so; presently, presently, madam, snip dis horn off wid de rushes and anoder ting by and by! by and by! by and by! prea look none dis vey, and say noting. [*Gets his hat on.*]

* As the time of the present occurrence is supposed to be in the reign of *Athelstan*, this is a very striking proof (if any were now wanted) how utterly regardless the dramatic writers of our poet's age were of adapting their language or customs to the times or places described. The manners described are almost invariably English, and of the times in which they lived. *Agripyne*, in the next speech, speaks of gold as being in very common circulation in England, and talks of raining into this counterfeit physician's lap a shower of angels. But we are informed by *Rapin*, that it is said in the MS. Chronicle of the City of London, that Henry III. in 1253, coined a penny of pure gold of the weight of two sterlings, and commanded it to go for twenty shillings; and he observes, that if this be true these were the first pieces of gold coined in England.

Athel. Let no man speak, or look, upon his life!
Doctor, none here shall rob thee of thy skill.

And. So, taka dis hand: winck now prea artely
wid your two nyes: why so.

Would I were with my brother Ampedo.

[Exit with her.]

Agri. Help, father, help! I am hurried hence
per force.

Athel. Draw weapons! where's the princess?
follow him!

Stay the French doctor! stay the doctor there!

*[Cornwall and some others run out, and
enter presently.]*

Corn. Stay him? 'sheart, who dare stay him?
'tis the devil

In likeness of a Frenchman, of a doctor.

Look how a rascal kite having swept up

A chicken in his claws, so flies this hell-hound

In th' air, with Agripyne in his arms.

Orl. Mount every man upon his swiftest horse.
Fly several ways; he cannot bear her far.

Gal. These paths we'll beat.

[Exeunt Gal. and Orl.]

Lin. And this way shall be mine. *[Exit.]*

Corn. This way, my liege, I'll ride. *[Exit.]*

Athel. And this way I:

No matter which way, to seek misery. *[Exit.]*

Long. I can ride no way to outrun my shame.

Mon. Yes, Longavile, let's gallop after too:

Doubtless this doctor was that Irish devil

That cozen'd us; the medicine which he gave us,

Tasted like his Damasco villany.

To horse! to horse! if we can catch this fiend,

Our forked shame shall in his heart's blood end.

Long. Oh, how this mads me, that all tongues
in scorn,
Which way soe'er I ride, cry, 'ware the horn.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANDELOCIA, with AGRIPYNE, AMPEDO and
SHADOW.*

Agri. Oh, gentle Andelocia, pity me!
Take off this infamy, or take my life.

And. Your life? you think then that I am a
true doctor indeed, that tie up my living in the
knots of winding-sheets: your life? no, keep
your life, but deliver your purse: you know the
thief's salutation, stand and deliver! So, this
(*taking the purse*) is mine, and these (*pointing to
the horns*) yours: I'll teach you to live by the
sweat of other mens' brows.

Shad. And to strive to be fairer than God
made her.

And. Right, Shadow; therefore vanish; you
have made me turn juggler, and cry hey-pass,
but your horns shall not repass.

Agri. Oh, gentle Andelocia!

And. Andelocia is a nettle; if you touch him
gently he'll sting you.

Shad. Or a rose; if you pull his sweet stalk,
he'll prick you.

And. Therefore not a word! go, trudge to
your father! sigh not for your purse, money may
be got by you, as well as by the little Welsh wo-
man in Cyprus*, that had but one horn in her

* Our poet in all probability here alludes to some instance at
that time, well known of a person with horns. Two instances
are mentioned in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" of the same

head, you have two ; and perhaps you shall cast both, as you use me ; mark these words well, *as you use me* ; nay, you'd best fly, I'll not endure one word more. Yet stay too, because you entreat me so gently, and that I'll make some amends to your father, although I care not for any king in Christendom ; yet hold you, take this apple, eat it as you go to court, and your horns shall play the cowards and fall from you.

Agri. Oh, gentle Andelocia——

And. Nay, away ; not a word.

Shad. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Wear horns.

[*Exit Agri. weeping.*]

And. Why dost thou laugh, Shadow ?

Shad. To see what a horn plague follows covetousness and pride.

Amp. Brother, what mysteries lie in all this ?

And. Tricks, Ampedo, tricks, devices, and mad hieroglyphics, mirth, mirth, and melody ! Oh, there's more music in this, than all the gammoth* airs, and sol fa res in the world ; here's the purse, and here's the hat : because you shall be sure I'll not start, wear you this, you know his virtue ; if danger beset you, fly away : a sort of broken-shin'd, limping-legg'd jades run hobbling to seek us ; Shadow, we'll for all this have one fit of mirth more, to make us laugh and be fat.

Shad. And when we are fat, master, we'll do as all gluttons do, laugh and lie down.

And. Hie thee to my chamber, make ready my richest attire ; I'll to court presently.

kind, and the horns and picture of one woman are at present in the British Museum. * "Gammoth," i.e. gamut.

Shad. I'll go to court in this attire; for apparel is but the shadow of a man, but Shadow is the substance of his apparel. [*Exit Shadow.*]

And. Away! away! and meet me presently.

Amp. I had more need to cry, away to thee. Away, away, with this wild lunacy! Away with riots!

And. Away with your purity, brother! you're an ass: why doth this purse spit out gold but to be spent? Why lives a man in this world, to dwell in the suburbs of it, as you do? Away, sorren simplicity, away! are not eyes made to see fair ladies? hearts to love them? tongues to court them? and hands to feel them? Out, you stock, you stone, you log's end! Are not legs made to dance, and shall mine limp up and down the world after your cloth-stocking heels? you have the hat, keep it; anon I'll visit your virtuous countenance again; adieu! pleasure is my sweet mistress; I wear her love in my hat, and her soul in my heart: I have sworn to be merry; and in spite of fortune and the black-brow'd destinies, I'll never be sad. [*Exit.*]

Amp. Go, fool, in spite of mirth, thou shalt be sad.

I'll bury half thy pleasures in a grave
Of hungry flames; this fire I did ordain
To burn both purse and hat: (*Puts the hat in the fire.*) as this doth perish,
So shall the other: count what good and bad
They both have wrought, the good is to the ill,
As a small pebble to a mighty hill.
Thy glory and thy mischiefs here shall burn,
Good gifts abus'd to man's confusion turn.

Enter LONGAVILE and MONTROSE with Soldiers.

Long. This is his brother; soldiers, bind his arms.

Mont. Bind arms and legs, and haul the fiend away.

Amp. Uncivil! wherefore must I taste your spite?

Long. Art thou not one of Fortunatus' sons?

Amp. I am; but he did never do you wrong.

Long. The devil, thy brother has; villain, look here.

Mon. Where is the beauteous purse and wishing hat?

Amp. My brother Andelocia has the purse,
This way he'll come anon to pass to court;
Alas! that sin should make mens' hearts so bold
To kill their souls for the base thirst of gold.
The wishing hat is burnt.

Mont. Burnt? Soldiers, bind him.
Tortures shall wring both hat and purse from you;
Villain, I'll be reveng'd for that base scorn,
Thy hell-hound brother clap'd upon my head.

Long. And so will Longavile.
Away with him!

Mon. Drag him to yonder tower! there shackle him,
And in a pair of stocks lock up his heels;
And bid your wishing cap deliver you!
Give us the purse and hat, we'll set thee free;
Else rot to death and starve.

Amp. Oh, tyranny!
You need not scorn the badge which you did bear;

Beasts would you be, though horns you did not wear.

Mon. Drag hence the cur! (*Soldiers lead off Amp.*) Come, noble Longavile,

One's sure; and were the other fiend as fast,
Their prize should cost their lives: their purse
and hat

Shall be both ours: we'll share them equally.

Long. That will be some amends for harming me.

Enter ANDELOCIA, and SHADOW after him.

Mon. Peace, Longavile! yonder the gallant comes.

Long. You're well encounter'd.

And. Thanks, Lord Longavile.

Long. The king expects your presence at the court.

And. And thither am I going.

Shad. Pips fine! fine apples of Tamasco*; ha!
ha! ha!

Mon. Wert thou that Irishman that cozen'd us?

Shad. Pips fine; ha! ha! ha! no, not I; not Shadow.

And. Were not your apples delicate and rare?

Long. The worst that e'er you sold: sirs, bind him fast.

And. What, will you murder me? help! help!
some help!

* This unseasonable jesting of Shadow's, was not only dangerous but unnatural, as he could not be ignorant of the consequence of a discovery both to his master and himself: but Shadow was undoubtedly the clown or buffoon of the piece; and the propriety or impropriety of the speeches of these characters was seldom sufficiently attended to.

Shad. Help! help! help! [*Exit Shadow.*]

Mon. Follow that dog, and stop his bawling throat.

And. Villains! what means this barbarous treachery?

Long. We mean to be reveng'd for our disgrace.

Mon. And stop the golden current of thy waste.

And. Murder! they murder me! Oh, call for help!

Long. Thy voice is spent in vain; come, come, this purse!

This well-spring of your prodigality!

And. Are you appointed by the king to this?

Mon. No, no! rise, spurn him up!

(*Draws a curtain and discovers Ampedo in fetters and in prison* *).

Know you who's this?

And. My brother Ampedo? Alas, what fate Hath made thy virtues so unfortunate?

Amp. Thy riot, and the wrong of these two lords, Who (causeless) thus do starve me in this prison.

Long. Strive not, you're best; villains, lift in his legs.

And. Traitors to honour, what do you intend?

Long. That riot shall in wretchedness have end. Question thy brother with what cost he's fed, And so assure thou shalt be banquetted.

[*Exeunt Long. and Mont.*]

Amp. In want, in misery, in woe, and care,

* There is no stage direction to this effect in the original, neither is this, perhaps, sufficient; but I have before mentioned (vol. i. p. 93) that curtains were sometimes used as substitutes for scenes, and this must have been the resource on the present occasion I conceive.

Poor Ampedo his fill hath surfeited ;
 My want is famine, bolts my misery ;
 My care and woe should be thy portion.

And. Give me that portion ; for I have a heart
 Shall spend it freely, and make bankrupt
 The proudest woe that ever wet man's eye.
 Care with a mischief ! wherefore should I care ?
 Have I rid side by side with mighty kings,
 Yet be thus bridled now ? I'll tear these fetters.
 Murder ! cry murder, Ampedo, aloud :
 To bear this scorn our fortunes are too proud.

Amp. Oh, folly ! thou hast power to make
 flesh glad,
 When the rich soul in wretchedness is clad.

And. Peace, fool ! am not I Fortune's minion ?
 These bands are but one wrinkle of her frown ;
 This is her evening mask, her next morn's eye,
 Shall overshine the sun in majesty.

Amp. But this sad night will make an end of me.
 Brother, farewell ! grief, famine, sorrow, want,
 Have made an end of wretched Ampedo.

And. Where is the wishing hat ?

Amp. Consumed in fire.

And. Accursed be those hands that did de-
 stroy it ;
 That would redeem us, did we now enjoy it.

Amp. Wanton, farewell ! I faint ; death's frozen
 hand

Congeoals life's little river in my breast :
 No man before his end is truly bless'd. [*Dies.*

And. Oh, miserable, miserable soul !
 Thus a foul life makes death to look more foul.

Enter LONGAVILE and MONTROSE, with a Cord.

Long. Thus shall this golden purse divided be,
One day for you, another day for me.

Mon. Of days anon : say, what determine you,
Shall they have liberty, or shall they die?

Long. Die sure: and see, I think the elder's
dead.

And. Ay, murderers, he is dead. Oh, sacred
wisdom!

Had Fortunatus been enamoured
Of thy celestial beauty, his two sons
Had shin'd like two bright suns.

[They fix the cord round his neck.]

Long. Pull hard, Montrose.

And. Come you to strangle me? are you the
hangman?

Hell-hounds you're damn'd for this impiety.
Fortune forgive me! I deserve thy hate;
Myself have made myself a reprobate:
Virtue forgive me! for I have transgress'd
Against thy laws; my vows were quite forgot,
And therefore shame is fall'n to my sins' lot.
Riches and knowledge are two gifts divine;
They that abuse them both as I have done,
To shame, to beggary, to hell must run.
Oh, conscience, hold thy sting! cease to afflict me.
Be quick, tormentors! I desire to die;
No death is equal to my misery.
Cyprus, vain world, and vanity farewell,
Who builds his heaven on earth, is sure of hell.

[They strangle him.]

Long. He's dead: in some deep vault let's
throw their bodies.

Mon. First let us see the purse, Lord Longavile.

Long. Here 'tis; by this we'll fill this tower with gold.

Mon. Frenchman! this purse is counterfeit.

Long. Thou liest!

Scot! thou hast cosen'd me; give me the right,
Else shall thy bosom be my weapon's grave.

Mon. Villain! thou shalt not rob me of my due.

[*They fight.*

Enter ATHELSTAN, AGRIPYNE, ORLEANS, GAL-
LOWAY, CORNWALL, CHESTER, LINCOLN, and
SHADOW *with Weapons at one Door*: FORTUNE,
VICE, and *their Attendants at another Door.*

All. Lay hands upon the murderers! strike
them down!

For. Surrender up this purse, for this is mine.

All. Are these two devils, or some powers
divine?

Shad. Oh, see! see! Oh, my two masters,
poor Shadow's substances! what shall I do?
whose body shall Shadow now follow?

For. Peace, idiot! thou shalt find rich heaps
of fools

That will be proud to entertain a shadow.

I charm thy babbling lips from troubling me.

You need not hold them; see, I smite them down
Lower than hell: base souls sink to your heaven.

Vice. I do arrest you both my prisoners.

For. Stand not amaz'd, you gods of earth, at
this,

She that arresteth these two fools is Vice,

They have broke Virtue's laws, Vice is her ser-
jeant,

Her jailor, and her executioner.

Look on those Cypriots, Fortunatus' sons,

They and their father were my minions,

My name is Fortune.

All. O dread deity ! [*They kneel.*

For. Kneel not to me : if Fortune list to frown,
You need not fall down, for she'll spurn you down.
Arise ! (*To Mon. and Long.*) but fools on you
I'll triumph thus ;

What have you gain'd by being covetous ?

This prodigal purse did Fortune's bounteous hand
Bestow on them ; their riots made them poor,
And set these marks of miserable death
On all their pride ; the famine of base gold
Hath made your souls to murder's hands be sold,
Only to be call'd rich : but, idiots, see
The virtues to be fled ; Fortune hath caus'd it so,
Those that will all devour, must all forego.

Athel. Most sacred goddess——

For. Peace, you flatterer !

Thy tongue but heaps more vengeance on thy head.
Fortune is angry with thee, in thee burns
A greedy covetous fire ; in Agripyne
Pride like a monarch revels, and those sins
Have led you blindfold to your former shames ;
But Virtue pardon'd you, and so doth Fortune.

Athel. and Agri. All thanks to both' your sacred deities !

For. As for these metal eaters, these base thieves,

Who rather than they would be counted poor,
Would dig through hell for gold ; (*To Mon. and Long.*) you were forgiven

By Virtue's general pardon ; her broad seal
Gave you your lives, when she took off your horns.

Yet having scarce one foot out of the jail,
 You tempt damnation by more desperate means;
 You both are mortal, and your pains shall ring
 Through both your ears, to terrify your souls,
 As please the judgment of this mortal king.

Athel. Fair empress of the world, since you
 resign

Your power to me, this sentence shall be mine;
 Thou shalt be tortur'd on a wheel to death,
 Thou with wild horses shall be quartered.

Vice. Ha! ha! weak judge, weak judgment;
 I reverse

That sentence, for they are my prisoners;
 Embalm the bodies of those Cypriots,
 And honour them with princely burial;
 For those do as you please; but for these two
 I kiss you both, I love you, you're my minions.
 Untie their hands; Vice doth reprieve you both,
 I set you free*.

Both. Thanks, gracious deity!

Vice. Be gone: but you in liberty shall find
 More bondage than in chains; fools, get you hence,
 Both wonder with tormented conscience.

Long. Oh, horrid judgment! that's the hell
 indeed.

Mon. Come, come, our death ne'er ends if
 conscience bleed.

Both. Oh, miserable, miserable men!

[*Exeunt.*

For. Fortune triumphs at this, yet to appear

* I fear no better reason can be assigned for this strange deliverance than that the general conclusion of the play was to be more cheerful than it could have been if Montrose and Longaville had been led to execution.

All like myself, that which from those I took,
King Athelstan I will bestow on thee *.

And in it the old virtue I infuse:

But, king, take heed how thou my gifts dost use.
England shall ne'er be poor if England strive,
Rather by virtue, than by wealth to thrive.

Vice. Virtue? alas, good soul, she hides her
head.

Enter VIRTUE crowned, NYMPHS and KINGS attending on her, crowned with Olive Branches and Laurels. Music sounding.

Vir. What envious tongue said Virtue hides
her head?

Vice. She that will drive thee into banishment.

For. She that hath conquer'd thee; how dar'st
thou come,

Thus trick'd in gaudy feathers, and thus guarded
With crowned kings and muses, when thy foe
Hath trod thus on thee, and now triumphs so?
Where's virtuous Ampedo? See, he's her slave,
For following thee this recompense they have.

Vir. Is Ampedo her slave? why that's my glory.
The idiot's cap I once wore on my head,
Did figure him; those that (like him) do muffle
Virtue in clouds, and care not how she shine,
I'll make their glory, like to his, decline:
He made no use of me, but like a miser,
Lock'd up his wealth in rusty bars of sloth:

* As Athelstan had recently and very properly been rebuked by Fortune for his avarice, this second determination seems indeed to *be like herself*, and not calculated to promote the moral purposes of the drama; but I presume the poet considered this as a proper introduction to denote the national prosperity in the reign of his royal mistress.

His face was beautiful, but wore a mask,
And in the world's eyes seem'd a blackamore.
So perish they that so keep Virtue poor.

Vice. Thou art a fool to strive; I am more
strong,
And greater than thyself; then Virtue fly,
And hide thy face; yield me the victory.

Vir. Is Vice higher than Virtue? that's my glory.
The higher that thou art, thou art more horrid;
The world will love me for my comeliness.

For. Thine own self loves thy self: why on the
heads
Of Agripyne, Montrose, and Longavile,
(English, Scot, French) did Vice clap ugly horns,
But to approve that English, French, and Scot,
And all the world else, kneel and honour Vice;
But in no country, Virtue is of price.

Vir. Yes, in all countries Virtue is of price,
In every kingdom some diviner breast
Is more enamour'd of me than the rest.
Have English, Scot, and French, bow'd knees to
thee?

Why that's my glory too; for by their shame,
Men will abhor thee, and adore my name.
Fortune, thou art too weak, Vice thou'rt a fool,
To fight with me; I suffered you awhile
T' eclipse my brightness, but I now will shine,
And make you swear your beauty's base to mine.

For. Thou art too insolent; see here's a court
Of mortal judges, let's by them be try'd
Which of us three shall most be deified.

Vice. I am content.

For. And I.

Vir. So am not I.

My judge shall be your sacred deity*.

Vice. O miserable me, I am undone !

[*Exit Vice and her train.*

All. Oh, stop the horrid monster !

Vir. Let her run.

Fortune, who conquers now ?

For. Virtue, I see

Thou wilt triumph both over her and me.

All. Empress of heaven and earth !

[*They kneel.*

For. Why do you mock me ?

Kneel not to me, to her † transfer your eyes ;
There sits the queen of chance ; I bend my knees
Lower than yours : dread goddess, 'tis most meet
That Fortune fall down at thy conquering feet.
Thou sacred empress that command'st the fates,
Forgive what I have to thy handmaid done,
And at thy chariot wheels Fortune shall run,
And be thy captive, and to thee resign
All powers which heaven's large patent have made
mine.

Vir. Fortune, thou'rt vanquish'd : sacred deity,
Oh, now pronounce who wins the victory ;
And yet that sentence needs not ‡, since alone,
Your virtuous presence Vice hath overthrown ;
Yet to confirm the conquest on your side,
Look but on Fortunatus and his sons ;
Of all the wealth those gallants did possess

* This is beyond all question addressed to the queen.

† i.e. To Elizabeth.

‡ In this appeal to the queen, and then declaring a formal adjudication needless, the poet I think has evinced great address.

Only poor Shadow is left comfortless,
Their glory's faded, and their golden pride.

Shad. Only poor Shadow tells how poor they died.

Vir. All that they had, or mortal men can have,
Sends only but a shadow from the grave.

Virtue alone lives still, and lives in you,

I am a counterfeit, you are the true ;

I am a shadow, at your feet I fall,

Begging for these, and these, myself and all.

All these that thus do kneel before your eyes

Are shadows like myself; dread nymph, it lies

In you to make us substances. Oh, do it;

Virtue I am sure you love, she woos you to it.

I read a verdict in your sun-like eyes,

And this it is : Virtue the victory.

All. All loudly cry, Virtue the victory *.

Vir. Virtue the victory : for joy of this
Those self-same hymns which you to Fortune sung,
Let them be now in Virtue's honour rung.

THE SONG.

Virtue smiles; cry holyday!

Dimples on her cheeks do dwell;

Virtue frowns; cry welladay!

Her love is heaven, her hate is hell:

Since heaven and hell obey her power,

Tremble when her eyes do lour;

Since heaven and hell her power obey,

Where she smiles, cry holyday.

Holyday with joy we cry,

And bend, and bend, and merrily

Sing hymns to virtue's deity,

Sing hymns to virtue's deity.

As they all offer to go in, enter the two OLD MEN.

* This should have been, I conceive, a stage direction.

EPILOGUE AT COURT.

1 *Man.* **N**AY stay, poor pilgrims ; when I enter'd first

The circle of this bright celestial sphere,
I wept for joy, now I could weep for fear.

2 *Man.* I fear we all like mortal men shall prove
Weak, (not in love) but in expressing love.

1 *Man.* Let every one beg once more on his
knee,

One pardon for himself, and one for me,
For I entic'd you hither : oh, dear goddess !
Breathe life in our numb'd spirits with one smile,
And from this cold earth, we with lively souls
Shall rise like men (new born) and make heav'n
sound

With hymns sung to thy name, and prayers that we
May once a year so oft enjoy this sight,
Till these young boys change their curl'd locks to
white ;

And when grey-winged age sits on their heads,
That so their children may supply their steads ;
And that heaven's great Arithmetician,
(Who in the scales of numbers weighs the world)
May still to forty-two, add * one year more,

* The original reads "*and*," but as Elizabeth succeeded to the crown only in November, 1588, and the present play was printed in 1600, it seems certain that she could not have reigned more than forty-two years.

And still add one to one, that went before,
And multiply four tens by many a ten ;
To this I cry, amen.

All. Amen, amen.

1 *Man.* Good-night, dear mistress ! those that
wish thee harm,
Thus let them stoop under destruction's arm.
All. Amen, amen, amen.

FINIS.

And will not one to end that went before
And multiply four times by many a ten;
To the I say, and
The Answer, and
I say, Good-night, dear mistress! those that
Wish thee home,
That be, that sleep under the moon's eye,
No, I say, and

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible, appearing to be a long monologue or a series of short lines of poetry.]

BUSSY D'AMBOIS:

A

TRAGEDY.



BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

BUSSY D. A. H. H. H.

TRAINING

GEORGE CHATMAN

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THIS author was born in the year 1557; "but of what family," says Wood, "unless of that sometime of Stone Castle (of which they were owners) in Kent, I cannot tell." It has been asserted that he was born at Hitching-hill, in the county of Hertford; but there is no other authority for it, I believe, than that Brown in his *Britannia's Pastorals* calls him,

"The learned shepherd of faire Hitching-hill."

and this may as probably refer to a temporary residence there. In 1574 he went to the University, but Wood says it is doubtful whether first to Oxford or Cambridge, although it is certain he was sometime at the former, "where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy, and therefore I presume was the reason why he took no degree there." Warton, however, on the information of Mr. Wise, formerly Radcliffe's librarian, and keeper of the archives, at Oxford, states that he passed two years at Trinity College, Oxford, and about 1576 came to London. If this authority can be allowed sufficient, it is unlikely he was at all at Cambridge. On coming to town he commenced a friendship with the best poets and writers of his time; and was shortly after noticed by Sir T. Walsingham, whose son afterwards continued to countenance him; eventually he had the honour to rank among his patrons Henry, Prince of Wales, and Carr, Earl of Somerset; but the one dying, and the other being disgraced, it is questionable if he derived advantage equal to what he might have hoped from their distinguished notice; the share he had also in the writing of "*Eastward*"

Hoe" might have been a considerable hindrance to his advancement, although Wood is inclined to believe he held some situation under King James or his royal consort Anne. The death of Prince Henry seems to have affected him deeply, and in the dedication to his *Epicede* on that occasion, he says it "hath so stricken all my spirits to the earth, that I will never more dare to look up to any greatness; but resolving the little rest of my poor life to obscurity, and the shadow of his death, prepare ever hereafter for the light of heaven." Our knowledge of him is infinitely too scanty to allow of a judgment being formed of his circumstances; but from the general tenor of the above dedication, I am led to believe he had received assistance from Inigo Jones, whom he speaks of as a sincere and dear friend, and who, verifying what Chapman had said of him, at his death, which took place on the 12th of May, 1634, raised an elegant monument to his memory on the south side of the church of St. Giles in the Fields.

From the general accounts we may collect, that he was a pleasant and estimable man; Antony Wood says, "he was a person of most reverend aspect, religious, and temperate," adding with a not unusual dash of illiberality, "*qualities rarely meeting in a poet.*"

As an original writer, Chapman with few exceptions, confined himself to the drama, but was in his own time more regarded for his translations. He certainly ought not to be ranked amongst the dramatic writers of the first order, who adorned that distinguished period: but the comedies of "All Fools," and the "Widow's Tears," which have been republished in Reed's edition of Dodsley's old plays, are sufficient testimonials of his abilities. His translations are now but little known, and cannot perhaps be fairly appreciated; but that of Homer was much approved by such judges as Drayton and Waller, and Pope acknowledges that it was animated by a certain daring and fiery spirit, something like that which Homer himself might be supposed to write before he arrived at years of discretion. Although a voluminous writer he does not appear to have entered very early into the

literary world, as I do not find any piece of his writing before Ovid's Banquet of Sauce, A Coronet for his Mistress's Philosophy, and his Amorous Zodiac, 1595, to which is added, "The Amorous Contention of Phillis and Flora," a translation from a Latin poem, written by a Friar in 1400. In 1596 he began printing his Translation of Homer, and the whole appeared in 1600. In 1614 came out the "Odyssey," and shortly after, the "Batrachomyomachy," and the "Hymns and Epigrams." The same year he published "Andromeda Liberata; or, the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda." This was followed by a defence supposed to be written by himself, called "A free and offenceless Justification of a late published and misrepresented Poem, entitled, Andromeda Liberata;" and in 1616 by Musæus's Erotopœgnion. It appears also that, May 14, 1618, a book was licensed, called "Hesiod's Georgics," translated by G. Chapman; and on this subject Drayton, who compliments him highly, writes,

"Reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us
Musæus, Homer, and *Hesiodus*
Out of the Greek."

But Warton supposes it was never printed: he quotes, however, from the Register of the Stationers' Company, a book called, "Petrarkes seaven penitentiall Psalmes in Verse, paraphrastically translated, with other Poems philosophicall, and a Hymne to Christ upon the Crosse," written by G. Chapman.

The following is the list of his dramatic works, as given in the "Biographia Dramatica," and to which I have but a few observations to add:

The Fountain of New Fashions, 1598.

The Will of a Woman, 1598.

We only know these by being mentioned in Henslowe's list; as also,

The World runs on Wheels;

not having, it is supposed, been published. Of the last there is a prose work of Taylor the water-poet with the same title, published in 1623.

1. Blind Beggar of Alexandria, C. 4to. 1589.
Performed February 12, 1595, as appears from Henslowe's Account Book.
2. Humorous Day's Mirth, C. 4to. 1599.
3. All Fools, C. 4to. 1605. D. C.
4. Gentleman Usher, C. 4to. 1606.
5. Monsieur D'Olive, C. 4to. 1606.
6. * Bussy D'Ambois, T. 4to. 1607 ; 4to. 1608 ; 4to. 1641 ; 4to. 1646 ; 4to. 1657.
7. Cæsar and Pompey, T. 4to. 1607 ; 4to. 1631.
8. } Conspiracy of Byron, T. 2 Parts, 4to. 1608.
9. }
10. May Day, C. 4to. 1611.
11. Widow's Tears, C. 4to. 1612. D. C.
12. The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois, T. 4to. 1613.
13. Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, [1613.]
14. Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools, 4to. 1619.

This play has been universally given to Chapman on traditional authority ; but Langbaine, Oldys, and almost every other writer having noticed it thinks it questionable. " There is one particular in which this piece differs from all other plays in our own or any other language," says the Biograp. Dram. " which is its extending to seven acts." But this is not *strictly* correct ; " God his Promises," &c. &c. by Bishop Bale, if it has any division at all, is in seven acts ; and the Chinese play, on which Voltaire founded his Orphelin de la Chine, in Du Halde's History of China, has that number or more.

* In the list given in the " Biographia Dramatica," an edition of 1616 is mentioned ; but as that of 1646 is altogether omitted, I presume it is an error. The edition of 1641, from which I print, is professed in the title-page to be " much corrected and amended by the author before his death ;" and is followed with little more than typographical errors by the succeeding editions : as it varies, however, considerably in parts from those of 1607 and 8, I shall occasionally notice the alterations.

15. Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany, T. 4to. 1654.

16. Revenge for Honour, T. 4to. 1654.

The Fatal Love. A French tragedy.

Tragedy of Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son.

The two last are extracted from the books of the Stationers' Company, June 29, 1660 ; and were never printed.

He joined with Ben Jonson and Marston in Eastward Hoe, C. 4to. 1605. D. C. And

The Second Maiden's Tragedy

A MS. in the Lansdown collection has been attributed to him.

The tragedy which is now presented to the reader was not only extremely popular when it was written, but was acted with great applause after the author's death, and revived with equal success at the Restoration. It is perhaps needless to remind the reader that it hath been very severely criticized by Dryden in the dedicatory epistle prefixed to his "Spanish Friar," and it would be useless as well as arrogant to pretend that the censures of so judicious a critic and so great a poet are unfounded ; but it may not be improper to remark, and may be pleaded in excuse for our poet, that the incidents in the tragedies of that age (with the exception of those of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and a few others) are frequently too horrible to be pleasing, and the language too tumid and inflated to be deemed natural. The tragedies of "Lochrine ;" "Titus Andronicus ;" the "Second Part of Antonio and Mellida ;" the "Spanish Tragedy ;" "Tancred and Gismunda ;" and the "Revenger's Tragedy," may serve as proofs that our poet had precedents to excuse him ; and it is certain that some of these productions were very popular. The persons who then frequented the theatre seem never to have had "*their fill of blood and death ;*" and even those sentiments which are now with justice thought too horrible for utterance, were probably amongst those which were most applauded at the time. That speech of Hamlet, in the third act, in which he

is contriving damnation for his murderous uncle, appears (from the notes upon the passage) to have met with many imitators; and as it is not proposed to include the play in the present selection, some of our readers may be gratified by a quotation from the tragedy of "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany," by our author, which well deserves a place amongst them. The emperor must be supposed to be entirely at the mercy of his worst enemy, who then addresses him as follows:

Alex. In the presence of the empress,
The captive Prince of England, and myself,
Forswear the joys of heaven, the sight of God,
Thy soul's salvation, and thy Saviour Christ,
Damning thy soul to endless pains of hell.
Do this, or die upon my rapier's point.

Emp. Sweet lord and husband, spit thou in his face;
Die like a man, and live not like a devil.

Alex. What, wilt thou save thy life, and damn thy soul?

Alph. Oh, hold thy hand! Alphonsus doth renounce——

Emp. Sweet husband, think that Christ did die for thee.

Edw. Aunt, stop your ears, hear not this blasphemy.

Alph. Alphonsus doth renounce the joys of heaven,
The sight of angels, and his Saviour's blood,
And gives his soul unto the devil's power.

Alex. Thus will I make delivery of the deed; [*Stabs him.*
Die and be damn'd, now I am satisfied."

It may be observed further, that in an Essay upon Heroic Plays, which Dryden has prefixed to the "Conquest of Granada," he professedly disclaims being governed by the examples of Shakspeare and Fletcher, or being confined to the representation of what is either true or exceeding probable, and says, that an heroic play ought to be a representation (in miniature) of an heroic poem; and consequently that love and valour (each of them it is to be inferred as they have been represented in heroic poems) ought to be the subject. With respect to supernatural operations, 'tis enough (he tells us) that greater part of mankind have, in all ages, believed in the power of magic, and that there are spirits or spectres which have appeared; and this (he repeats) is a foundation

enough for poetry. This is a short account of what this great poet has urged in defence of such plays as the "Conquest of Granada," and which, it is presumed, is not wholly inapplicable to the present play. It appears from the text and from a note on Sully's "Memoirs," that Lewis de Clermont de Bussy D'Ambois was celebrated both for his personal accomplishments and his valour; that he was greatly in the favour of Monsieur, and that in an affair of gallantry with the Lady de Montsoreau he was killed by her husband and his domestics. The foundation of the play, therefore, is historical, and our poet has added as much both to the gallantry and the valour of his hero as suited his immediate purpose, and which may entitle him to the indulgence claimed by Dryden for the writers of heroic plays. Whether this indulgence should be accorded to the poet, must be left to that of his readers; but it may be hoped it will be deemed a sufficient apology for the insertion of this drama by the editor, and a satisfactory account why the number of comedies which have been and which will probably continue to be selected, so considerably exceeds the tragedies in this publication, as well as those of Dodsley and Reed.

PROLOGUE.

NOR out of confidence that none but we *
Are able to present this tragedy ;
Nor out of envy at the grace of late
It did receive ; nor yet to derogate
From their deserts, who give out boldly, that
They move with equal feet on the same flat ;
Neither for all, nor any of such ends,
We offer it, gracious and noble friends,
To your review ; we far from emulation
(And charitably judge from imitation)
With this work entertain you, a piece known
And still believ'd in court to be our own ;
To quit our claim, doubting our right or merit,
Would argue in us poverty of spirit,
Which we must not subscribe to : Field is gone†,
Whose action first did give it name, and one
Who came the nearest to him, is deny'd
By his gray beard to show the height and pride

* A prologue appears for the first time to the edition of 1641 ; the beginning of it is not unlike that prefixed to " Eastward Hoe."

† It appears from an account of the " English Stage," by Mr. Chalmers, that Field was originally one of the children of the Chapel, and played a principal part both in Cynthia's " Revels," and the " Poetaster" of Ben Jonson ; and that he was alive in 1632 ; between which period and 1641 (when the present Prologue seems to have been spoken) he must have died. He wrote two dramatic pieces, and assisted Massinger in the " Fatal Dowry."

Of D'Ambois' youth and bravery ; yet to hold
Our title still a-foot, and not grow cold
By giving it o'er ; a third man * with his best
Of care and pains, defends our interest ;
As Richard he was lik'd, nor do we fear,
In personating D'Ambois, he'll appear
Too faint, or go less, so your free consent
As heretofore give him encouragement.

* The third man here alluded to was probably Hart, who performed the part of D'Ambois with great applause, and who accepted a military commission under King Charles I. soon after the time that this Prologue was spoken ; and was a lieutenant of horse. He returned to the stage after the Restoration, and continued to perform with the highest approbation till the year 1682, when he retired.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry.

Monsieur.

Duke of Guise.

Montsurry.

Beaupre.

Bussy D'Ambois.

Barrisor.

L'Anou.

Pyrlot.

Brisac.

Melynell.

Friar.

Maffé, steward to Monsieur.

Nuncius.

Dutchess of Guise.

Tamyra.

Pero,

Charlotte, } waiting women.

Pyra,

Annabel.

*Ghost, Behemoth, Cartophylax, Murderers, Spirits, Attendants,
Pages, &c. &c.*

BUSSY D'AMBOIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter BUSSY D'AMBOIS in mean Apparel.

D'Amb. FORTUNE, not reason, rules the state of things;
Reward goes backwards, honour on his head;
Who is not poor, is monstrous; only need
Gives form and worth to every human seed.
As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose
(In forming a Colossus) if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly: so men merely great
(In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners, cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune)
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before
them;
Yet differ not from those Colossic statues,
Which with heroic forms without o'erspread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.
Man is a torch borne in the wind; a dream
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
And as great seamen using all their wealth

And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
 In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
 To put a girdle round about the world *,
 When they have done it (coming near their haven)
 Are fain to give a warning piece, and call
 A poor stayed fisherman, that never past
 His country's sight, to waft and guide them in :
 So when we wander furthest through the waves
 Of glassy glory and the gulfs of state,
 Topp'd with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
 As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
 We must to virtue for her guide resort,
 Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

[*He lies down.*]

Enter MONSIEUR attended by two Pages.

Mons. There is no second place in numerous
 state

That holds more than a cypher : in a king
 All places are contain'd. His words and looks
 Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove ;
 His deeds inimitable, like the sea
 That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracks,
 Nor prints of precedent for mean mens' facts :
 There's but a thread betwixt me and a crown ;
 I would not wish it cut, unless by nature ;
 Yet to prepare me for that possible fortune,
 'Tis good to get resolved spirits about me.
 I follow'd D'Ambois to this green retreat ;
 A man of spirit beyond the reach of fear,
 Who (discontent with his neglected worth)

* Puck, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," says,

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes."

Neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes ;
But he is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to bear state, and flourish ;
In his rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
None loathes the world so much, nor loves to scoff it,
But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.
What, D'Ambois ?

D'Amb. He, sir.

Mons. Turn'd to earth, alive ?

Up, man, the sun shines on thee.

D'Amb. Let it shine.

I am no mote to play in't, as great men are.

Mons. Callest thou men great in state, motes
in the sun ?

They say so that would have thee freeze in shades,
That (like the gross Sicilian gurmundist)
Empty their noses in the cates they love,
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee,
And thou wilt loathe lean darkness like thy death.
Who would believe thy metal could let sloth
Rust and consume it ? If Themistocles
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th' Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.
If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
He had not five times been Dictator there,
Nor four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas
(Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in Thebes)
Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
And paid his country nor himself their right ;
But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both
From imminent ruin ; and like burnish'd steel,
After long use he shin'd ; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us

Mutually profitable ; so our lives
 In acts exemplary, not only win
 Ourselves good names, but do to others give
 Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

D'Amb. What would you wish me?

Mons. Leave the troubled streams,
 And live where thrivers do, at the well-head.

D'Amb. At the well-head? Alas, what should

I do

With that enchanted glass? see devils there?
 Or (like a strumpet) learn to set my looks
 In an eternal brake*; or practise juggling,
 To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose;
 Or bear (like dames schoolmistresses their riddles)
 Two tongues, and be good only for a shift;
 Flatter great lords, to put them still in mind
 Why they were made lords: or please humorous
 ladies

With a good carriage, tell them idle tales,
 To make their physic work; spend a man's life
 In sights† and visitations, that will make
 His eyes as hollow as his mistress' heart;
 To do none good, but those that have no need;
 To gain being forward, though you break for haste
 All the commandments ere you break your fast;
 But believe backwards, make your period
 And creed's last article, I believe in God:

* I do not clearly understand the meaning here: it may be an allusion to the instrument supposed to be referred to in "Measure for Measure," or to a smith's brake, defined by Johnson to be "a machine in which horses unwilling to be shod are confined during the operation." See notes on Act II. Scene I. of "Measure for Measure."

† *Sighs* would be better I think.

And (hearing villanies preach'd) t' unfold their art
Learn to commit them; 'tis a great man's part.
Shall I learn this there?

Mons. No, thou need'st not learn,
Thou hast the theory, now go there and practise.

D'Amb. Ay, in a threadbare suit; when men
come there,
They must have high naps, and go from thence
bare:

A man may drown the parts of ten rich men
In one poor suit; brave barks, and outward gloss
Attract court loves, be in-parts ne'er so gross.

Mons. Thou shalt have gloss enough, and all
things fit
T' enchase in all shew thy long smothered spirit:
Be rul'd by me then. The old Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with
wings,
To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,
Which if her favourite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever. Then be wise;
Stay but awhile here, and I'll send to thee.

[*Exit.*

D'Amb. What will he send? some crowns? It
is to sow them

Upon my spirit, and make them spring a crown
Worth millions of the seed crowns he will send.

* Like to disparking noble husbandmen,
He'll put his plow into me; plow me up:
But his unsweating thrift is policy,
And learning-hating policy is ignorant
To fit his seed-land soil; a smooth plain ground

* The following four lines and a half are not in the edition of 1607 or 8.

But in such place as gives me the command *
Of all his other servants ; and because
His grace's pleasure is, to give your good.
His pass through my command, methinks you
might

Use me with more respect.

D'Amb. Cry you mercy.

Now you have opened my dull eyes, I see you ;
And would be glad to see the good you speak of:
What might I call your name?

Maff. Monsieur Maffé.

D'Amb. Monsieur Maffé? Then, good Mon-
sieur Maffé,

Pray let me know you better.

Maff. Pray do so,

That you may use me better. For yourself,
By your no better outside, I would judge you
To be some poet: have you given my lord
Some pamphlet?

D'Amb. Pamphlet?

Maff. Pamphlet, sir, I say.

D'Amb. Did your great master's goodness
leave the good

That is to pass your charge, to my poor use,
To your discretion?

Maff. Though he did not, sir,

I hope 'tis no rude office to ask reason,

How that his grace gives me in charge goes from
me?

* There is a stage direction in the original—"Table, chess-board, and tapers behind the arras;" it has certainly no allusion, I conceive, to any thing which passes in this scene, and should have been introduced in the next, where it seems certain that the King and the Duke of Guise play at chess.

D'Amb. That's very perfect, sir.

Maff. Why very good, sir ;

I pray then give me leave : if for no pamphlet,
May I not know what other merit in you
Makes his compunction willing to relieve you ?

D'Amb. No merit in the world, sir.

Maff. That is strange.

You're a poor soldier, are you ?

D'Amb. That I am, sir.

Maff. And have commanded ?

D'Amb. Ay, and gone without sir.

Maff. (*Aside.*) I see the man : a hundred
crowns will make him
Swagger, and drink healths to his grace's bounty ;
And swear he could not be more bountiful ;
So there's nine hundred crowns sav'd.—Here, tall
soldier,

His grace hath sent you a whole hundred crowns.

D'Amb. A hundred, sir ? Nay, do his highness
right ;

I know his hand is larger, and perhaps

I may deserve more than my outside shows :

I am a poet, as I am a soldier,

And I can poetise ; and (being well encourag'd)

May sing his fame for giving ; yours for delivering
(Like a most faithful steward) what he gives.

Maff. What shall your subject be ?

D'Amb. I care not much,

If to his bounteous grace I sing the praise,

Of fair great noses, and to you of long ones *.

* In the editions of 1607 and 8, the conclusion of this sentence is,

“ Of fair great noses, and to your deserts

The reverend virtues of a faithful steward ;”

What qualities, &c.

What qualities have you, sir, (beside your chain
And velvet jacket*) can your worship dance?

Maff. (Aside.) A pleasant fellow, faith: it
seems my lord

Will have him for his jester; and by'r lady
Such men are now no fools; 'tis a knight's place:
If I (to save his grace some crowns) should urge
him

T' abate his bounty, I should not be heard;
I would to heaven I were an errant ass,
For then I should be sure to have the ears
Of these great men, where now their jesters have
them:

'Tis good to please him, yet I'll take no notice
Of his preferment, but in policy
Will still be grave and serious, lest he think
I fear his wooden dagger †. Here, Sir Ambo ‡.

* I have before mentioned (see vol. II. p. 258) that the stewards of noblemen and gentlemen wore chains of gold; it is not improbable from the passage in the text and the following from Middleton's "A Mad World, my Masters," that a *velvet jacket* accompanied it.

“*Lieu.* Then alighting, she's privately received by Mr. Gum-water.

Fol. That's my grandsire's chief gentleman i' the chain of gold. That he should live to be a pander, and yet look upon *his chain and his velvet jacket.*”

† In the “Old Mysteries” the Devil was the source of entertainment to the vulgar: when the Moralities were introduced, his office was filled by the Vice; this latter had a dress peculiar to himself, and a *wooden dagger* was used by him in belabouring the actors. Shakspeare alludes to this instrument in the “First Part of Henry IV.” and in “Twelfth Night;” and Ben Jonson in his “Staple of News:”

“Here is never a fiend to carry him (the Vice) away: besides he has never a *wooden dagger*. I'd not give a rush for a *Vice that hath not a wooden dagger* to snap at every one he meets.”

D'Amb. How, Ambo, sir?

Maff. Ay, is not your name Ambo?

D'Amb. You call'd me lately D'Ambois, has your worship so short a head?

Maff. I cry thee mercy, D'Ambois.

A thousand crowns I bring you from my lord;
If you be thrifty and play the good husband, you
may make

This a good standing living; 'tis a bounty,
His highness might perhaps have bestow'd better.

D'Amb. Go, you're a rascal; hence! away, you
rogue.

Maff. What mean you, sir?

D'Amb. Hence! prate no more;
Or by thy villain's blood thou prat'st thy last:
A barbarous groom grudge at his master's bounty?
But since I know he would as much abhor
His hind should argue what he gives his friend,
Take that, sir, (*strikes him*) for your aptness to
dispute. [*Exit.*]

Maff. These crowns are set in blood, blood be
their fruit *. [*Exit.*]

It is not improbable that from the means he had recourse to to excite laughter, he was called the fool; and that his "staff of office" descended to buffoons, or licensed jesters of the court and nobility, as to this Maffé seems evidently to allude.

† In the editions of 1607 and 8, D'Ambois does not notice this changing of his name, and Maffé continues,

Lest he think

I fear his wooden dagger. Here, Sir Ambo,
A thousand crowns I bring you from my lord;
Serve God, play the good husband, you may make,"
&c. &c. &c.

* The edition of 1641, from which I print, reads, "*the fruit*;" but as it was in opposition to all the others, I presume it was unintentional.

Scene changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, DUKE OF GUISE, MONT-SURRY, DUTCHESS OF GUISE, TAMYRA, BEAUPRE, PERO, CHARLOTTE, PYRA, *and* ANNABLE.

K. Hen. Duchess of Guise your grace is much enrich'd,

In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her prime of youth,
(Dispos'd to court conditions) under the hand
Of your prefer'd instructions and command,
Rather than any in the English court,
Whose ladies are not match'd in Christendom,
For graceful and confirm'd behaviours,
More than the court where they are bred is equall'd.

Guise. I like not their court fashion, it is too crest-fall'n

In all observance; making demi-gods
Of their great nobles; and of their old queen
An ever-young, and most immortal goddess.

Mont. No question she's the rarest queen in Europe.

Guise. But what's that to her immortality *?

K. Hen. Assure you cousin Guise, so great a courtier,

So full of majesty and royal parts,
No queen in Christendom may vaunt herself;
Her court approves it; that's a court indeed;
Not mix'd with clowneries us'd in common houses;
But, (as courts should be) th' abstracts of their kingdoms,

* Both this and the preceding speech of Montsurry's are omitted in the editions of 1607 and 8.

In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold ;
 So is hers, amply, and by her inform'd.
 The world is not contracted in a man,
 With more proportion and expression,
 Than in her court, her kingdom : our French
 court

Is a mere mirror of confusion to it :
 The king and subject, lord and every slave,
 Dance a continual hay ; our rooms of state,
 Kept like our stables ; no place more observ'd
 Than a rude market-place ; and though our custom
 Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes,
 'Tis ne'er the less essentially unsightly,
 Which they would soon see, would they change
 their form

To this of ours, and then compare them both ;
 Which we must not affect, because in kingdoms,
 Where the king's change doth breed the subject's
 terror,

Pure innovation is more gross than error.

Mont. No question, we shall see them imitate
 (Though afar off) the fashions of our courts,
 As they have ever ap'd us in attire ;
 Never were men so weary of their skins,
 And apt to leap out of themselves as they ;
 Who when they travel to bring forth rare men,
 Come home delivered of a fine French suit :
 Their brains lie with their tailors, and get babies
 For their most complete issue ; he's sole heir
 To all the moral virtues, that first greets
 The light with a new fashion ; which becomes them
 Like apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men.

K. Hen. No question, they much wrong their
 real worth,

In affectation of outlandish scum;
 But they have faults, and we more * ; they foolish
 proud,
 To jet in other's plumes so haughtily;
 We proud, that they are proud of foolery,
 Holding our worths more complete for their vaunts.

Enter MONSIEUR, and D'AMBOIS richly dressed.

Mons. Come mine own own sweet heart I will
 enter thee.

Sir, I have brought a gentleman to court;
 And pray you would vouchsafe to do him grace.

K. Hen. D'Ambois, I think?

D'Amb. That's still my name, my lord,
 Though I be something alter'd in attire.

K. Hen. We like your alteration, and must tell
 We have expected th' offer of your service;
 For we (in fear to make mild virtue proud)
 Use not to seek her out in any man.

D'Amb. Nor doth she use to seek out any man:
 They that will win, must woo her.

Mons. I urg'd her modesty in him, my lord,
 And gave her those rights, that he says she merits.

K. Hen. If you have woo'd and won, then, brother,
 wear him.

Mons. Thou'rt mine, sweet heart; see here's
 the Guise's duchess; the Countess of Mount-
 surreau, Beaupre; come, I'll enseat † thee.

* The editions of 1607 and 8, read,

“ They foolish-proud,

To be the pictures of our vanity;

We proud, that they are proud of foolery.”

† Enseat seems to mean here, “ to enter amongst the number
 of their intimate friends.” It is found in the Fourth Book of
 Spencer's “ Fairy Queen,” and means there simply to enclose:

“ And bounteous Trent, that in himself *enseams*

Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streams.”

Ladies, you're too many to be in counsel: I have here a friend, that I would gladly enter in your graces.

D'Amb. 'Save you ladies.

Duch. If you enter him in our graces, my lord, methinks by his blunt behaviour he should come out of himself.

Tam. Has he never been courtier, my lord?

Mons. Never, my lady.

Beau. And why did the toy take him in th' head now?

D'Amb. 'Tis leap year, lady, and therefore very good to enter a courtier.

K. Hen. Mark, Duchess of Guise, there is one is not bashful.

Duch. No, my lord, he is much guilty of the bold extremity.

Tam. The man's a courtier at first sight.

D'Amb. I can sing prick-song, lady, at first sight; and why not be a courtier as suddenly?

Beau. Here's a courtier rotten before he be ripe.

D'Amb. Think me not impudent, lady; I am yet no courtier; I desire to be one, and would gladly take entrance, madam, under your princely colours.

Enter BARRISOR, L'ANOU, and PYRLOT.*

Duch. Soft, sir, you must rise by degrees; first being the servant of some common lady or

* In the editions 1607 and 8, these three do not enter until Barrisor's speech of, "What new-come gallant have we here?" nor is the conversation between D'Ambois and the Duchess to be found there; for immediately after the conclusion of D'Ambois's speech, "Think me not impudent," Guise asks the question, "Sir, know you me?"

knight's wife; then a little higher to a lord's wife; next a little higher to a countess; yet a little higher to a duchess; and then turn the ladder.

D'Amb. Do you allow a man then four mistresses, when the greatest mistress is allowed but three servants?

Duch. Where find you that statute, sir?

D'Amb. Why be judged by the groom-porter*.

Duch. The groom-porter?

D'Amb. Ay, madam, must not they judge of all gamings i'th' court?

Duch. You talk like a gamester.

Guise. Sir, know you me?

D'Amb. My lord?

Guise. I know not you: whom do you serve?

D'Amb. Serve, my lord?

Guise. Go to, companion†; your courtship's too saucy.

D'Amb. Saucy? Companion? 'Tis the Guise, but yet those terms might have been spar'd of the Guiserd‡. Companion? He's jealous by this light: are you blind of that side, duke? I'll

* The groom-porter was an officer of the court, whose business was to supply those who were invited to court Fêtes with cards, dice, &c. I know not if his office extended so far as D'Ambois mentions, although one presides, I am informed, at the hazard tables in London, and decides on all points in dispute.

† *Companion* (as has been observed by Stevens) is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays—as at present we say, *fellow*. So Brutus says to the intruding Poet, in “Julius Cæsar,” “Companion, hence;” and Doll Tear Sheet to Pistol, “I scorn you, scurvy companion.”

‡ As D'Ambois's language is in the highest degree affronting and contemptuous, I am not certain whether some jingling allusion is not meant to the goose-herd or gozzard, a driver of geese.

to her again for that. Forth princely mistress, for the honour of courtship. Another riddle.

Guise. Cease your courtship, or by heaven I'll cut your throat.

D'Amb. Cut my throat? cut a whetstone; young Accius Nævius*, do as much with your tongue as he did with a razor: cut my throat!

Bar. What new-come gallant have we here, that dares mate† the *Guise* thus?

L'An. 'Sfoot, 'tis *D'Ambois*! the duke mistakes him (on my life) for some knight of the new edition‡.

D'Amb. Cut my throat? I would the king feared thy cutting of his throat no more than I fear thy cutting of mine.

Guise. I'll do it by this hand.

D'Amb. That hand dares not do't; you've cut too many

* The person here mentioned was a famous augur, who being asked by Tarquinius Priscus, then King of Rome, whether that which he was thinking of might be effected, answered that it might. I was thinking, replied the king, whether this whetstone might be cut in pieces with a razor; upon which the augur is reported to have taken a razor and cut the whetstone in pieces in the king's presence.

† The word *mated* is several times used by Shakspeare; in the "Comedy of Errors," in "Macbeth," and in the "Taming the Shrew." In the two former it seems to mean *confounded*; but in the latter *matched*.

"*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad herself, she's madly *mated*."

And in this sense it seems used here.

‡ It is perhaps unnecessary to observe here, that the scene of this play is laid in the French court, or that the dramatic writers of our poet's time, Jonson perhaps excepted, were always regardless of this circumstance: their wit, humour, characters, under any circumstances are purely English, and of the times in which they lived. L'Anou alludes to a number of necessitous people, created knights by King James shortly after his accession.

Throats already, Guise, and robb'd the realm of
Many thousand souls, more precious than thine
OWN.

Come, madam, talk on; 'sfoot, can you not talk?
Talk on, I say. Another riddle.

Pyr. Here's some strange distemper.

Bar. Here's a sudden transmigration with
D'Ambois, out of the knights' ward*, into the
duchess's bed.

L'An. See what a metamorphosis a brave suit
can work.

Pyr. 'Slight! step to the Guise and discover
him.

Bar. By no means, let the new suit work,
we'll see the issue.

Guise. Leave your courting.

D'Amb. I will not. I say mistress, and I will
stand unto it, that if a woman may have three
servants, a man may have threescore mistresses.

Guise. Sirrah, I'll have you whipt out of the
court for this insolence.

D'Amb. Whipt? Such another syllable out o'
th' presence, if thou dar'st for thy dukedom.

Guise. Remember, poltroon.

Mons. Pray thee forbear.

D'Amb. Passion of death! were not the king
here, he should strew the chamber like a rush†.

Mons. But leave courting his wife then.

D'Amb. I will not: I'll court her in despite of
him. Not court her! come, madam, talk on;

* Our poet may perhaps allude to the persons at Windsor who are called poor knights.

† It must be remembered that in the time of our poet, apartments usually inhabited were strewed with rushes. See Stevens's note on the last scene in the "Second Part of Henry IV."

fear me nothing : well may'st thou drive thy master from the court ; but never D'Ambois.

Mons. His great heart will not down ; 'tis like
the sea

That partly by his own internal heat,
Partly the stars daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place
The divers frames, but chiefly by the moon,
Bristled with surges, never will be won,
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are
burst)

To make retreat into his settled home,
Till he be crown'd with his own quiet foam.

K. Hen. You have the mate. Another.

Guise. No more *. [Flourish short.

[*Exit Guise : then the King and Monsieur
whispering together.*

Bar. Why here's the lion scar'd with the throat
of a dunghill cock ; a fellow that has newly
shaked off his shackles ; now does he crow for
that victory.

L'An. 'Tis one of the best jigs that ever was
acted †.

* These are the passages I alluded to in a former note, which lead me to believe the stage direction there omitted belonged to this scene.

† A jig, in the time of our poet and long afterwards, was a dramatic composition in rhyme, and entirely sung. It was generally but not always of the comic and ludicrous kind. See Stevens and Malone's note in Act III. of "Hamlet;" and in "The Hog hath lost his Pearl," Act I. Scene I. where the player calls on Haddit, a poor author, for the *jig* he was to write for him ; which being produced, after much conversation, the player sings part at the request of Haddit, somewhat justly objecting to the length of the last line :

"And you that delight in trulls and minions,
Come buy my four ropes of hard Sir Thomas's onions."

Pyr. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be, trow ye?

L'An. Out of doubt, some new denizen lord; and thinks that suit newly drawn out o' th' mercer's books.

Bar. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fix'd imagination looking upon a bull-baiting, had a visible pair of horns grew out of his forehead: and I believe this gallant overjoyed with the conceit of Monsieur's cast suit, imagines himself to be the Monsieur.

L'An. And why not? as well as the ass, stalking in the lion's case, bare himself like a lion, braying all the huger beasts out of the forest?

Pyr. Peace, he looks this way.

Bar. Marry, let him look, sir; what will you say now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanket for him?

L'An. Faith I believe it for his honour sake.

Pyr. But if D'Ambois carry it clean?

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Bar. True, when he curvets in the blanket.

Pyr. Ay marry, sir.

L'An. 'Sfoot, see how he stares on us.

Bar. Lord bless us, let's away.

D'Amb. Now, sir, take your full view: how does the object please ye?

Bar. If you ask my opinion, sir, I think your suit sits as well as if it had been made for you.

D'Amb. So, sir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous jollity?

L'An. What's that to you, sir?

D'Amb. Sir, I have observ'd all your fleerings;

and resolve yourselves ye shall give a strict account for't.

Enter BRISAC and MELYNELL.

Bar. O miraculous jealousy ! do you think yourself such a singular object for laughter, that none can fall into the matter of our merriment but you ?

L'An. This jealousy of yours, sir, confesses some close defect in yourself, that we never dreamed of.

Pyr. We held a discourse of a perfumed ass, that being disguised in a lion's case, imagined himself a lion : I hope that touch'd not you.

D'Amb. So, sir : your descants * do marvellous well fit this ground ; we shall meet where your buffoonly laughers will cost ye the best blood in your bodies.

Bar. For life's sake let's be gone ! he'll kill us outright else.

D'Amb. Go at your pleasures, I'll be your ghost to haunt you ; an ye sleep on't, hang me.

L'An. Go, go, sir ; court your mistress.

Pyr. And be advised : we shall have odds against you.

D'Amb. Tush, valour stands not in number : I'll maintain it, that one man may beat three boys.

Bris. Nay, you shall have no odds of him in number, sir : he's a gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and ye shall not wrong him.

* Descant, we are informed by Sir John Hawkins, is a term in music, signifying that kind of harmony wherein one part is formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other.

Bar. Not, sir?

Mel. Not, sir: though he be not so rich, he's a better man than the best of you; and I will not endure it.

L'An. Not you, sir?

Bris. No, sir, not I.

D'Amb. I should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfumed musk-cats (being out of this privilege) durst but once mew at us.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that, sir? Follow us and try.

L'An. Come, sir, we'll lead you a dance.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

KING HENRY, GUISE, MONTSURRY, BEAUPRE,
and Attendants.

K. Hen. This desperate quarrel sprung out of
their envies

To D'Ambois' sudden bravery and great spirit.

Guise. Neither is worth their envy.

K. Hen. Less than either

Will make the gall of envy overflow :

She feeds on outcast entrails like a kite ;

In which foul heap, if any ill lies hid,

She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,

And hurls it all abroad, that all may view it.

Corruption is her nutriment ; but touch her,

With any precious ointment, and you kill her :

Where she finds any filth in men she feasts,

And with her black throat bruits it through the
world ;

(Being sound and healthful) but if she but taste

The slenderest pittance of commended virtue,

She surfeits of it, and is like a fly,

That passes all the body's soundest parts,

And dwells upon the sores ; or if her squint eye

Have power to find none there, she forges some :

She makes that crooked ever which is straight ;

Calls valour giddiness, justice tyranny ;

A wise man may shun her, she not herself ;

Whither soever she flies from her harms,

She bears her foe still clasp'd in her own arms :

And therefore, cousin Guise, let us avoid her.

Enter NUNCIUS.*

Nun. What Atlas or Olympus lifts his head
So far past covert, that with air enough
My words may be inform'd, and from their height
I may be seen, and heard through all the world?
A tale so worthy, and so fraught with wonder,
Sticks in my jaws, and labours with event.

K. Hen. Com'st thou from D'Ambois?

Nun. From him, and from the rest
His friends and enemies; whose stern fight I saw,
And heard their words before, and in the fray.

K. Hen. Relate at large what thou hast seen
and heard.

Nun. I saw fierce D'Ambois, and his two brave
friends,
Enter the field, and at their heels their foes;
Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms:
All which arriv'd at the evenest piece of earth
The field afforded, the three challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood
rank'd;
When face to face the three defendants met them,
Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike.
Like bonfires of contributory wood,
Every man's look show'd, fed with either's spirit;
As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death each took from other;
And so were life and death mix'd at their heights,
That you could see no fear of death, for life;
Nor love of life, for death: but in their brows

* See note, vol. ii. p. 305.

Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone ;
 That *life and death in all respects are one.*

K. Hen. Past there no sort of words at their encounter?

Nun. As Hector, 'twixt the hosts of Greece and Troy,

(When Paris and the Spartan King should end
 The nine years' war) held up his brazen lance
 For signal that both hosts should cease from arms,
 And hear him speak : so Barrisor (advis'd)
 Advanc'd his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
 Ripp'd up the quarrel *, and compar'd six lives,
 Then laid in balance with six idle words ;
 Offer'd remission and contrition too ;
 Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
 The others' dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last :
 But Barrisor's friends (being equally engag'd
 In the main quarrel) never would expose
 His life alone, to that they all deserv'd.
 And (for the other offer of remission)
 D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire,
 Sparkl'd and spit) did much much more than scorn
 That his wrong should incense him so like chaff,
 To go so soon out ; and, like lighted paper,
 Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes :
 So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed,
 That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois ;
 Pyrrhot with Melynell ; with Brisac, L'Anou :
 And then like flame and powder they commixt,
 So sprightly, that I wish'd they had been spirits,
 That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs must
 open,

* Explained the cause and origin of the quarrel.

Might as they open'd, shut, and never kill * :
 But D'Ambois' sword (that lighten'd as it flew)
 Shot like a pointed comet at the face
 Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck :
 Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts,
 From him, that of himself was free as fire ;
 Who thrust still as he pluck'd, yet (past belief!)
 He with his subtle eye, hand, body 'scap'd ;
 At last the deadly-biting point tugg'd off,
 On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely,
 That (only made more horrid with his wound)
 Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground ;
 But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
 And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger :
 Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
 Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
 Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
 (Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
 This way and that, as loath his curled brows
 (Which he had oft wrap'd in the sky with storms)
 Should stoop, and yet his radical fibres burst,
 Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth.
 So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
 Of ten set battles in your highness' war,
 'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre †.

* It is not improbable that Milton might have taken a hint from this beautiful passage.

" Yet soon he heal'd: for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die :
 Nor in this liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air."

PARADISE LOST, BOOK VI.

† Henry IV. then King of Navarre.

Guise. O piteous and horrid murder!

Beau. Such a life
Methinks had metal in it to survive
An age of men.

K. Hen. Such, often soonest end.
Thy felt report calls on; we long to know
On what events the other have arriv'd.

Nun. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes
Met in the upper region of a cloud,
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose revenge,
Entering with fresh powers his two noble friends;
And under that odds fell surcharg'd Brisac,
The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou;
Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angry unicorn in his full career
Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller,
That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
And ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Nail him with his rich antler to the earth,
So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou;
Who eyeing th' eager point borne in his face,
And giving back, fell back, and in his fall
His foe's uncurbed sword stop'd in his heart:
By which time all the life-strings of th' two other
Were cut, and both fell (as their spirit flew)
Upwards: and still hunt honour at the view.
And now (of all the six) sole D'Ambois stood
Untouch'd, save only with the others' blood.

K. Hen. All slain outright but he?

Nun. All slain outright but he;
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends,
(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd)

He kiss'd their pale lips, and bade both farewell;
And see the bravest man the French earth bears.

Enter MONSIEUR, and D'AMBOIS bare-headed.

D'Amb. Now is the time; you're princely
vow'd my friend,

Perform it princely, and obtain my pardon.

Mons. Else heaven forgive not me: Come on,
brave friend.

(They kneel to the king.) If ever nature held her-
self her own,

When the great trial of a king and subject
Met in one blood, both from one belly springing,
Now prove her virtue and her greatness one,
Or make the t'one the greater with the t'other,
(As true kings should) and for your brother's love,
(Which is a special species of true virtue)
Do that you could not do, not being a king.

K. Hen. Brother, I know your suit; these
wilful murders
Are ever past our pardon.

Mons. Manly slaughter
Should never bear th' account of wilful murder;
It being a spice* of justice, where with life
Offending past law, equal life is laid
In equal balance, to scourge that offence
By law of reputation, which to men
Exceeds all positive law, and what that leaves
To true mens' valours (not prefixing rights
Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs)
A free man's eminence may supply and take.

* Small portion. This word, sometimes though rarely used by modern author's, has been supposed, with great probability, to be derived from *espece*; and the following from Caxton's "Mirror of the World," chap. 1, quoted in support of the opinion:

"God's bounte is all pure—without one *espece* of evyll."

K. Hen. This would make every man that
thinks him wrong'd,
Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themselves,
Law menders and suppliers though mere butchers;
Should this fact (though of justice) be forgiven?

Mons. Oh no, my lord; it would make cowards
fear

To touch the reputations of true men *;
When only they are left to impe † the law,
Justice will soon distinguish murderous minds
From just revengers: had my friend been slain,
(His enemy surviving) he should die,
Since he had added to a murder'd fame
(Which was in his intent) a murder'd man;
And this had worthily been wilful murder:
But my friend only sav'd his fame's dear life,
Which is above life, taking th' under value,
Which in the wrong it did was forfeit to him;
And in this fact only preserves a man
In his uprightness, worthy to survive
Millions of such as murder men alive.

K. Hen. Well, brother, rise and raise your
friend withal

From death to life: and D'Ambois, let your life
(Refin'd by passing through this merited death)
Be purg'd from more such foul pollution;
Nor on your 'scape, nor valour more presuming,
To be again so daring.

D'Amb. My lord,
I loathe as much a deed of unjust death,
As law itself doth; and to tyrannize,

* See note, vol. ii. p. 390.

† To supply the deficiencies, see the quotation from Stevens
in a note, vol. i. 362.

Because I have a little spirit to dare,
 And power to do, as to be tyranniz'd ;
 This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled)
 I crave to double this my short life's gift,
 And shall your royal bounty centuple,
 That I may so make good what law and nature
 Have given me for my good : since I am free,
 (Offending no just law) let no law make
 By any wrong it does, my life her slave :
 When I am wrong'd and that law fails to right me,
 Let me be king myself (as man was made)
 And do a justice that exceeds the law :
 If my wrong pass the power of single valour
 To right and expiate, then be you my king,
 And do aright, exceeding law and nature :
 Who to himself is law no law doth need,
 Offends no law, and is a king indeed.

K. Hen. Enjoy what thou entreat'st, we give
 but ours.

[*Exeunt K. Henry, Mont. Beau. and attendants.*]

D'Amb. What you have given, my lord, is ever
 yours.

Guise. Who would have pardon'd such a murder?
 [*Exit.*]

Mons. Now vanish horrors into court attractions,
 For which let this balm make thee fresh and fair*.

* The remainder of this speech, and the next of D'Ambois, are not in the editions of 1607 and 8 ; while the next scene has sixty or seventy lines not in those of 1641, 46, or 57 : but as they neither forward or retard the progress of the drama, and are without intrinsic merit, I did not see that I was justified in introducing them, supposing the author's better judgment had decided otherwise.

And now forth with thy service to the duchess,
As my long love will to Montsurry's countess.

[*Exit.*

D'Amb. To whom my love hath long been
vow'd in heart,

Although in hand for show I held the duchess.

And now through blood and vengeance, deeds of
height,

And hard to be atchiev'd, 'tis fit I make

Attempt of her perfection, I need fear

No check in his rivalry, since her virtues

Are so renown'd, and he of all dames hated.

[*Exit.*

Enter MONSIEUR and TAMYRA.

Mons. Pray thee regard thine own good, if not
mine,

And cheer my love for that ; you do not know

What you may be by me, nor what without me ;

I may have power t' advance and pull down any.

Tam. That's not my study. One way I am sure

You shall not pull down me ; my husband's height

Is crown to all my hopes, and his retiring

To any mean state, shall be my aspiring :

Mine honour's in mine own hands, spite of kings.

Mons. Honour, what's that ? your second
maidenhead :

And what is that ? a word ; the word is gone,

The thing remains ; the rose is pluck'd, the stalk

Abides ; an easy loss where no lack's found.

Believe it, there's as small lack in the loss,

As there is pain i'th' losing : archers ever

Have two strings to a bow, and shall great Cupid

(Archer of archers both in men and women)
Be worse provided than a common archer?
A husband and a friend all wise wives have.

Tam. Wise wives they are that on such strings
depend,
With a firm husband joining a loose friend.

Mons. Still you stand on your husband; so
do all
The common sex of you, when you're encounter'd
With one ye cannot fancy: all men know
You live in court here by your own election,
Frequenting all our common sports and triumphs,
All the most youthful company of men:
And wherefore do you this? to please your husband?

'Tis gross and fulsome: if your husband's pleasure
Be all your object, and you aim at honour,
In living close to him, get you from court,
You may have him at home; these common put-offs
For common women serve; *my honour? husband?*
Dames maritorious*, ne'er were meritorious:
Speak plain; and say I do not like you sir,
You're an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye,
And I am answer'd.

Tam. Then I pray be answer'd:
For in good faith, my lord, I do not like you
In that sort you like.

Mons. Then have at you here:
Take (with a politic hand) this rope of pearl;
And though you be not amorous, yet be wise:

* The derivation of this word sufficiently explains its meaning; but I have never seen it elsewhere, and think it was probably coined by our poet for his present purpose.

Take me for wisdom ; he that you can love
Is ne'er the further from you.

Tam. Now it comes :
So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poison
Under a medicine as good cheap as it :
I will not have it were it worth the world.

Mons. Horror of death ! could I but please
your eye,
You would give me the like, ere you would loose
me :

Honour and husband ?

Tam. By this light, my lord,
You're a vile fellow ; and I'll tell the king
Your occupation of dishonouring ladies,
And of his court : a lady cannot live
As she was born, and with that sort of pleasure
That fits her state, but she must be defam'd
With an infamous lord's detraction :
Who would endure the court if these attempts
Of open and profess'd lust must be borne ?

Enter PERO with a Book.

Who's there ? Come on, dame, you are at your
book

When men are at your mistress ; have I taught you
Any such waiting woman's quality ?

Mons. Farewell, good husband. [*Exit Mons.*

Tam. Farewell, wicked lord.

Enter MONTSURRY.

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here ?

Tam. Yes, to good purpose.

And your cause is as good to seek him too,
And haunt his company.

Mont. Why, what's the matter?

Tam. Matter of death, were I some husband's
wife:

I cannot live at quiet in my chamber
For opportunities * almost to rapes.
Offer'd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee bear with him :
Thou know'st he is a bachelor, and a courtier,
Ay, and a prince : and their prerogatives
Are, to their laws, as to their pardons are
Their reservations, after parliaments,
One quits another : form gives all their essence :
That prince doth high in virtue's reckoning stand
That will entreat a vice, and not command :
So far bear with him : should another man
Trust to his privilege, he should trust to death :
Take comfort then (my comfort) nay triumph,
And crown thyself, thou part'st with victory :
My presence is so only dear to thee,
That other men appear worse than they be.
For this night yet, bear with my forced absence :
Thou know'st my business ; and with how much
weight,
My vow hath charged it.

Tam. True, my lord, and never
My fruitless love shall let† your serious honour ;

* I did not choose to disturb the text, as all the editions agree in this reading, but think we should read *importunities*, or perhaps, as more agreeable to the language of that age, *importunacies*, which Shakspeare has used more than once :

† " Be a hindrance to." So Hamlet :

" By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me."

Yet, sweet lord, do not stay, you know my soul
Is so long time without me, and I dead
As you are absent.

Mont. By this kiss, receive
My soul for hostage, till I see my love.

Tam. The morn shall let me see you?

Mont. With the sun
I'll visit thy more comfortable beauties.

Tam. This is my comfort, that the sun hath left
The whole world's beauty ere my sun leaves me.

Mont. 'Tis late night now indeed : farewell,
my light. [Exit.

Tam. Farewell, my light and life : but not in
him;

In mine own dark love and light bent to another.

Alas, that in the wane* of our affections

We should supply it with a full dissembling,

In which each youngest maid is grown a mother;

Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another :

Our loves like sparkles are that brightest shine,

When they go out ; most vice shows most divine.

Go, maid, to bed ; lend me your book ; I'll pray,

Not like yourself, for form. I'll this night trouble

None of your services ; make sure the doors,

And call your other fellows to their rest.

Pero. (*Aside.*) I will, yet I will watch to know
why you watch. [Exit.

Tam. Now all ye peaceful regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,

Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of waters,

Sadness of heart, and ominous secureness,

* All the editions agree in reading *wave*, which is evidently erroneous.

Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths ; and this charm'd
hour

Fix like the centre: make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand ; and great existence
(The maker's treasury) now not seem to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me :
They come ; alas, they come ; fear, fear and hope
Of one thing, at one instant fight in me :

I love what most I loathe, and cannot live.
Unless I compass that which holds my death :
(For life's mere death, loving one that loathes me*)
And he I love, will loathe me, when he sees

[*The vault opens.*

I fly my sex, my virtue, my renown,
To run so madly on a man unknown.
See, see a vault is opening that was never
Known to my lord and husband, nor to any
But him that brings the man I love, and me ;
How shall I look on him ? how shall I live
And not consume in blushes ? I will in ;
And cast myself off, as I ne'er had been. [*Exit.*

FRIER and D'AMBOIS *ascend out of the Vault.*

Frier. Come, worthiest son, I am past measure
glad,
That you (whose worth I have approv'd so long)
Should be the object of her fearful love ;
Since both your wit and spirit can adapt

* " For love is hateful without love again ;" is the reading of the two first editions.

Their full force to supply her utmost weakness :
 You know her worths and virtues, (for report
 Of all that know, is to a man a knowledge):
 You know besides, that our affections storm,
 Rais'd in our blood, no reason can reform.
 Though she seek then their satisfaction,
 (Which she must needs, or rest unsatisfied)
 Your judgment will esteem her peace thus
 wrought,
 Nothing less dear, than if yourself had sought :
 And (with another colour, which my art
 Shall teach you to lay on) yourself must seem
 The only agent, and the first orb move,
 In this our set, and cunning world of love.

D'Amb. Give me the colour, my most honour'd
 father,

And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

Frier. 'Tis this, good son : Lord Barrisor
 (whom you slew)
 Did love her dearly, and with all fit means
 Hath urg'd his acceptance, of all which
 She keeps one letter written in his blood :
 You must say thus then, that you heard from me
 How much herself was touch'd in conscience
 With a report (which is in truth dispers'd)
 That your main quarrel grew about her love,
 Lord Barrisor imagining your courtship
 Of the great Guise's duchess in the presence,
 Was by you made to his elected mistress ;
 And so made me your mean now to resolve her,
 Choosing (by my direction) this night's depth,
 For the more clear avoiding of all note
 Of your presumed presence ; and with this
 (To clear her hands of such a lover's blood)

She will so kindly thank and entertain you,
 (Methinks I see how;) ay, and ten to one,
 Show you the confirmation in his blood,
 Lest you should think report, and she did feign;
 That you shall so have circumstantial means,
 To come to the direct, which must be used:
 For the direct is crooked; love comes flying;
 The height of love is still won with denying.

D'Amb. Thanks, honour'd father.

Frier. She must never know
 That you know any thing of any love
 Sustain'd on her part: for learn this of me;
 In any thing a woman does alone,
 If she dissemble, she thinks 'tis not done;
 If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
 Give her her wish, she is not satisfy'd;
 To have a man think that she never seeks,
 Does her more good than to have all she likes:
 This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex;
 Which to reform, reason is too perplex:
 Urge reason to them, it will do no good;
 Humour (that is the chariot of our food
 In every body) must in them be fed,
 To carry their affections by it bred,
 Stand close.

Enter TAMYRA with a Book.

Tam. Alas, I fear my strangeness will retire
 him:
 If he go back, I die; I must prevent it,
 And cheer his onset with my sight at least,
 And that's the most; though every step he takes
 Goes to my heart, I'll rather die than seem
 Not to be strange to that I most esteem.

Friar. Madam.

Tam. Ah!

Friar. You will pardon me, I hope,
That, so beyond your expectation,
(And at a time for visitants so unfit)
I (with my noble friend here) visit you:
You know that my access at any time
Hath ever been admitted; and that friend
That my care will presume to bring with me,
Shall have all circumstance of worth in him,
To merit as free welcome as myself.

Tam. O Father, but at this suspicious hour
You know how apt best men are to suspect us,
In any cause, that makes suspicious shadow
No greater than the shadow of a hair:
And you're to blame: what though my lord and
 husband
Lie forth to-night? and since I cannot sleep
When he is absent, I sit up to-night,
Though all the doors are sure, and all our servants
As sure bound with their sleeps; yet there is one
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind:
He sees through doors, and darkness, and our
 thoughts;

And therefore as we should avoid with fear,
To think amiss ourselves before his search;
So should we be as curious to shun
All cause that other think not ill of us.

D'Amb. Madam, 'tis far from that: I only heard
By this my honour'd father, that your conscience
Made some deep scruple with a false report,
That Barrisor's blood should something touch
 your honour,
Since he imagin'd I was courting you,

When I was bold to change words with the
duchess,

And therefore made his quarrel ; his long love
And service, as I hear, being deeply vowed
To your perfections, which my ready presence
(Presum'd on with my father at this season,
For the more care of your so curious honour),
Can well resolve your conscience is most false.

Tam. And is it therefore that you come, good
sir ?

Then crave I now your pardon and my father's,
And swear your presence does me so much good,
That all I have it binds to your requital :
Indeed, sir, 'tis most true that a report
Is spread alledging that his love to me
Was reason of your quarrel, and because
You shall not think I feign it for my glory,
That he importun'd me for his court service,
I'll show you his own hand, set down in blood
To that vain purpose : good sir, then come in.
Father, I thank you now a thousand fold.

[*Exeunt Tam. and D'Amb.*

Friar. May it be worth it to you, honour'd
daughter. [*Exit Friar into the vault.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter D'AMBOIS, and TAMYRA with a Chain of Pearl.

D'Amb. Sweet mistress cease, your conscience
is too nice,
And bites too hotly of the Puritan spice.

Tam. Oh, my dear servant! in thy close embraces,
I have set open all the doors of danger
To my encompass'd honour, and my life :
Before I was secure against death and hell ;
But now am subject to the heartless fear
Of every shadow, and of every breath,
And would change firmness with an aspen-leaf :
So confident a spotless conscience is ;
So weak a guilty : oh, the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us ! and the tyranny
He exercises when he hath expugn'd :
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mix'd with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing
To stir abroad on earth, but their own rages,
Is sin, when it hath gathered head above us,
No roof, no shelter can secure us so ;
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

D'Amb. Sin is a coward, madam, and insults
But on our weakness, in his truest valour :
And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
His shadows fright us ; and like empty clouds

In which our faulty apprehensions forge
 The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,
 When they hold no proportion, the sly charms
 Of the witch policy makes him, like a monster
 Kept only to show men for servile money :
 That false hag often paints him in her cloth
 Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth :
 In three of us, the secret of our meeting,
 Is only guarded, and three friends as one
 Have ever been esteem'd : as our three powers
 That in one soul, are, as in one united :
 Why should we fear then ? for myself I swear
 Sooner shall torture be the sire to pleasure,
 And health be grievous to one long time sick,
 Than the dear jewel of your fame in me,
 Be made an outcast to your infamy ;
 Nor shall my value (sacred to your virtues)
 Only give free course to it, from myself ;
 But make it fly out of the mouths of kings
 In golden vapours, and with awful wings *.

Tam. It rests as all kings seals were set in thee.
 Now let us call my father, whom I swear
 I could extremely chide, but that I fear
 To make him so suspicious of my love,
 Of which (sweet servant) do not let him know
 For all the world.

D'Amb. Alas ! he will not think it.

Tam. Come then. Ho ! father, ope, and take
 your friend. [*The Friar ascends.*]

Friar. Now honour'd daughter, is your doubt
 resolv'd ?

Tam. Ay, father, but you went away too soon.

* In the editions of 1607 and 8, Bussy D'Ambois here quits the stage, and Tamyra being left alone commences with the soliloquy—"It is not I, but urgent destiny."

Friar. Too soon?

Tam. Indeed you did, you should have stayed ;
Had not your worthy friend been of your bringing,
And that contains all laws to temper me,
Not all the fearful danger that besieged us,
Had aw'd my throat from exclamation.

Frior. I know your serious disposition well.
Come, son, the morn comes on :

D'Amb. Now, honour'd mistress,
Till farther service call, all bliss supply you.

Tam. And you this chain of pearl, and my
love only.

[*Exeunt Friar and D'Amb. into the vault.*]

It is not I, but urgent destiny,
That (as great statesmen for their general end
In politic justice, make poor men offend)
Enforceth my offence to make it just :
What shall weak dames do, when th' whole work
of Nature

Hath a strong finger in each one of us ?
Needs must that sweep away the silly cobweb
Of our still undone labours ; that lays still
Our powers to it : as to the line, the stone,
Not to the stone, the line should be oppos'd.
We cannot keep our constant course in virtue :
What is alike at all parts ? every day
Differs from other : every hour and minute :
Ay, every thought in our false clock of life,
Oft times inverts the whole circumference :
We must be sometimes one, sometimes another :
Our bodies are but thick clouds to our souls ;
Through which they cannot shine when they
desire :

When all the stars, and even the sun himself,
Must stay the vapours' times that he exhales

Before he can make good his beams to us ;
Oh ! how can we, that are but motes to him,
Wand'ring at random in his ordered rays,
Disperse our passion's fumes, with our weak
labours,
That are more thick and black than all earth's
vapours ?

Enter MONTSURRY.

Mont. Good day, mylove : what up and ready
too !

Tam. Both, (my dear lord), not all this night
made I

Myself unready, or could sleep a wink.

Mont. Alas, what troubled my true love, my
peace,

From being at peace within her better self ?
Or how could sleep forbear to seize thine eyes
When he might challenge them as his just prize ?

Tam. I am in no power earthly, but in yours ;
To what end should I go to bed, my lord,
That wholly miss'd the comfort of my bed ?
Or how should sleep possess my faculties,
Wanting the proper closer of mine eyes ?

Mont. Then will I never more sleep night from
thee :

All mine own business, all the king's affairs,
Shall take the day to serve them : every night
I'll ever dedicate to thy delight.

Tam. Nay, good my lord, esteem not my de-
sires

Such doters on their humours, that my judgment
Cannot subdue them to your worthier pleasure :
A wife's pleas'd husband must her object be
In all her acts, not her sooth'd fantasy.

Mont. Then come, my love, now pay those rites to sleep

Thy fair eyes owe him : shall we now to bed ?

Tam. Oh no, my lord, your holy friar says
All couplings in the day that touch the bed,
Adulterous are, even in the married ;
Whose grave and worthy doctrine, well I know
Your faith in him will liberally allow.

Mont. He's a most learned and religious man :
Come to the presence then, and see great D'Ambois
(Fortune's proud mushroom shot up in a night)
Stand like an Atlas under our king's arm ;
Which greatness with him Monsieur now envies
As bitterly and deadly as the Guise.

Tam. What, he that was but yesterday his maker,
His raiser and preserver ?

Mont. Even the same.
Each natural agent works but to this end,
To render that it works on, like itself ;
Which since the Monsieur in his act on D'Ambois
Cannot to his ambitious end effect,
But that (quite opposite) the king hath power
(In his love borne to D'Ambois) to convert
The point of Monsieur's aim on his own breast,
He turns his outward love to inward hate :
A prince's love is like the lightning's fume,
Which no man can embrace, but must consume.

[*Exeunt.*

A Room in the King's Palace. K. HENRY, D'AMBOIS, MONSIEUR, GUISE, DUTCHESS, ANNABEL, CHARLOTTE, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Speak home, Bussy, thy impartial words
Are like brave falcons, that dare truss a fowl

Much greater than themselves ; flatterers are kites
That check * at sparrows ; thou shalt be my eagle,
And bear my thunder underneath thy wings :
Truth's words like jewels hang in the ears of kings.

D'Amb. Would I might live to see no Jews
hang there

Instead of jewels ; sycophants I mean,
Who use truth like the devil, his true foe,
Cast by the angel to the pit of fears,
And bound in chains ; truth seldom decks king's
ears :

Slave flattery (like a rippier's legs roll'd up
In boots of hay-ropes †) with king's soothed guts
Swaddled and strappl'd, now lives only free.
Oh, 'tis a subtle knave ! how like the plague

* So Sir Toby Belch, in "Twelfth Night:"

"With what wing the stannyl *checks* at it."

Where Stevens has illustrated the word with an extract from Latham's "Book of Falconry." "To *check*, is when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them."

† "Rippiers," are those dealers in fish that carry them from the place where they are caught or landed to the interior of the country. So in the "Widow's Tears," of our poet, Tharsalio says to his brother, "I can send you speedier advertisement of her constancy by the next *riper that rides that way with mackarel*." He further alludes to a practice, not uncommon amongst our homely ancestors, and still sometimes seen, of having their legs wrapped round with haybands to serve them instead of boots. Ben Jonson alludes (less directly) to this custom in "Every Man in his Humour:"

"*Step.* O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again.

Brain. Why you may have my master's gelding to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I have *no boots*, that's the spite on't.

Brain. Why a fine *wisp of key roll'd hard*, Master Stephen."

Unfelt, he strikes into the brain of man,
 And rageth in his entrails when he can,
 Worse than the poison of a red-hair'd man*?

K. Hen. Fly at him and his brood, I cast thee
 off,

And once more give thee surname of mine eagle.

D'Amb. I'll make you sport enough then, let
 me have

My lucerns † too, (or dogs inur'd to hunt
 Beasts of most rapine) but to put them up,
 And if I truss not, let me not be trusted :
 Show me a great man (by the people's voice,
 Which is the voice of God) that by his greatness
 Bumbasts ‡ his private roofs, with public riches ;

* The singular dislike entertained by the people of our poet's age to *red hair*, sufficiently appears from the writings of the time. *Judas* is constantly represented to us as *red haired* by their painters as well as poets. Innumerable instances may be adduced of this; and many have been by Stevens in a note on Act I. of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where Mr. Tollet observes, "This conceit is thought to have arisen in England from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired Danes*." Hecate, in Middleton's "Witch," among other ingredients necessary to be used in her charm to procure the death of Almachildes, directs Firestone to fetch

"Three ounces of the *red-haired* girl."

† "My *lucerns* too." The word seems evidently used here to denote a certain species of dogs; but in the "Beggar's Bush" of Beaumont and Fletcher, it means a wild animal, sometimes hunted. Hubert, who personates a huntsman, says,

"The pole-cat, martern, and the *rich-skin'd lucern*
 I know to *chase*."

And we are informed in a note, that the *lucern* is nearly the size of a wolf, and that it is covered with an exceedingly rich fur.

‡ *i. e.* Stuffs. It is frequently used in that sense by the contemporaries of our poet. So in the "Second Part of the Honest Whore," by Dekker, Matheo says, "Is this satin doublet to be *bombasted* with broken meat?"

That affects royalty, rising from a clapdish * ;
 That rules so much more by his suffering king,
 That he makes kings of his subordinate slaves :
 Himself and them graduate † (like woodmongers
 Piling a stack of billets) from the earth,
 Raising each other into steeples' heights ;
 Let him convey this on the turning props
 Of protean law, and (his own counsel keeping)
 Keep all upright ; let me but hawk at him,
 I'll play the vulture, and so thump his liver,
 That (like a huge unlading Argosea)
 He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.
 Show me a clergyman, that is in voice
 A lark of heaven, in heart a mole of earth ;
 That hath good living, and a wicked life ;
 A temperate look, and a luxurious gut ;
 Turning the rents of his superfluous cures
 Into your pheasants and your partridges ;
 Venting their quintessence as men read Hebrew ‡ :
 Let me but hawk at him, and, like the other,
 He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.
 Show me a lawyer that turns sacred law
 (The equal renderer of each man his own,
 The scourge of rapine and extortion,
 The sanctuary and impregnable defence
 Of retir'd learning, and besieged virtue)

* *i. e.* Who being born a beggar assumes the appearance of one of the highest rank. The *clapdish* has here the same meaning with *clack-dish* in "Measure for Measure." Beggars, in the time of our poet, used to proclaim their wants by a wooden dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked or clapped to show that the dish was empty. See notes on a passage of Act III. of "Measure for Measure."

† "Graduate," *i. e.* ascend by steps.

‡ *i. e.* Backwards.

Into a harpy, that eats all but 's own,
Into the damned sins it punisheth ;
Into the synagogue of thieves and atheists ;
Blood into gold, and justice into lust :
Let me but hawk at him, as at the rest,
He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.

Enter MONTSURRY, TAMYRA, *and* PERO.

Guise. Where will you find such game as you
would hawk at ?

D'Amb. I'll hawk about your house for one
of them.

Guise. Come, you're a glorious ruffian, and run
proud
Of the king's headlong graces ; hold your breath !
Or by that poison'd vapour, not the king
Shall back your murderous valour against me.

D'Amb. I would the king would make his pre-
sence free

But for one bout betwixt us : by the reverence
Due to the sacred space 'twixt kings and subjects,
Here would I make thee cast that popular purple,
In which thy proud soul sits and braves thy so-
vereign.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

D'Amb. Let him peace first that made the first
war.

Mons. He's the better man.

D'Amb. And therefore may do worst.

Mons. He has more titles.

D'Amb. So Hydra had more heads.

Mons. He's greater known.

D'Amb. His greatness is the people's, mine's
mine own.

Mons. He's nobly born.

D'Amb. He is not, I am noble.
And nobless in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit.

Guise. Thou'rt not nobly born,
But bastard to the Cardinal of Ambois.

D'Amb. Thou liest, proud Guiserd ; let me fly,
my lord.

K. Hen. Not in my face ; (my eagle) violence
flies
The sanctuaries of a prince's eyes.

D'Amb. Still shall we chide ? and foam upon
this bit ?

Is the Guise only great in faction ?
Stands he not by himself ? proves he th' opinion
That mens' souls are without them ? Be a duke*,
And lead me to the field.

Guise. Come, follow me.

K. Hen. Stay them ; stay, D'Ambois ; cousin
Guise, I wonder

Your honour'd disposition brooks so ill
A man so good, that only would uphold
Man in his native nobless, from whose fall
All our dissensions rise ; that in himself
(Without the outward patches of our frailty,
Riches and honour) knows he comprehends
Worth with the greatest : kings had never borne
Such boundless empire over other men,
Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of D'Am-
bois ;

Nor had the full impartial hand of nature,
That all things gave in her original,

* *Duke* is here used in its primitive sense of *leader*.

Without these definite terms of mine and thine,
 Been turn'd unjustly to the hand of Fortune,
 Had all preserv'd her in her prime, like D'Ambois;
 No envy, no disjunction had dissolv'd,
 Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden faggot,
 In which the world of Saturn bound our lives,
 Had all been held together with the nerves,
 The genius and the ingenuous soul of D'Ambois.
 Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod
 To part and reconcile *, and so conserve you,
 As my combin'd embracers and supporters.

D'Amb. 'Tis our king's motion, and we shall
 not seem

(To worst eyes) womanish, though we change
 thus soon

Never so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Guise. I seal to that, and so the manly freedom
 That you so much profess, hereafter prove not.
 A bold and glorious licence to deprave :
 To me his hand shall hold the Hermean virtue
 His grace affects, in which submissive sign
 On this his sacred right hand, I lay mine.

D'Amb. 'Tis well my lord, and so your worthy
 greatness

Decline not to the greater insolence,
 Nor make you think it a prerogative,
 To rack men's freedoms with the ruder wrongs ;
 My hand (stuck full of laurel, in true sign
 'Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)
 In all submission kisseth th' other side.

* Our poet alludes here to the caduceus, or rod of Mercury, who, seeing two serpents fighting, put his rod between them, on which they mutually embraced each other and stuck to the rod.

K. Hen. Thanks to ye both : and kindly I invite ye

Both to a banquet where we'll sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of your loves ;
At which (fair ladies) I entreat your presence *.
And hope you, madam, will take one carouse
For reconcilment of your lord and servant.

Duch. If I should fail, my lord, some other lady
Would be found there to do that for my servant.

Mons. Any of these here ?

Duch. Nay, I know not that.

D'Amb. Think your thoughts, like my mistress, honour'd lady ?

Tam. I think not on you, sir, you're one I know not.

D'Amb. Cry you mercy, madam.

[*Exeunt K. Hen. D'Amb. and Ladies.*]

Mont. Oh, sir, has she met you ?

Mons. What had my bounty drunk when it rais'd him ?

Guise. You've stuck us up a very worthy flag,
That takes more wind than we with all our sails.

Mons. Oh, so he spreads and flourishes.

Guise. He must down,
Upstarts should never perch too near a crown.

Mons. 'Tis true, my lord ; and as this doting hand,

Even out of earth, (like Juno) struck this giant,
So Jove's great ordnance shall be here employ'd†

* In the editions of 1607 and 8, the King, D'Ambois, and ladies leave the stage, so that the address of the former to the Duchess, and of D'Ambois to Tamira are altogether omitted.

† "ImPLY'd" is the reading of all the quartos, and I am not certain that I am justified in the alteration.

To strike him under th' Ætna of his pride :
 To which work lend your hands and let us cast
 Where we may set snares for his ranging greatness :
 I think it best, amongst our greatest women ;
 For there is no such trap to catch an upstart
 As a loose downfall : for you know their falls
 Are th' ends of all men's rising : if great men
 And wise make scapes * to please advantage,
 'Tis with a woman : women that worst may
 Still hold men's candles : they direct and know
 All things amiss in all men ; and their women
 All things amiss in them : through whose charm'd
 mouths

We may see all the close scapes of the court :
 When the most royal beast of chase, the hart,
 (Being old, and cunning in his layers and haunts)
 Can never be discovered to the bow,
 The piece, or hound : yet where (behind some
 queich †)

He breaks his gall, and rutteth with his hind,
 The place is mark'd, and by his venery
 He still is taken. Shall we then attempt
 The chiefest mean to that discovery here,
 And court our greatest lady's chiefest women,

* A passage a few lines hence nearly explains the word. Shakspeare has used it in the " Winter's Tale," when the Shepherd, in Act III. discovers the child, he exclaims : " A pretty one ; a very pretty one : sure some *scape* : though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the *scape*."

† Queachy or queathy means usually *damp or marshy* ; but I believe an instance may be adduced of its use in a sense more agreeable to the one in the text, from the play attributed to our author, called, " Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools : " " Thou lookest too near hand, as if a man would spye for a wood-cocke in the next *queath* of bushes." It is also explained in Cockeram's Dictionary, 1650, to mean " *thick, bushy*."

With shows of love, and liberal promises?
 'Tis but our breath. If something given in hand,
 Sharpen their hopes of more, 'twill be well ven-
 tur'd.

Guise. No doubt of that: and 'tis the cun-
 ning'st point
 Of our devis'd investigation.

Mons. I have broken
 The ice to it already with the woman
 Of your chaste lady, and conceive good hope,
 I shall wade thorough to some wished shore
 At our next meeting.

Mont. Nay, there's small hope there.

Guise. Take say of her, my lord, she comes
 most fitly.

Mons. Starting back?

Enter CHARLOTTE, ANNABEL, and PERO.

Guise. You're engag'd indeed.

Char. Nay, pray, my lord, forbear.

Mont. What skittish, servant?

Anab. No, my lord, I am not so fit for your ser-
 vice.

Char. Pray pardon me now, my lord, my lady
 expects me.

Guise. I'll satisfy her expectation, as far as an
 uncle may.

Mons. Well said: a spirit of courtship of all
 hands: now mine own Pero, hast thou remem-
 bered me for the discovery I entreated thee to
 make of thy mistress? speak boldly, and be sure
 of all things I have sworn to thee.

Pero. Building on that assurance, my lord, I may speak : and much the rather, because my lady hath not trusted me with that I can tell you ; for now I cannot be said to betray her.

Mons. That's all one, so we reach our objects : forth I beseech thee.

Pero. To tell you truth, my lord, I have made a strange discovery.

Mons. Excellent ! Pero, thou revivest me : may I sink quick to perdition, if my tongue discover it.

Pero. 'Tis thus then : this last night my lord lay forth ; and I watching my lady's sitting up, stole up at midnight from my pallet, and (having before made a hole both through the wall and arras to her inmost chamber) I saw D'Ambois and herself reading a letter.

Mons. D'Ambois ?

Pero. Even he, my lord.

Mons. Dost thou not dream, wench ?

Pero. I swear he is the man.

Mons. The devil he is, and thy lady his dam ! Why this was the happiest shot that ever flew ; the just plague of hypocrisy levelled it : oh, the infinite regions betwixt a woman's tongue and her heart ! Is this our goddess of chastity ? I thought I could not be so slighted, if she had not her fraught besides ; and therefore plotted this with her woman : never dreaming of D'Ambois. Dear Pero, I will advance thee for ever : but tell me now, Gods precious, it transforms me with admiration ! Sweet Pero, whom should she trust

with his* conveyance? or, all the doors being made sure, how should his conveyance be made?

Pero. Nay, my lord, that amazes me: I cannot by any study so much as guess at it.

Mons. Well, let's favour our apprehensions with forbearing that a little: for if my heart were not hoop'd with adamant, the conceit of this would have burst it: but hark thee †.

[*Whispers.*

Mont. I pray thee resolve me: the duke will never imagine that I am busy about his wife: hath D'Ambois any privy access to her?

Anab. No, my lord, D'Ambois neglects her, (as she takes it) and is therefore suspicious that either your lady, or the lady Beaupre hath closely entertained him.

Mont. By'r lady a likely suspicion, and very near the life; especially of my wife.

Mons. Come, we'll disguise all, with seeming only to have courted: away, dry palm! she has a liver as dry as a biscuit: a man may go a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her windpipe.

Guise. Here's one, I think, has swallowed a porcupine, she casts prick's from her tongue so.

Mont. And here's a peacock seems to have

* "*This conveyance,*" in the original; but I have adopted "*his,*" from the editions of 1607 and 8, as the better reading.

† It does not appear in this edition how the Guise is engaged; but in those of 1607 and 8 it is clearly made out by what follows this speech:

"*Char.* I swear to your grace, all that I can conjecture touching my lady, your niece, is a strong affection she bears to the English Mylor.

Guise. All quod you? 'tis enough I assure you, but tell me."

devoured one of the Alps, she has so swelling a spirit, and is so cold of her kindness.

Char. We are no windfalls, my lord ; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we'll hang till we be rotten.

Mons. Indeed that's the way to make ye right open arses *. But, alas, ye have no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Pero. Portions, my lord ? yes and such portions as your principality cannot purchase.

Mons. What woman ? what are those portions ?

Pero. Riddle my riddle, my lord.

Mons. Ay, marry wench, I think thy portion is a right riddle, a man shall never find it out : but let's hear it.

Pero. You shall, my lord.

What's that, that being most rare 's most cheap ?

That when you sow, you never reap ?

That when it grows most, most you in it ?

And still you lose it when you win it ?

That when 'tis commonest, 'tis dearest ?

And when 'tis farthest off, 'tis nearest ?

Mons. Is this your great portion ?

Pero. Even this, my lord.

Mons. Believe me I cannot riddle it.

Pero. No, my lord, 'tis my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Mons. Your chastity ? let me begin with the end of it ; how is a woman's chastity nearest a man when 'tis furthest off ?

Pero. Why, my lord, when you cannot get it, it goes to the heart on you ; and that I think

* Medlars are sometimes called by this name.

comes most near you : and I am sure it shall be far enough off ; and so we leave you to our mercies. *[Exeunt women.]*

Mons. Farewell, riddle.

Guise. Farewell, medlar.

Mont. Farewell, winter plum.

Mons. Now, my lords, what fruit of our inquisition ? feel you nothing budding yet ? Speak, good my Lord Montsurry.

Mont. Nothing but this : D'Ambois is thought negligent in observing the Duchess, and therefore she is suspicious that your niece or my wife closely entertains him.

Mons. Your wife, my lord ? think you that possible ?

Mont. Alas, I know she flies him like her last hour.

Mons. Her last hour ? why that comes upon her the more she flies it. Does D'Ambois so think you ?

Mont. That's not worth the answering : 'tis miraculous to think with what monsters womens' imaginations engross them when they are once enamoured, and what wonders they will work for their satisfaction. They will make a sheep valiant, a lion fearful.

Mons. And an ass confident. Well, my lord, more will come forth shortly ; get you to the banquet.

Guise. Come, my lord, I have the blind side of one of them. *[Exeunt Guise and Mont.]*

Mons. Oh, the unsounded sea of womens' blood, That when 'tis calmest, is most dangerous ;

Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces,
 When in their hearts are Scylla and Caribdis,
 Which still are hid in dark and standing fogs,
 Where never day shines, nothing ever grows:
 But weeds and poisons that no statesman knows:
 Not Cerberus ever saw the damned nooks
 Hid with the veils of womens' virtuous looks*.
 But what a cloud of sulphur have I drawn
 Up to my bosom in this dangerous secret?
 Which if my haste (with any spark) should light
 Ere D'Ambois were engag'd in some sure plot
 I were blown up; he would be sure, my death.
 Would I had never known it, for before
 I shall persuade th' importance to Montsurry,
 And make him with some studied stratagem,
 Train D'Ambois to his wreak †, his maid may
 tell it,
 Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play
 With the fell tiger, up in darkness tied,

* What follows is altogether different from the editions of 1607 and 8, Monsieur's speech there concludes—

“ I will conceal all yet, and give more time
 To D'Ambois' trial, now upon my hook;
 He awes my throat; else like Sybilla's cave
 It should breathe oracles; I fear him strangely,
 And may resemble his advanced valour
 Unto a spirit raised without a circle,
 Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
 And for whose fury he hath learn'd no limit.”

And the following scene between him and Maffé is not to be found there. The last four lines in the extract are the conclusion of the Monsieur's next soliloquy.

† “ Train D'Ambois to his *wreak*,” i. e. allure D'Ambois till he is within the reach of his revenge. See notes on “ Tancred and Gismunda;” Dodsley's “ Old Plays,” vol. ii. p. 221.

And give it some light) make it quite break loose.
I fear it afore heaven, and will not see
D'Ambois again, till I have told Montsurry,
And set a snare with him to free my fears : who's
there?

Enter MAFFE.

Maff. My lord.

Mons. Go, call the Count Montsurry,
And make the doors fast, I will speak with none
Till he come to me.

Maff. Well, my lord. *[Is going.]*

Mons. Or else

Send you some other, and see all the doors
Made safe yourselves, I pray ; hast, fly about it.

Maff. You'll speak with none but with the
Count Montsurry.

Mont. With none but he, except it be the
Guise.

Maff. See even by this, there's one exception
more :

Your grace must be more firm in the command,
Or else shall I as weakly execute.

The Guise shall speak with you?

Mons. He shall, I say.

Maff. And Count Montsurry?

Mons. Ay, and Count Montsurry.

Maff. Your grace must pardon me, that I am
bold

To urge the clear and full sense of your pleasure ;
Which whensoever I have known, I hope
Your grace will say, I hit it to a hair.

Mons. You have.

Maff. I hope so, or I would be glad—

Mons. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art so tedious

In the strict form of all thy services,
That I had better have one negligent.

You hit my pleasure well, when D'Ambois hit you,
Did you not, think you?

Maff. D'Ambois? why, my lord——

Mons. I pray thee talk no more, but shut the doors.

Do what I charge thee.

Maff. I will, my lord, and yet
I would be glad the wrong I had of D'Ambois——

Mons. Precious! then it is a fate that plagues me
In this man's foolery, I may be murdered
While he stands on protection of his folly.
Avaunt! about thy charge.

Maff. I go, my lord.

(*Aside.*) I had my head broke in his faithful service,

I had no suit the more, nor any thanks,
And yet my teeth must still be hit with D'Ambois.
D'Ambois, my lord, shall know——

Mons. The devil and D'Ambois. [*Exit Maff.*
How am I tortur'd with this trusty fool;
Never was any curious in his place
To do things justly, but he was an ass:
We cannot find one trusty that is witty,
And therefore bear their disproportion.
Grant thou great star, and angel of my life,
A sure lease of it but for some few days,
That I may clear my bosom of the snake
I cherish'd there, and I will then defy
All check to it but nature's; and her altars
Shall crack with vessels crown'd with ev'ry liquor

Drawn from her highest and most bloody humours!
 I fear him strangely, his advanced valour
 Is like a spirit rais'd without a circle,
 Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
 And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter MAFFE hastily.

Maff. I cannot help it, what should I do more?
 As I was gathering a fit guard to make
 My passage to the doors, and the doors sure,
 The man of blood is enter'd.

Mons. Rage of death!
 If I had told the secret, and he knew it,
 Thus had I been endanger'd.—My sweet heart
 How now? what leap'st thou at?

Enter D'AMBOIS.

D'Amb. Oh, royal object!

Mons. Thou dream'st awake: object in th'
 empty air?

D'Amb. Worthy the brows of Titan, worth his
 chair.

Mons. Pray thee what mean'st thou?

D'Amb. See you not a crown
 Empale the forehead of the great king Monsieur?

Mons. Oh, fie upon thee!

D'Amb. Prince, that is the subject
 Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Mons. Wilt thou not leave that wrongful sup-
 position *?

* In what follows there is a variation from the editions of 1607 and 8, but it is not worth giving in a note.

D'Amb. Why wrongful? to suppose the doubtless right

To the succession worth the thinking on.

Mons. Well, leave these jests: how I am overjoyed

With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou com'st,
For of mine honour I was sending for thee.

D'Amb. To what end?

Mons. Only for thy company,
Which I have still in thought, but that's no payment

On thy part made with personal appearance.
Thy absence so long suffered oftentimes
Puts me in some little doubt thou dost not love me.
Wilt thou do one thing therefore now sincerely?

D'Amb. Ay, any thing, but killing of the king.

Mons. Still in that discord, and ill-taken note?
How most unseasonably thou playest the cuckoo
In this thy fall of friendship?

D'Amb. Then do not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves,
But killing of the king that is not yours.

Mons. I will not then; to prove which by my love

Shown to thy virtues, and by all fruits else
Already sprung from that still flourishing tree,
With whatsoever may hereafter spring,
I charge thee utter (even with all the freedom
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship)
The full and plain state of me in thy thoughts.

D'Amb. What, utter plainly what I think of you?

Mons. Plain as truth.

D'Amb. Why this swims quite against the
stream of greatness.

Great men would rather hear their flatteries,
And if they be not made fools, are not wise.

Mons. I am no such great fool, and therefore
charge thee

Even from the root of thy free heart display me.

D'Amb. Since you affect it in such serious terms,
If yourself first will tell me what you think
As freely and as heartily of me,
I'll be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mons. A bargain of mine honour; and make
this,

That prove we in our full dissection
Never so foul, live still the sounder friends.

D'Amb. What else, sir? come pay me home,
I'll bide it bravely.

Mons. I will I swear. I think thee then a man,
That dares as much as a wild horse or tiger;
As headstrong and as bloody: and to feed
The ravenous wolf of thy most cannibal valour,
(Rather than not employ it) thou would'st turn
Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew,
Or English usurer, to force possessions,
And cut mens' throats of mortgaged estates;
Or thou would'st tire thee like a tinker's strumpet,
And murder market folks, quarrel with sheep,
And run as mad as Ajax*; serve a butcher,
Do any thing but killing of the king:
That in thy valour thou'rt like other naturals,
That have strange gifts in nature, but no soul
Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a piece,
But stop at humours, that are more absurd,

* "Quarrel with sheep, and run as mad as Ajax." Our poet alludes to the madness of Ajax, as described by Sophocles in his play of that name.

Childish and villanous than that hackster, whore,
Slave, cut-throat, tinker's bitch, compar'd before;
And in those humours wouldst envy, betray,
Slander, blaspheme, change each hour a religion;
Do any thing, but killing of the king:
That in thy valour (which is still the dunghill,
To which hath reference all filth in thy house)
Thou'rt more ridiculous and vain-glorious
Than any mountebank; and impudent
Than any painted bawd: which, not to sooth
And glorify thee like a Jupiter Hammon,
Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar; and thy gall
Turns all thy blood to poison; which is cause
Of that toad-pool that stands in thy complexion,
And makes thee (with a cold and earthy moisture,
Which is the dam of putrefaction,
As plague to thy damn'd pride) rot as thou liv'st;
To study calumnies and treacheries,
To thy friends slaughters; like a screech-owl sing,
And to all mischiefs, but to kill the king.

D'Amb. So; have you said?

Mons. How thinkest thou? do I flatter?
Speak I not like a trusty friend to thee?

D'Amb. That ever any man was blest withal;
So here's for me. I think you are (at worst)
No devil, since you're like to be no king;
Of which, with any friend of yours I'll lay
This poor stillado here, 'gainst all the stars,
Ay, and 'gainst all your treacheries, which are
more:

That you did never good, but to do ill;
But ill of all sorts, free and for itself:
That (like a murdering piece, making lanes in
armies,

The first man of a rank, the whole rank falling)
 If you have wrong'd one man, you are so far
 From making him amends, that all his race,
 Friends and associates, fall into your chase:
 That you're for perjuries the very prince
 Of all intelligencers * ; and your voice
 Is like an eastern wind, that where it flies
 Knits nets of caterpillars, with which you catch
 The prime of all the fruits the kingdom yields.
 That your political head is the curst fount
 Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty,
 Tyranny, and atheism flowing through the realm.
 That you've a tongue so scandalous, 'twill cut
 The purest crystal ; and a breath that will
 Kill to that wall a spider † ; you will jest
 With God, and your soul to the devil tender
 For lust ; kiss horror, and with death engender.
 That your foul body is a Lernean fen
 Of all the maladies breeding in all men.
 That you are utterly without a soul :
 And for your life the thread of that was spun,
 When Clotho slept, and let her breathing rock ‡
 Fall in the dirt ; and Lachesis still draws it,
 Dipping her twisting fingers in a bowl
 Deil'd, and crown'd with virtue's forced soul.
 And lastly (which I must for gratitude
 Ever remember) that of all my height
 And dearest life, you are the only spring,
 Only in royal hope to kill the king.

Mons. Why now I see thou lov'st me, come to
 the banquet. [*Exeunt.*]

* "Of all intelligencers," court spies.

† i. e. At the distance of that wall.

‡ The distaff from whence she draws the thread of life.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

K. HENRY, MONSIEUR *with a Letter*, GUISE,
MONTSURRY, D'AMBOIS, DUTCHESS, TAMYRA,
BEAUPRE, PERO, CHARLOTTE, ANNABEL, PYRA,
with Four Pages.

K. Hen. Ladies ye have not done our banquet
right;

Nor look'd upon it with those cheerful rays
That lately turn'd your breaths to floods of gold :
Your looks, methinks, are not drawn out with
thoughts,

So clear and free as heretofore; but foul
As if the thick complexions of men
Govern'd within them.

D'Amb. 'Tis not like my lord
That men in women rule, but contrary :
For as the moon (of all things God created)
Not only is the most appropriate image
Or glass to show them how they wax and wane,
But in her height and motion likewise bears
Imperial influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax and wane;
So women, that (of all things made of nothing)
Are the most perfect idols of the moon,
(Or still-unwean'd sweet moon calves with white
faces)

Not only are patterns of change to men;
But as the tender moonshine of their beauties

Clears, or is cloudy, make men glad or sad,
So then they rule in men, not men in them*.

Mons. But here the moons are chang'd (as the
king notes),

And either men rule in them, or some power
Beyond their voluntary faculty:
For nothing can recover their lost faces.

Mont. † None can be always one: our griefs
and joys

Hold several scepters in us, and have times
For their divided empires: which grief now, in
them

Doth prove as proper to his diadem.

D'Amb. And grief's natural sickness of the
blood,

That time to part asks, as his coming had;
Only slight fools griev'd, suddenly are glad;

A man may say t' a dead man, be reviv'd,

As well as to one sorrowful, be not griev'd.

And therefore, (*to the Dutch.*) princely mistress,
in all wars

Against these base foes that insult on weakness,
And still fight hous'd, behind the shield of Nature,
Of privilege, law, treachery, or beastly need,

Your servant cannot help; authority here

Goes with corruption; something like some states,

That back worst men; valour to them must creep

That (to themselves left) would fear him asleep.

* The likeness "betwixt earthly females and the moon" hath been very humorously traced by Swift, in a poem called the "Progress of Beauty."

† This is the beginning of D'Ambois speech in the editions of 1607 and 8.

Dutch. Ye all take that for granted, that doth rest

Yet to be prov'd; we all are as we were,
As merry, and as free in thought as ever.

Guise. And why then can ye not disclose your thoughts?

Tam. Methinks the man hath answer'd for us well.

Mons. The man? why, madam, d'ye not know his name?

Tam. Man is a name of honour for a king:
Additions take away from each chief thing:
The school of modesty, not to learn learns dames;
They sit in high forms there, that know men's names.

Mons. Hark, sweet heart, here's a bar set to your valour:

It cannot enter here; no, not to notice
Of what your name is; your great eagle's beak
(Should you fly at her) had as good encounter
An Albion cliff, as her more craggy liver*.

D'Amb. I'll not attempt her, sir; her sight and name

(By which I only know her) doth deter me.

K. Hen. So do they all men else.

Mons. You would say so
If you knew all.

Tam. Knew all, my lord? what mean you?

Mons. All that I know, madam.

Tam. That you know? Speak it.

* The liver, as mentioned in vol. ii. p. 13, was supposed the seat of the passions. Monsieur alludes also to the story of Prometheus, and the title of *Eagle* given by the King to D'Ambois.

Mons. No, 'tis enough I feel it.

K. Hen. But methinks

Her courtship is more pure than heretofore :
True courtiers should be modest, and not nice :
Bold, but not impudent : pleasure love, not vice.

Mons. Sweet heart, come hither : what if one
should make

Horns at Montsurry ? would it not strike him
jealous

Through all the proofs of his chaste lady's virtues ?

D'Amb. If he be wise, not *.

Mons. What ? not if I should name the gar-
dener,

That I would have him think hath grafted him ?

D'Amb. So the large licence that your greatness
uses

To jest at all men, may be taught indeed
To make a difference of the grounds you play on,
Both in the men you scandal, and the matter.

Mons. As how ? as how ?

D'Amb. Perhaps led with a train, where you
may have

Your nose made less, and slit, your eyes thrust out.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace !

Who dares do that ? the brother of his king.

D'Amb. Were your king brother in you, all
your powers

(Stretch'd in the arms of great men and their
bawds)

Set close down by you, all your stormy laws
Spouted with lawyers' mouths, and gushing blood,
Like to so many torrents, all your glories,

* Here follows some trifling variation in the editions of 1607 and 8.

(Making you terrible, like enchanted flames,
 Fed with bare coxcombs, and with crooked hams*)
 All your prerogatives, your shames and tortures,
 All daring heaven, and opening hell about you,
 Were I the man ye wrong'd so, and provok'd,
 (Though ne'er so much beneath you) like a box
 tree

I would (out of the roughness of my root)
 Ram hardness, in my lowness, and like death
 Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through all
 Honours and horrors, through foul and fair,
 And from your whole strength toss you into the air.

Mons. Go, thou'rt a devil ! such another spirit
 Could not be still'd from all the Armenian dragons,
 Oh, my love's glory ; heir to all I have :
 That's all I can say, and that all I swear.
 If thou outlive me, as I know thou must,
 Or else hath nature no proportion'd end
 To her great labours : she hath breath'd a mind
 Into thy entrails, of desert to swell
 Into another great Augustus Cæsar :
 Organs, and faculties fitted to her greatness :
 And should that perish like a common spirit,
 Nature's a courtier and regards no merit.

K. Hen. Here's nought but whispering with
 us : like a calm
 Before a tempest, when the silent air
 Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken
 For that she fears steals on to ravish her ;
 Some fate doth join our ears to hear it coming.
 Come, my brave eagle, let's to covert fly :
 I see almighty Æther in the smoke

* i. e. Flattered with persons standing bare-headed and bowing to you.

Of all his clouds descending, and the sky
Hid in the dim ostents * of tragedy.

[*Exeunt K. Hen. D'Amb. and Ladies.*

Guise. Now stir the humour, and begin the
brawl.

Mont. The King and D'Ambois now are grown
all one.

Mons. (*Makes horns with his fingers.*) Nay,
they are two, my lord.

Mont. How's that?

Mons. No more.

Mont. I must have more, my lord.

Mons. What more than two?

Mont. How monstrous is this?

Mons. Why?

Mont. You make me horns.

Mons. Not I, it is a work without my power.
Married mens' ensigns are not made with fingers?
Of divine fabric they are, not mens' hands;
Your wife, you know, is a mere Cynthia,
And she must fashion horns out of her nature.

Mont. But doth she? dare you charge her?
speak, false prince.

Mons. I must not speak, my lord: but if you'll
use

The learning of a noble man, and read,
Here's something to those points: soft, you must
pawn

Your honour, having read it, to return it.

* "Ostents," *shows*. It frequently occurs in this sense in the
old writers. So in the "Merchant of Venice:"

"Like one well studied in a sad *ostent*
To please his grandam."

Enter TAMIRA and PERO.

Mont. Not I, I pawn mine honour for a paper?

Mons. You must not buy it under.

[Exeunt Guise and Monsieur.]

Mont. Keep it then,
And keep fire in your bosom.

Tam. What says he?

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Tam. How fares my lord?

Takes my love any thing to heart he says?

Mont. Come, you're a——

Tam. What, my lord?

Mont. The plague of Herod,
Feast in his rotten entrails*.

Tam. Will you wreak
Your anger's just cause given by him, on me?

Mont. By him?

Tam. By him, my lord; I have admir'd
You could all this time be at concord with him,
That still hath play'd such discords on your honour.

Mont. Perhaps 'tis with some proud string of
my wife's.

Tam. How's that, my lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire,
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Tam. Oh, woe is me! *[Seems to swoon.]*

Pero. What does your lordship mean?

Madam, be comforted; my lord but tries you.

* Our poet alludes to the death of Herod, as it is described in the Acts of the Apostles, "That he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost."

Madam ! help, good my lord, are you not mov'd?
Do your set looks print in your words your
thoughts?

Sweet lord, clear up those eyes, unbend that
masking forehead,

Whence is it you rush upon her with these Irish
wars,

More full of sound than hurt? but it is enough,
You have shot home, your words are in her heart;
She has not liv'd to bear a trial now.

Mont. Look up, my love, and by this kiss re-
ceive

My soul amongst thy spirits for supply
To thine, chas'd with my fury.

Tam. Oh, my lord,
I have too long liv'd to hear this from you.

Mont. 'Twas from my troubled blood, and not
from me :

(*Aside.*) I know not how I fare ; a sudden night
Flows through my entrails, and a headlong chaos
Murmurs within me, which I must digest ;

And not drown her in my confusions,
That was my life's joy, being best inform'd :

Sweet, you must needs forgive me, that my love
(Like to a fire disdaining his suppression)

Rag'd being discourag'd ; my whole heart is
wounded

When any least thought in you is but touch'd,
And shall be till I know your former merits* :

Your name and memory altogether crave
In just oblivion their eternal grave ;

And then you must hear from me, there's no mean

* Till I am satisfied as to what your past conduct has been.

In any passion I shall feel for you :
Love is a razor cleansing being well us'd,
But fetcheth blood still being the least abus'd :
To tell you briefly all ; the man that left me
When you appear'd, did turn me worse than wo-
man,
And stab'd me to the heart thus, (*making horns*)
with his fingers.

Tam. Oh, happy woman ! comes my stain from him ?

It is my beauty, and that innocence proves,
That slew Chymera, rescu'd Peleus
From all the savage beasts in Peleon ;
And rais'd the chaste Athenian prince from hell * :
All suffering with me ; they for womens' lusts,
I for a man's ; that the Egean stable
Of his foul sin would empty in my lap :
How his guilt shunn'd me ? sacred innocence
That where thou fear'st, are dreadful ; and his face
Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in chase :
Come, bring me to him : I will tell the serpent
Even to his venom'd teeth (from whose curst seed
A pitch'd field starts up 'twixt my lord and me)
That his throat lies, and he shall curse his fingers
For being so govern'd by his filthy soul.

Mont. I know not, if himself will vaunt t' have
been

The princely author of the slavish sin,
Or any other ; he would have resolv'd me,
Had you not come ; not by his word, but writing,
Would I have sworn to give it him again,
And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

* Hippolytus.

Tam. See how he flies me still: 'tis a foul heart
That fears his own hand: good my lord, make
haste

To see the dangerous paper: papers hold
Ofttimes the forms and copies of our souls,
And (though the world despise them), are the
prizes

Of all our honours; make your honour then
A hostage for it, and with it confer*
My nearest woman here, in all she knows;
Who (if the sun or Cerberus could have seen
Any stain in me) might as well as they:
And, Pero, here I charge thee by my love,
And all proofs of it, (which I might call bounties)
By all that thou hast seen seem good in me,
And all the ill which thou should spit from thee,
By pity of the wound this touch hath given me,
Not as thy mistress now, but a poor woman
(To death given over), rid me of my pains,
Pour on thy powder: clear thy breast of me:
My lord is only here: here speak thy worst,
Thy best will do me mischief; if thou spar'st me,
Never shine good thought on thy memory:
Resolve, my lord, and leave me desperate.

Pero. My lord? My lord hath play'd a pro-
digal's part,
To break his stock for nothing; and an insolent,
To cut a gordian when he could not loose it:
What violence is this, to put true fire
To a false train; to blow up long crown'd peace
With sudden outrage; and believe a man

* "With it *confer* my nearest woman here," i. e. compare the evidence of my attendant with the contents of the paper which accuses me.

Sworn to the shame of women, 'gainst a woman,
Born to their honours? but I will to him.

Tam. No, I will write (for I shall never more
Meet with the fugitive), where I will defy him,
Were he ten times the brother of my king.
To him my lord, and I'll to cursing him.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter D'AMBOIS and FRIAR *.*

D'Amb. I am suspicious, my most honour'd
father,

By some of Monsieur's cunning passages †,
That his still ranging and contentious nose thrills
To scent the haunts of mischief, have so us'd
The vicious virtue of his busy sense,
And he trails hotly of him, and will rouse him,
Driving him all enrag'd, and foaming on us,
And therefore have entreated your deep skill,
In the command of good aerial spirits,
To assume these magic rites, and call up one
To know if any have reveal'd unto him
Any thing touching my dear love and me.

Friar. Good son, you have amaz'd me but to
make

The least doubt of it, it concerns so nearly
The faith and reverence of my name and order.
Yet will I justify upon my soul
All I have done, if any spirit i' th' earth or air
Can give you the resolve, do not despair.

* This scene between D'Ambois and the Friar is first introduced in the edition of 1641.

† The dark hints which he has thrown out.

(*Music.*) *Enter TAMYRA with PERO, her Maid, bearing a Letter.*

Tam. Away, deliver it. Oh, may my lines

[*Exit Péro.*]

(Fill'd with the poison of a woman's hate)
When he shall open them, shrink up his curst eyes
With torturous darkness, such as stands in hell,
Stuck full of inward horrors, never lighted;
With which are all things to be fear'd, affrighted*.

D'Amb. How is it with mine honour'd mistress?

Tam. Oh, servant, help, and save me from the
gripes

Of shame and infamy. Our love is known;
Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
Some secret tokens that decipher it.

D'Amb. What cold dull northern brain, what
fool but he,

Durst take into his Epimethean † breast
A box of such plagues as the danger yields,
Incurr'd in this discovery? he had better
Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach
Of the hot surfeits cast out of the clouds,
Or stood the bullets that (to wreak the sky)
The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery.

Friar. We soon will take the darkness from his
face

That did that deed of darkness; we will know

* In the editions of 1607 and 8, D'Ambois and the Friar ascend from the vault.

† Epimetheus was the brother of Prometheus, who incautiously opened the box, brought by Pandora, filled with all sorts of evils, and let them loose among mankind.

What now the Monsieur and your husband do ;
 What is contain'd within the secret paper
 Offer'd by Monsieur, and your love's events :
 To which ends (honour'd daughter) at your motion
 I have put on these exorcising rites,
 And, by my power of learned holiness,
 Vouchsaf'd me from above, I will command
 Our resolution of a raised spirit.

[*Tam.* Good father, raise him in some beauteous
 form,

That with least terror I may brook his sight.

[*Friar.* Stand sure together then whate'er you
 see,

And stir not, as ye tender all our lives.

[*He puts on his robes.*

*Occidentalium legionum spiritualium imperator
 (magnus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum
 Astaroth locotenente invicto. Adjuro te per stygis
 inscrutabilia arcana, per ipsos irremeabiles anfrac-
 tus averni: adesto o Behemoth, tu cui pervia sunt
 Magnatum scrinia; veni, per noctis et tenebrarum
 abdita profundissima: per labentia sydera; per
 ipsos motus horarum furtivos, Hecatesque; altum
 silentium: appare informa spiritali, lucente splen-
 dida et amabili.* [*Thunder. Spirit riseth.*

[*Beh.* What would the holy Friar?

[*Friar.* I would see

What now the Monsieur and Montsurry do ;
 And see the secret paper that the Monsieur
 Offer'd to Count Montsurry, longing much
 To know on what events the secret loves
 Of these two honour'd persons shall arrive.

[*Beh.* Why calledst thou me to this accursed
 light,

To these light purposes? I am emperor
 Of that inscrutable darkness, where are hid
 All deepest truths, and secrets never seen,
 All which I know, and command legions
 Of knowing spirits that can do more than these.
 Any of this my guard that circle me
 In these blue fires, and out of whose dim fumes
 Vast murmurs use to break, and from their sounds
 Articulate voices, can do ten parts more
 Than open such slight truths as you require.

Friar. From the last night's black depth, I
 call'd up one

Of the inferior ablest ministers,
 And he could not resolve me; send one then
 Out of thine own command, to fetch the paper
 That Monsieur hath to show to Count Monsurry.

Beh. I will: Cartophylax: thou that properly
 Hast in thy power all papers so inscrib'd,
 Glide through all bars to it, and fetch that paper.

Car. I will. [A torch removes.]

Friar. Till he returns (great prince of darkness)
 Tell me, if Monsieur and the Count Montsurry
 Are yet encounter'd.

Beh. Both them and the Guise
 Are now together.

Friar. Show us all their persons,
 And represent the place with all their actions.

Beh. The spirit will straight return, and then
 I'll shew thee:
 See he is come; why brought'st thou not the
 paper?

Car. He hath prevented me, and got a spirit
 Rais'd by another, great in our command,
 To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slackness, not t' invoke our powers.

When first your acts set forth to their effects;
Yet shall you see it, and themselves : behold
They come here, and the earl now holds the paper.

Enter MONSIEUR, GUISE, and MONTSURRY, with a Paper.

D'Amb. May we not hear them ?

Beh. No, be still and see.

D'Amb. I will go fetch the paper.

Friar. Do not stir.

There's too much distance, and too many locks
'Twixt you and them, (how near soe'er they seem)

For any man to interrupt their secrets.

Tam. Oh, honour'd spirit, fly into the fancy
Of my offended lord, and do not let him
Believe what there the wicked man hath written.

Beh. Persuasion hath already enter'd him
Beyond reflection ; peace till their departure *.

Mons. There is a glass of ink (*pointing to the paper*) where you may see
How to make ready black-fac'd tragedy :
You now discern, I hope through all her paintings,
Her gasping wrinkles, and fame's sepulchres.

* Behemoth twice enjoins them to silence, which, as has been observed by Stevens, was necessary during all incantations. So when the armed head rises the 1st Witch says to Macbeth,

“ Hear his speech, *but say thou nought.* ”

And in the “ Tempest : ”

Be mute, or else our spell is marr'd.”

And Faustus, vol. i. p. 58.

Guise. Think you he feigns, my lord? what hold you now?

Do we malign your wife; or honour you?

Mons. What stricken dumb? nay fie, lord, be not daunted:

Your case is common: were it ne'er so rare
Bear it as rarely: now to laugh were manly:
A worthy man should imitate the weather
That sings in tempests, and being clear is silent.

Guise. Go home, my lord, and force you wife
to write

Such loving lines to D'Ambois as she us'd
When she desir'd his presence.

Mons. Do, my lord,
And make her name her conceal'd messenger:
That close and most inennerable pander*
That passeth all our studies to exquire:
By whom convey the letter to her love:
And so you shall be sure to have him come
Within the thirsty reach of your revenge;
Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber
Behind the arras of your stoutest men,
All close and soundly arm'd: and let them share
A spirit amongst them, that would serve a thousand.

* "*Inennerable pander*;" the meaning of this epithet seems to be, "*undiscovered, and unknown*." That our poet sometimes coins words for his purpose, I think *exquire* in the next line is an instance; and this, I conceive, may be added to the examples, if the reading, which is that of all the copies, is decided not to be corrupt.

Enter PERO with a Letter.

Guise. Yet stay a little : see she sends for you.

Mons. Poor loving lady, she'll make all good yet,

Think you not so, my lord ?

[Mont. stabs Pero, then exit.]

Guise. Alas, poor soul !

Mons. This was cruelly done, i'faith.

Pero. 'Twas nobly done ;

And I forgive his lordship from my soul.

Mons. Then much good do't thee, Pero : hast a letter ?

Pero. I hope it rather be a bitter volume
Of worthy curses for your perjury.

Guise. To you, my lord ?

Mons. To me ? Now out upon her.

Guise. Let me see, my lord.

Mons. You shall presently : how fares my Pero ?

Enter SERVANT.

Who's there ? take in this maid, she's caught a clap,
And fetch my surgeon to her : come, my lord,
We'll now peruse our letter.

[Exeunt Mons. and Guise.]

Pero. Furies rise

[Lead her out.]

Out of the black lines, and torment his soul.

Tam. Hath my lord slain my woman ?

Beh. No, she lives.

Friar. What shall become of us ?

Beh. All I can say

Being call'd thus late, is brief, and darkly this :
If D'Ambois mistress dye not her white hand

In her * forc'd blood, he shall remain untouch'd :
 So, father, shall yourself, but by yourself:
 To make this augury plainer, when the voice
 Of D'Ambois shall invoke me, I will rise,
 Shining in greater light, and shew him all
 That will betide ye all ; meantime be wise,
 And curb his valour with your policies.

[*He and the other Spirits descend.*

D'Amb. Will he appear to me, when I invoke
 him?

Friar. He will: be sure.

D'Amb. It must be shortly then ;
 For his dark words have tied my thoughts on
 knots

Till he dissolve, and free them.

Tam. In mean time,
 Dear servant, till your powerful voice invoke † him,
 Be sure to use the policy he advis'd ;
 Lest fury in your too quick knowlege taken
 Of our abuse, and your defence of me,
 Accuse me more than any enemy :
 And, father, you must on my lord impose
 Your holiest charges, and the church's power,
 To temper his hot spirit, and disperse
 The cruelty and the blood, I know his hand
 Will shower upon our heads, if you put not
 Your finger to the storm, and hold it up,
 As my dear servant here must do with Monsieur.

* All the editions agree in reading, "*his* forc'd blood;" but as it evidently alludes to the letter she afterwards writes to D'Ambois in her blood, I have hazarded the change.

† I have again ventured to alter the text from "*revoke*" to "*invoke*."

D'Amb. I'll soothe his plots, and strew my
hate with smiles,
Till all at once the close mines of my heart
Rise at full date, and rush into his blood :
I'll bind his arm in silk, and rub his flesh,
To make the vein swell, that his soul may gush
Into some kennel, where it longs to lie,
And policy shall be flank'd with policy.
Yet shall the feeling centre where we meet
Groan with the weight of my approaching feet :
I'll make th' inspired thresholds of his court
Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps
Before I enter : yet will I appear
Like calm security, before a ruin :
A politician, must like lightning melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin :
His ways must not be seen : the superficies
Of the green centre must not taste his feet :
When hell is plough'd up with his wounding tracks,
And all his harvest reap'd by hellish facts.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter MONTSURRY bare and unbraced, pulling in TAMYRA by the Hair ; followed by the FRIAR, and one bearing Light, a Standish and Paper ; the latter sets a Table.

Tam. Oh, help me, father!

Friar. Impious earl, forbear.

Take violent hand from her, or by mine order
The king shall force thee.

Mont. 'Tis not violent ; come you not willingly?

Tam. Yes, good my lord.

Friar. My lord, remember that your soul must
seek

Her peace, as well as your revengeful blood :
You ever to this hour have prov'd yourself
A noble, zealous, and obedient son,
T' our holy mother : be not an apostate :
Your wife's offence serves not ; (were it the worst
You can imagine, without greater proofs)
To sever your eternal bonds, and hearts ;
Much less to touch her with a bloody hand :
Nor is it manly (much less husbandly)
To expiate any frailty in your wife,
With churlish strokes, or beastly odds of strength :
The stony birth of clouds *, will touch no laurel,
Nor any sleeper ; your wife is your laurel,

* What are commonly called thunderbolts.

And sweetest sleeper; do not touch her then.
Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour,
To her that is more gentle than that rude;
In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence
But to set off her other excellence.

Mont. Good father, leave us : interrupt no more
The course I must run for mine honour sake.
Rely on my love to her, which her fault
Cannot extinguish : will she but disclose
Who was the secret minister of her love,
And through what maze he serv'd it, we are friends.

Friar. It is a damn'd work to pursue those
secrets,
That would ope more sin, and prove springs of
slaughter;
Nor is't a path for christian feet to tread;
But out of all way to the health of souls;
A sin impossible to be forgiven :
Which he that dares commit——

Mont. Good father, cease your terrors :
Tempt not a man distracted : I am apt
To outrages that I shall ever rue :
I will not pass the verge that bounds a christian,
Nor break the limits of a man nor husband.

Friar. Then heaven inspire you both with
thoughts and deeds
Worthy his high respect, and your own souls.

Tam. Father.

Friar. I warrant thee, my dearest daughter,
He will not touch thee; think'st thou him a Pagan?
His honour and his soul lies for thy safety.

[*Exit.*

Mont. Who shall remove the mountain from my
breast,

Or stand the opening furnace of my thoughts,
And set fit outcries for a soul in hell !

[*Mont. turns a key.*

For now it nothing fits my woes to speak,
But thunder, or to take into my throat
The trump of heaven *; with whose determinate
 blasts

The winds shall burst, and the devouring seas
Be drunk up in his sounds; that my hot woes
(Vented enough) I might convert to vapour,
Ascending from my infamy unseen;
Shorten the world, preventing the last breath
That kills the living, and regenerates death.

Tam. My lord, my fault (as you may censure it
With too strong arguments) is past your pardon:
But how the circumstances may excuse me
Heaven knows, and your more temperate mind
 hereafter

May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter? 'Tis a suppos'd infinite,
That from this point will rise eternally:
Fame grows in going; in the scapes of virtue
Excuses damn her: they be fires in cities
Enrag'd with those winds that less lights extin-
 guish.

Come, Syren, sing, and dash against my rocks
Thy ruffian galley, rig'd with quench for lust:
Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice,
With which thou drew'st into thy strumpet's lap
The spawn of Venus; and in which ye danc'd;
That, in thy lap's stead, I may dig his tomb,
And quit his manhood with a woman's sleight,

* The trumpet which shall be sounded at the last day.

Who never is deceiv'd in her deceit.
Sing, (that is, write) and then take from mine eyes
The mists that hide the most inscrutable pander
That ever lap'd up an adulterous vomit:
That I may see the devil, and survive
To be a devil, and then learn to wive :
That I may hang him, and then cut him down,
Then cut him up, and with my soul's beams search
The cranks and caverns of his brain, and study
The errant wilderness of a woman's face ;
Where men cannot get out, for all the comets
That have been lighted at it ; though they know
That adders lie a sunning in their smiles,
That basilisks drink their poison from their eyes,
And no way thereto coast out to their hearts ;
Yet still they wander there, and are not stay'd
Till they be fetter'd ; nor secure before
All cares devour them ; nor in humane consort
Till they embrace within their wife's two breasts
All Pelion and Cythæron with their beasts.
Why write you not ?

Tam. Oh, good my lord, forbear
In wreak of great faults to engender greater,
And make my love's corruption generate murder.

Mont. It follows needfully as child and parent ;
The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
And it must murder ; 'tis thine own dear twin :
No man can add height to a woman's sin.
Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,
As when she rageth under Virtue's cloak.
Write ; for it must be, by this ruthless steel,
By this impartial torture, and the death
Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails,
To quicken life in dying, and hold up

The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve
 Torments in ashes, that will ever last !
 Speak, will you write ?

Tam. Sweet lord, enjoin my sin
 Some other penance than what makes it worse :
 Hide in some gloomy dungeon my loath'd face,
 And let condemned murderers let me down
 (Stopping their noses) my abhorred food ;
 Hang me in chains, and let me eat these arms
 That have offended ; bind me face to face
 To some dead woman, taken from the cart
 Of execution, till death and time
 In grains of dust dissolve me ; I'll endure :
 Or any torture that your wrath's invention
 Can fright all pity from the world withal :
 But to betray a friend with show of friendship,
 That is too common for the rare revenge
 Your rage affecteth : here then are my breasts,
 Last night your pillows ; here my wretched arms,
 As late the wished confines of your life :
 Now break them as you please, and all the bounds
 Of manhood, nobles, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have been broken, they
 are kept,
 In doing their justice there with any show
 Of the like cruel cruelty : thine arms have lost
 Their privilege in lust, and in their torture
 Thus they must pay it. [Stabs her.]

Tam. O Lord !

Mont. Till thou writest
 I'll write in wounds (my wrongs' fit characters)
 Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Tam. Oh, kill me, kill me !
 Dear husband be not crueller than death :

You have beheld some gorgon ; feel, oh, feel !
How you are turn'd to stone * ; with my heart
blood

Dissolve yourself again, or you will grow
Into the image of all tyranny.

Mont. As thou art of adultery, I will ever
Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster :
Thus I express thee yet. [*Stabs her again.*

Tam. And yet I live.

Mont. Ay, for thy monstrous idol is not done
yet,
This tool hath wrought enough : now, torture, use

Enter SERVANTS.

This other engine on th' habituate powers
Of her thrice damn'd and whorish fortitude.

[*Servants fix her on the rack.*

Use the most madding pains in her that ever
Thy venoms soak'd through, making most of death ;
That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and
then

Stand vengeance on thy steepest rock a victor.

Tam. Oh, who is turn'd into my lord and hus-
band ?

Husband ? my lord ? none but my lord and hus-
band ?

Heaven I ask thee remission of my sins,
Not of my pains : husband, oh, help me, husband !

[*The Friar ascends with a sword drawn.*

* This is a correct allusion to the superstitious belief of the
ancients. Macduff varies it when he directs Macbeth to enter
the chamber of the murdered Duncan :

“ And destroy your sight

With a new gorgon.”

Friar. What rape of honour and religion?
O wrack of nature! [*Falls and dies.*]

Tam. Poor man: oh, my father!
Father, look up: oh let me down, my lord,
And I will write!

Mont. Author of prodigies!
What new flame breaks out of the firmament,
That turns up counsels never known before?
Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands
still*;

Even heaven itself must see and suffer ill:
The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd
Her back part upwards, and with that she braves
This hemisphere, that long her mouth hath mock'd:
The gravity of her religious face,
(Now grown too weighty with her sacrilege,
And here discern'd sophisticate enough)
Turns to the antipodes; and all the forms
That her illusions have impress'd in her,
Have eaten through her back, and now all see,
How she is rivetted with hypocrisy:

Was this the way? was he the mean betwixt you?

Tam. He was, he was, kind worthy man he was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Tam. I will, I will.

I'll write, but with my blood, that he may see
These lines come from my wounds and not from
me. [*Writes.*]

* The Copernican System, of which this is a leading principle, was published about a century before this play was written, but was generally discredited till many years afterwards. Shakespeare has the following line in "Hamlet:"

"Doubt that the sun doth move."

Mont. Well might he die for thought: methinks
the frame

And shaken joints of the whole world should crack
To see her parts so disproportionate;
And that his general beauty cannot stand
Without these stains in the particular man.
Why wander I so far? here, here was she,
That was a whole world without spot to me,
Though now a world of spots. Oh, what a lightning
Is man's delight in women! what a bubble
He builds his state, fame, life on, when he marries!
Since all earth's pleasures are so short and small
The way t' enjoy it, is t' abjure it all.
Enough: I must be messenger myself,
Disguis'd like this strange creature: in, I'll after,
To see what guilty light gives this cave eyes,
And to the world sing new impieties. [*Exeunt.*

[*He puts the Friar into the vault, and follows; she wraps herself in the arras.*]

Enter MONSIEUR and GUISE.

Mons. Now shall we see that nature hath no end
In her great works, responsive to their worths;
That she that makes so many eyes and souls
To see, and foresee, is stark blind herself;
And as illiterate men say Latin prayers
By rote of heart, and daily iteration,
Not knowing what they say, so Nature lays
A deal of stuff together, and by use
Or by the mere necessity of matter
Ends such a work, fills it, or leaves it empty
Of strength, or virtue, error, or clear truth,

Not knowing what she does, but usually
 Gives that which she calls merit to a man,
 And belief must arrive him on huge riches,
 Honour, and happiness : that effects his ruin.
 Even as in ships of war whole lasts * of powder
 Are laid, methinks, to make them last and guard,
 When a disorder'd spark that powder taking,
 Blows up with sudden violence and horror
 Ships that (kept empty) had sail'd long with
 terror.

Guise. He that observes but like a worldly man
 That which doth oft succeed, and by th' events
 Values the worth of things, will think it true
 That Nature works at random, just with you :
 But with as much proportion she may make
 A thing that from the feet up to the throat
 Hath all the wondrous fabric man should have,
 And leave it headless for a perfect man ;
 As give a full man valour, virtue, learning,
 Without an end more excellent than those
 On whom she no such worthy part bestows.

Mons. Yet shall you see it here; here will be one
 Young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full man'd;
 One on whom nature spent so rich a hand,
 That with an ominous eye she wept to see
 So much consum'd her virtuous treasury;
 Yet as the winds sing through a hollow tree,
 And (since it lets them pass through) lets it stand,
 But a tree solid (since it gives no way
 To their wild rage) they rend up by the root,
 So this whole man
 (That will not wind with every crooked way,

* "A last of pitch, tar, or ashes, is fourteen barrels."

Trod by the servile world) shall reel and fall
 Before the frantic puffs of blind born chance,
 That pipes through empty men, and makes them
 dance.

Not so the sea raves on the Libyan sands,
 Tumbling her billows in each other's neck :
 Not so the surges of the Euxian sea
 (Near to the frosty pole, where free Bootes
 From those dark deep waves turns his radiant
 team),

Swell (being enrag'd even from their inmost drop)
 As fortune swings about the restless state
 Of virtue, now thrown into all mens' hate.

*Enter MONTSURRY disguised with the MUR-
 DERERS.*

Away, my lord, you are perfectly disguis'd,
 Leave us to lodge your ambush.

Mont. Speed my vengeance. *[Exit.*

Mons. Resolve my masters, you shall meet
 with one

Will try what proofs your privy coats are made on :
 When he is enter'd, and you hear us stamp,
 Approach, and make all sure.

Murd. We will, my lord. *[Exeunt.*

*D'AMBOIS' Apartments. D'AMBOIS with two
 PAGES with Tapers.*

D'Amb. Sit up to-night and watch, I'll speak
 with none

But the old Friar, who bring to me.

Pages. We will, sir. *[Exeunt.*

D'Amb. What violent heat is this? methinks
 the fire

Of twenty lives doth on a sudden flash
Through all my faculties : the air goes high
In this close chamber, and the frightened earth

[*Thunder.*

Trembles, and shrinks beneath me ; the whole
house

Nods with his shaken burden : bless me, heaven !

Enter FRIAR'S GHOST.

Ghost. Note what I want, dear son, and be
forewarn'd.

Oh, there are bloody deeds past and to come :
I cannot stay, a fate doth ravish me :

I'll meet thee in the chamber of thy love. [*Exit.*

D'Amb. What dismal change is here ? the good
old Friar

Is murder'd, being made known to serve my love ;
And now his restless spirit would forewarn me
Of some plot dangerous and imminent.

Note what he wants ? He wants his upper weed,
He wants his life, and body : which of these
Should be the want he means, and may supply me
With any fit fore-warning ? This strange vision,
(Together with the dark prediction

Us'd by the prince of darkness that was rais'd
By this embodied shadow) stir my thoughts

With reminiscion of the spirit's promise ;

Who told me, that by any invocation

I should have power to raise him ; though it
wanted

The powerful words and decent rites of art :
Never had my set brain such need of spirit,
T' instruct and cheer it : now then I will claim
Performance of his free and gentle vow,

T' appear in greater light; and make more plain
 His rugged oracle : I long to know
 How my dear mistress fares ; and be inform'd
 What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
 Of her incensed lord : methought the spirit
 (When he had utter'd his perplex'd presage)
 Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into
 clouds ;

His forehead bent, as it would hide his face ;
 He knock'd his chin against his darkened breast,
 And struck a churlish silence through his pow'rs.
 Terror of darkness ! oh thou king of flames !
 That with thy music-footed horse doth strike
 The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth,
 And hurl'st instructive fire about the world,
 Wake, wake, the drowsy and enchanted night,
 That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle :
 Oh *, thou great prince of shades, where never sun
 Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made
 To shine in darkness, and see ever best
 Where men are blindest ! open now the heart
 Of thy abashed oracle, that for fear
 Of some ill it includes would feign lie hid,
 And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

[*Thunder. Behemoth rises.*

Beh. Thus to observe my vow of apparition
 In greater light, and explicate thy fate,
 I come ; and tell thee that if thou obey
 The summons that thy mistress next will send thee,
 Her hand shall be thy death.

* All the editions agree in reading, " Or thou great prince ;" but as it is evident that he invokes the spirit that appeared before, I think there is no doubt of the propriety of the alteration.

D'Amb. When will she send?

Beh. Soon as I set again where late I rose.

D'Amb. Is the old Friar slain?

Beh. No, and yet lives not.

D'Amb. Died he a natural death?

Beh. He did.

D'Amb. Who then

Will my dear mistress send?

Beh. I must not tell thee.

D'Amb. Who lets thee?

Beh. Fate.

D'Amb. Who are fate's ministers?

Beh. The Guise and Monsieur.

D'Amb. A fit pair of sheers

To cut the threads of kings and kingly spirits,

And consorts fit to sound forth harmony,

Set to the falls of kingdoms. Shall the hand

Of my kind mistress kill me?

Beh. If thou yield

To her next summons; you're fair warn'd : fare-
well.

[*Thunder. Exit.*]

D'Amb. I must fare well, however, though I die,

My death consenting with his augury :

Should not my powers obey when she commands,

My motion must be rebel to my will,

My will to life: if when I have obey'd,

Her hand should so reward me, they must arm it,

Bind me, or force it; for I lay my life

She rather would convert it many times

On her own bosom, even to many deaths:

But were there danger of such violence,

I know 'tis far from her intent to send:

And who she should send is as far from thought,
Since he is dead, whose only mean she us'd.

[*Knocks.*
Who's there? look to the door : and let him in,
Though politic Monsieur, or the violent Guise.

*Enter MONTSURRY like the Friar, with a Letter
written in Blood.*

Mont. Hail to my worthy son.

D'Amb. O lying spirit!

* To say the Friar was dead ; I'll now believe
Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.
My kind and honour'd father, well reviv'd ;
I have been frighted with your death and mine,
And told my mistress' hand should be my death
If I obeyed this summons.

Mont. I believ'd your love had been much
clearer than to give
Any such doubt a thought, for she is clear,
And having freed her husband's jealousy,
(Of which her much abus'd hand here is witness)
She prays for urgent cause your instant presence.

D'Amb. Why then your prince of spirits may
be call'd
The prince of liars.

Mons. Holy writ so calls him.

D'Amb. What? writ in blood?

Mont. Ay, 'tis the ink of lovers.

D'Amb. Oh, 'tis a sacred witness of her love!
So much elixer of her blood as this

* The remainder of D'Ambois speech and the following one of Montsurry, vary altogether from the editions of 1607 and 8.

Drop'd in the lightest dame, would make her firm
 As heat to fire ; and like to all the signs *,
 Commands the life confin'd in all my veins :
 Oh, how it multiplies my blood with spirit,
 And makes me apt to encounter death and hell !
 But come, kind father, you fetch me to heaven,
 And to that end your holy weed was given.

[*Exeunt.*

TAMYRA is discovered. *Enter the Ghost of the*
 FRIAR †.

Ghost. Up with these stupid thoughts, still
 loved daughter,
 And strike away this heartless trance of anguish :
 Be like the sun, and labour in eclipses :
 Look to the end of woes : oh, can you sit
 Mustering the horrors of your servant's slaughter
 Before your contemplation, and not study
 How to prevent it ? Watch when he shall rise,
 And with a sudden outcry of his murder,
 Blow his retreat before he be revenged ‡.

Tam. Oh, father, have my dumb woes wak'd
 your death ?

When will our human griefs be at their height ?
 Man is a tree, that hath no top in cares ;
 No root in comforts ; all his power to live
 Is given to no end, but t' have power to grieve.

* The word *sign* here is used in the peculiar sense of the old almanacks.

† The scene between Monsieur and Guise, beginning, "Now shall we see," &c. &c. is here introduced in the two first editions.

‡ "*Engaged*" is the reading of the editions of 1607 and 8, and I think the better.

Ghost. It is the misery of our creation. Your true friend,
Led by your husband, shadowed in my weed,
Now enters the dark vault.

Tam. But, my dearest father,
Why will not you appear to him yourself,
And see that none of these deceits annoy him.

Ghost. My power is limited, alas, I cannot,
All that I can do——See the cave opens. [*Exit.*]

D'AMBOIS at the Gulf.

Tam. Away, my love, away! thou wilt be murder'd.

Enter MONSIEUR and GUISE above.

D'Amb. Murder'd? I know not what that Hebrew means:

That word had ne'er been nam'd had all been
D'Ambois.

Murder'd? By heaven he is my murderer
That shows me not a murderer: what such bug
Abhorreth not the very sleep of D'Ambois*?
Murder'd? Who dares give all the room I see
To D'Ambois' reach? or look with any odds
His fight i'th' face, upon whose hand sits death;
Whose sword hath wings, and every feather
pierceth?

If I 'scape Monsieur's pothecary shops,
Foutir, for Guise's shambles: 'twas ill plotted,
They should have mall'd me here,
When I was rising, I am up and ready.
Let in my politic visitants, let them in,

* Such things fright not D'Ambois in his sleep.

Though entering like so many moving armours ;
 Fate is more strong than arms, and sly than treason,
 And I at all parts buckel'd in my fate.

Mons. and Guise. Why enter not the coward
 villains?

D'Amb. Dare they not come!

Enter MURDERERS with FRIAR at the other Door.

Tam. They come.

1 Murd. Come all at once.

Ghost. Back, coward murderers, back.

Omnes. Defend us, heaven.

[Exeunt all but the first.]

1 Murd. Come ye not on?

D'Amb. No, slave, nor goest thou off.

Stand you so firm? will it not enter here?

You have a face yet: so in thy life's flame

I burn the first rites to my mistress's fame.

[Kills him.]

Ghost. Breathe thee, brave son, against the
 other charge.

D'Amb. Oh, is it true then that my sense first
 told me?

Is my kind father dead?

Tam. He is, my love.

'Twas the earl, my husband, in his weed that
 brought thee.

D'Amb. That was a speeding slight*, and well
 resembled.

Where is that angry earl my lord? Come forth

And show your own face in your own affair:

Take not into your noble veins the blood

* "A speeding slight," a successful artifice.

Of these base villains, nor the light reports
 Of blister'd tongues, for clear and weighty truth ;
 But me against the world, in pure defence
 Of your rare lady ; to whose spotless name
 I stand here as a bulwark, and project
 A life to her-renown, that ever yet
 Hath been untainted even in envy's eye,
 And where it would protect a sanctuary.
 Brave earl, come forth, and keep your scandal in :
 'Tis not our fault if you enforce the spot,
 Nor the wreak yours if you perform it not.

Enter MONTSURRY with all the Murderers.

Mont. Coward, a fiend or spirit beat ye off?
 They are your own faint spirits that have forg'd
 The fearful shadows that your eyes deluded :
 The fiend was in you ; cast him out then thus.

They fight. D'Ambois hath Montsurry down.

Tam. Favour (my lord) my love, oh favour him !

D'Amb. I will not touch him : Take your life,
 my lord,
 And be appeas'd : (*Pistols shot within.*) Oh, then
 the coward Fates
 Have maim'd themselves, and ever lost their honour.

Ghost. What have ye done, slaves? irreligious lord?

D'Amb. Forbear them, father ; 'tis enough for me
 That Guise and Monsieur, death and destiny
 Come behind D'Ambois : is my body then
 But penetrable flesh ? and must my mind
 Follow my blood ? can my divine part add
 No aid to th' earthly in extremity ?

Then these divines are but for form, not fact :
Man is of two sweet courtly friends compact ;
A mistress and a servant : let my death
Define life nothing but a courtier's breath.
Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
Their abstract being a dream but of a shade.
I'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven,
And (like a man) look upwards even in death.
And if Vespasian thought in majesty
An emperor might die standing, why not I?

[She offers to help him.]

Nay without help, in which I will exceed him ;
For he died splinted * with his chamber grooms.
Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done :
The equal thought I bear of life and death,
Shall make me faint on no side ; I am up
Here like a Roman statue ; I will stand
Till death hath made me marble : oh, my fame
Live in despite of murder ! take thy wings
And haste thee where the grey-ey'd morn perfumes
Her rosy chariot with Sabæan spices ;
Fly, where the evening from th' Iberean vales,
Takes on her swarthy shoulders, Heccate
Crown'd with a grove of oaks ; fly where men feel
The burning axletree ; and those that suffer
Beneath the chariot of the snowy bear ;
And tell them all that D'Ambois now is hasting
To the eternal dwellers ; that a thunder
Of all their sighs together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthless fall
With a fit volley for my funeral.

Ghost. Forgive thy murderers.

* " Splinted," i. e. supported.

D'Amb. I forgive them all ;
 And you, my lord, (to *Mont.*) their fautor* ; for
 true sign
 Of which unfain'd remission, take my sword ;
 Take it, and only give it motion,
 And it shall find the way to victory
 By his own brightness, and th' inherent valour
 My fight hath still'd into 't, with charms of spirit.
 Now let me pray you, that my weighty blood
 Laid in one scale of your impartial spleen,
 May sway the forfeit of my worthy love
 Weigh'd in the other ; and be reconcil'd
 With all forgiveness to your matchless wife.

Tam. Forgive thou me, dear servant, and this
 hand
 That led thy life to this unworthy end ;
 Forgive it, for the blood with which 'tis stain'd,
 In which I writ the summons of thy death :
 The forced summons, by this bleeding wound,
 By this here in my bosom, and by this
 That makes me hold up both my hands embru'd
 For thy dear pardon.

D'Amb. Oh, my heart is broken !
 Fate, nor these murderers, Monsieur, nor the Guise,
 Have any glory in my death, but this ;
 This killing spectacle ; this prodigy :
 My sun is turn'd to blood, in whose red beams
 Pindus and Ossa (hid in drifts of snow
 Laid on my heart and liver) from their veins
 Melt like two hungry torrents, eating rocks
 Into the ocean of all human life,
 And make it bitter, only with my blood :

* Favourer or supporter.

Oh, frail condition of strength, valour, virtue
 In me (like warning fire upon the top
 Of some steep beacon, on a steeper hill)
 Made to express it! like a falling star
 Silently glanc'd, that like a thunderbolt,
 Look'd to have stuck and shook the firmament.
 [Dies.]

Ghost. Farewell, brave relics of a complete man.
 Look up and see thy spirit made a star;
 Jove * flames with her rules, and when thou set'st
 Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
 Make the vast crystal crack with thy receipt:
 Spread to a world of fire, and the aged sky
 Cheer with the new sparks of old humanity.
 (*To Mont.*) Son of the earth, whom my unrested
 soul

Rues to have begot in the faith of heaven,
 Assay to gratulate and pacify
 The soul fled from this worthy, by performing
 The christian reconcilement he besought
 Betwixt thee and thy lady; let her wounds
 Manlessly digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd
 With balm of thine own tears; or be assur'd
 Never to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this: still kneeling by
 And mourning his fall, more than her own fault.

Ghost. Remove, dear daughter, and content thy
 husband:
 So piety will thee, and thy servant's peace.

Tam. Oh, wretched piety, that art so distract
 In thine own constancy; and in thy right

* The word *Jove* is probably here used to denote the visible heavens.

Must be unrighteous : if I right my friend
 I wrong my husband ; if his wrong I shun,
 The duty of my friend I leave undone ;
 Ill plays on both sides ; here and there, it riseth ;
 No place, no good so good, but ill compriseth :
 Oh, had I never married but for form ;
 Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive ;
 Never made conscience of any sin,
 But cloak'd it privately, and made it common ;
 Nor never honour'd been, in blood, or mind,
 Happy had I been then, as others are
 Of the like licence ! I had then been honour'd ;
 Liv'd without envy ; custom had benumb'd
 All sense of scruple, and all note of frailty ;
 My fame had been untouch'd, my heart unbroken ;
 But (shunning all) I strike on all offence,
 Oh, husband ! dear friend ! oh, my conscience !

Mons. Come let's away, my senses are not proof
 Against those plaints.

[*Exeunt Guise and Mons. D'Ambois is borne off.*]

Mont. I must not yield to pity nor to love
 So servile and so traitorous : cease my blood
 To wrestle with my honour, fame, and judgment :
 Away, forsake my house, forbear complaints
 Where thou hast bred them : here all things are
 full

Of their own shame and sorrow ; leave my house.

Tam. Sweet lord, forgive me, and I will be gone.
 And till these wounds, that never balm shall close
 Till death hath enter'd at them, (so I love them
 Being open'd by your hands) by death be cur'd
 I never more will grieve you with my sight ;
 Never endure that any roof shall part

Mine eyes and heaven ; but to the open deserts
(Like to a hunted tigress) I will fly,
Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
And look on no side till I be arriv'd.

Mont. I do forgive thee, and upon my knees
With hands (held up to heaven) wish that mine
honour

Would suffer reconciliation to my love :
But since it will not, honour never serve
My love with flourishing object till it starve :
And as this taper, though it upwards look,
Downwards must needs consume, so let our love ;
As having lost his honey, the sweet taste
Runs into savour, and will needs retain
A spice of his first parents, till (like life)
It sees and dies ; so let our love : and lastly,
As when the flame is suffer'd to look up,
It keeps its lustre ; but, being thus turn'd down
(His natural course of useful light inverted),
His own stuff puts it out ; so let our love :
Now turn from me, as here I turn from thee,
And may both points of heaven's straight axletree
Conjoin in one, before thyself and me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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MONSIEUR D'OLIVE:

A

COMEDY.

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

Duke.

Monsieur D'Olive.

Count St. Anne.

Count Vaumont.

Vandome.

Rhoderique.

Mugeron.

Pacque, } Pages.

Digue, }

Cornelius.

Broker.

Dutchess.

Jeronnime.

Countess Marcellina.

Euryone, her sister.

Licette.

Servants and Sailors.

* The scene of this play was evidently intended to be in one of the independent Dutchies, formerly bordering on France; but it is not any where specified. The *dramatis personæ* attached to the quarto, reads, "Philip, Duke;" "Gueaquin, Dutchess;" and the christian name and title are indiscriminately prefixed to their speeches: as I have throughout corrected the latter error; I thought it advisable to alter the appearance of the *dramatis personæ*, which, in the original, I think, looked bad. To have said Duke of Burgundy, or Duke of Bretagne, would have corrected it equally well or better; but it might have been considered an unjustifiable liberty.

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter VANDOME attended by SERVANTS, and followed by SAILORS carrying his Baggage; VAUMONT is seen walking before a House at a distance.

Vand. CONVEY your carriage to my brother-in-laws,

Th' Earl of Saint Anne; to whom and to my sister,
Commend my humble service; tell them both
Of my arrival, and intent t' attend them,
When in my way I have performed fit duties,
To Count Vaumont, and his most† honour'd
Countess.

Ser. We will, sir. This way follow, honest
sailors. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Vand. Our first observance, after any absence
Must be presented ever to our mistress,
As at our parting she should still be last:
Hinc amor ut circulus, from hence 'tis said

* I have nothing to observe on this play, but that the punctuation of it has of necessity been altered from beginning to end. It is almost impossible to conceive a work more defective. As there is but one edition my judgment has been my only guide; and if it has sometimes misled me, which is more than probable, I can only regret it.

† The quarto reads, "his honoured Countess;" but I think the change an amendment both of the sense and measure.

That love is like a circle, being th' efficient
And end of all our actions ; which excited
By no worse object than my matchless mistress
Were worthy to employ us that likeness *,
And be the only ring our powers should beat †.
Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue,
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it,
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument ; or else as doctrine
Is to the soul, that puts it into act,
And prints it full of admirable forms
Without which 'twere an empty, idle flame :
Her eminent judgment to dispose these parts,
Sits on her brow and holds a silver sceptre,
With which she keeps time to the several musics,
Plac'd in the sacred consort of her beauties :
Love's complete armoury is managed in her
To stir affection ; and the discipline
To check and to affright it from attempting
Any attainment might disproportion her,
Or make her graces less than circular :
Yet her even carriage is as far from coyness
As from immodesty ; in play, in dancing,
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,
In use of places, hours, and companies
Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted :
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
And constant as the centre to observe them :
Ruthful and bounteous, never fierce nor dull ;
In all her courses ever at the full.

* The quarto reads, "*in* that likeness."

† *Beat* seems here to be used in the language of sportsmen, who are said *to beat* the ground in quest of game.

These three years I have travell'd, and so long
 Have been in travail with her dearest sight,
 Which now shall beautify the enamour'd light.
 This is her house ; what ! the gates shut and clear
 Of all attendants ? Why, the house was wont
 To hold the usual concourse of a court :
 And see, methinks, through the encurtain'd win-
 dows

(In this high time of day) I see light tapers ;
 This is exceeding strange. Behold the earl
 Walking in as strange sort before the door :
 I'll know this wonder sure. My honoured lord—

Vaum. Keep off, sir ! and beware whom you
 embrace.

Vand. Why flies your lordship back ?

Vaum. You should be sure
 To know a man your friend ere you embrac'd him.

Vand. I hope my knowledge cannot be more
 sure

Than of your lordship's friendship.

Vaum. No man's knowledge
 Can make him sure of any thing without him,
 Or not within his power to keep, or order.

Vand. I comprehend not this ; and wonder much
 To see my most lov'd lord so much estrang'd.

Vaum. The truth is, I have done your known
 deserts
 More wrong, than with your right should let you
 greet me ;
 And in your absence, which makes worse the
 wrong ;

And in your honour, which still makes it worse.

Vand. If this be all, my lord, the discontent
 You seem to entertain, is merely causeless :

Your free confession, and the manner of it,
 Doth liberally excuse what wrong soever,
 Your mis-conceit could make you lay on me:
 And therefore, good my lord, discover it,
 That we may take the spleen and corsey* from it.

Vaum. Then hear a strange report and reason,
 why

I did you this repented injury.
 You know my wife is by the rights of courtship,
 Your chosen mistress; and she not dispos'd
 (As other ladies are) to entertain
 Peculiar terms, with common acts of kindness;
 But (knowing in her, more than womens' judgment,)
 That she should nothing wrong her husband's right,
 To use a friend, only for virtue chosen,
 With all the rights of friendship, took such care
 After the solemn parting to your travel,
 And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
 That I grew jealous †, and with rage excepted
 Against her kindness; utterly forgetting
 I should have weighed so rare a woman's words,
 As duties of a free and friendly justice,
 Not as the headstrong and incontinent vapours
 Of other ladies' bloods, enflamed with lust;
 Wherein I injured both your innocencies :

*. To *corse* is explained by Tyrwhit, in his glossary to Chaucer, to *curse*; and it may be understood here in this sense: or (if the reader should prefer it) for *corse*, a dead body; then the line may mean, "to take away the *substance* and the malignity of what you have done."

† If the reader wishes to be informed of the affection which it was supposed married ladies, in our poet's age, might entertain for other men, without giving their husbands cause for jealousy or suspicion, he may find it in the "Love's Sacrifice" of Ford; though not in the "Othello" of Shakspeare.

Which I approve, not out of flexible dotage,
 By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
 But in impartial equity ; made apparent
 Both by mine own well-weigh'd comparison
 Of all her other manifest perfections,
 With this one only doubtful levity,
 And likewise by her violent apprehension
 Of her deep wrong and yours ; for she hath vow'd,
 Never to let the common pandress light,
 (Or any doom as vulgar,) censure her
 In any action she leaves subject to them,
 Never to fit the day with her attire,
 Nor grace it with her presence ; nourish in it,
 (Unless with sleep ;) nor stir out of her chamber ;
 And so hath muffled and mew'd up her beauties
 In never-ceasing darkness ; never sleeping,
 But in the day transform'd by her to-night ;
 With all sun banish'd from her smother'd graces :
 And thus my dear and most unmatched wife,
 That was a comfort and a grace to me,
 In every judgment, every company,
 I, by false jealousy, have no less than lost,
 Murder'd her living, and entomb'd her quick.

Vand. Conceit it not so deeply, good my lord ;
 Your wrong to me or her, was no fit ground
 To bear so weighty and resolv'd a vow,
 From her incensed and abused virtues.

Vaum. There could not be a more important
 cause,
 To fill her with a ceaseless hate of light,
 To see it grace gross lightness with full beams,
 And frown on continence with her oblique glances.
 As nothing equals right to virtue done,
 So is her wrong past all comparison.

Vand. Virtue is not malicious ; wrong done her
Is righted ever when men grant they err.
But doth my princely mistress so contemn
The glory of her beauties, and the applause
Given to the worth of her society
To let a voluntary vow obscure them ?

Vaum. See all her windows, and her doors made
fast,
And in her chamber lights for night enflam'd ;
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.

Vand. This news is strange ; heaven grant I
be encounter'd
With better tidings of my other friends !
Let me be bold, my lord, t' inquire the state
Of my dear sister, in whose self and me,
Survives the whole hope of our family,
Together with her dear and princely husband,
Th' Earl of St. Anne.

Vaum. Unhappy that I am !
I would to heaven your most welcome steps,
Had brought you first upon some other friend,
To be the sad relater of the changes
Chanc'd in * your three years most lamented ab-
sence :

Your worthy sister, worthier far of heaven
Than this unworthy hell of passionate earth,
Is taken up amongst her fellow stars.

Vand. Unhappy man that ever I return'd,
And perish'd not ere these news pierc'd mine ears !

Vaum. Nay be not you that teach men comfort,
grieved ;
I know your judgment will set willing shoulders

* The quarto reads, " Chanc'd your three years," &c. The change was necessary to complete the sense.

To the known burthens of necessity,
 And teach your wilful brother patience ;
 Who strives with death, and from his caves of rest
 Retains his wife's dead corse amongst the living ;
 For with the rich sweets of restoring balms,
 He keeps her looks as fresh as if she liv'd,
 And in his chamber (as in life attir'd)
 She in a chair sits leaning on her arm
 As if she only slept ; and at her feet,
 He like a mortified hermit clad,
 Sits weeping out his life ; as having lost
 All his life's comfort ; and that she being dead
 (Who was his greatest part) he must consume
 As in an apoplexy struck with death.
 Nor can the Duke nor Dutchess comfort him,
 Nor messengers with consolatory letters
 From the kind King of France, who is allied
 To her and you : but to lift all his thoughts
 Up to another world where she expects him,
 He feeds his ears with soul-exciting music,
 Solemn and tragical ; and so resolves
 In those sad accents to exhale his soul.

Vand. Oh, what a second ruthless sea of woes
 Wracks me within my haven, and on shore !
 What shall I do ? mourn, mourn with them that
 mourn,
 And make my greater woes their less expel :
 This day I'll consecrate to sighs and tears ;
 And this next even, which is my mistress' morning,
 I'll greet her, wond'ring at her wilful humours ;
 And with rebukes, breaking out of my love
 And duty to her honour, make her see
 How much, her too much curious* virtue wrongs
 her.

* See vol. ii. p. 127.

Vaum. Said like the man the world hath ever
held you!
Welcome as new lives to us ; our good now
Shall wholly be ascrib'd, and trust to you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter RHODERIQUE and MUGERON.

Mug. See, see, the virtuous Countess hath
bidden our day good night ; her stars are now
visible : when was any lady seen to be so con-
stant in her vow, and able to forbear the society
of men so sincerely ?

Rhod. Never in this world ; at least exceeding
seldom. What shame it is for men to see wo-
men so far surpass them ; for when was any man
known (out of judgment) to perform so staid an
abstinence, from the society of women ?

Mug. Never in this world.

Rhod. What an excellent creature an honest
woman is ! I warrant you the Countess, and her
virgin sister, spend all their times in contempla-
tion ; watching to see the sacred spectacles of
the night, when other ladies lie drown'd in sleep
or sensuality : Is't not so think'st ?

Mug. No question.

Rhod. Come, come, let's forget we are cour-
tiers, and talk like honest men ; tell truth, and
shame all travellers and tradesmen : thou be-
lievest all's natural beauty that shows fair, though
the painter enforce it, and sufferest in soul I
know for the honourable lady.

Mug. Can any heart of adamant not yield in
compassion to see spotless innocence suffer such
bitter penance ?

Rhod. A very fit stock to graff on : tush, man, think what she is, think where she lives, think on the villanous cunning of these times : indeed did we live now in old Saturn's time, when women had no other art, than what Nature taught 'em ; (and yet there needs little art I wis to teach a woman to dissemble) when luxury* was unborn, at least untaught the art to steal from a forbidden tree ; when coaches, when periwigs, and painting, when masks, and masking, in a word, when court and courting was unknown ; an easy mist might then perhaps have wrought upon my sense as it does now on the poor Countess's and thine.

Mug. O world !

Rhod. O flesh !

Mug. O devil † !

Rhod. I tell thee, Mugeron, the flesh is grown so great with the devil, as there's but a little honesty left i' th' world ; that, that is, is in lawyers ; they ingross all : s'foot ! what gave the first fire to the Count's jealousy ?

Mug. What but his misconstruction of her honourable affection to Vandome.

Rhod. Honourable affection ? first she's an ill huswife of her honour, that puts it upon con-

* *Luxury* was the old term for lewdness. So in "Hamlet :"

"Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for *luxury* and damned incest."

In "Lear:"

"To't *luxury* pell mell, for I lack soldiers."

And in the "Revenger's Tragedy," where Vindici calls the Duke

"A parched and juiceless *luxur*."

† Our poet alludes here rather too plainly to the baptismal service.

struction : but the presumption was violent against her ; no speech but of Vandome, no thought but of his memory, no mirth but in his company ; besides the free intercourse of letters, favours, and other entertainments, too too manifest signs that her heart went hand in hand with her tongue.

Mug. Why, was she not his mistress ?

Rhod. Ay, ay, a court term, for I wot what. 'Slight ! Vandome the stallion of the court, her devoted servant, and forsooth loves her honourably ! tush ! he's a fool that believes it. For my part I love to offend in the better part still, and that is, to judge charitably : but now forsooth to redeem her honour, she must by a laborious and violent kind of purgation, rub off the skin, to wash out the spot ; turn her chamber to a cell, the sun into a taper, and (as if she lived in another world amongst the Antipodes), make our night her day, and our day her night, that under this curtain she may lay his jealousy asleep, while she turns poor Argus to Acteon, and makes his sheets common to her servant Vandome.

Mug. Vandome ? Why he was met i' th' street but even now, newly arrived after three years travel.

Rhod. Newly arrived ? he has been arrived this twelvemonth, and has ever since laid close in his mistress's cunning darkness, at her service.

Mug. Fie o' the devil ! who will not envy slander ? Oh, the miserable condition of her sex, born to live under all construction. If she be courteous, she's thought to be wanton : if she be

kind, she's too willing; if coy, too wilful: if she be modest, she's a clown: if she be honest, she's a fool: and so is he.

Enter D'OLIVE.

Rhod. What, Monsieur D'Olive, the only admirer of wit and good words.

D'Ol. Morrow, wits: morrow, good wits: my little parcels * of wit, I have rods in piss for you. How dost, Jack; may I call thee, sir, Jack yet?

Mug. You may, sir: sir's as commendable an addition as Jack, for ought I know.

D'Ol. I know it, Jack, and as common too.

Rhod. Go to, you may cover; we have taken notice of your embroidered beaver.

D'Ol. Look you: by heaven thou'rt one of the maddest bitter slaves in Europe: I do but wonder how I made shift to love thee all this while.

Rhod. Go to, what might such a parcel-gilt† cover be worth?

Mug. Perhaps more than the whole piece besides.

D'Ol. Good i'faith, but bitter. Oh, you mad slaves, I think you had Satyrs to your sires, yet I must love you, I must take pleasure in you, and i'faith tell me, how is't? live I see you do, but how? but how, wits?

Rhod. Faith, as you see, like poor younger brothers.

* The quarto reads, "*parcel* of wit."

† "*Parcel-gilt*," i. e. one partly gilt, and partly plain. "Thou didst swear to me (says the Hostess to Falstaff, in Act II. Scene I. of the * *Second Part of Henry IV.*) upon a *parcel-gilt* goblet setting in my dolphin chamber," &c. &c.

D'Ol. By your wits?

Mug. Nay not turned poets neither.

D'Ol. Good in sooth*! but indeed to say truth, time was when the sons of the Muses had the privilege to live only by their wits, but times are altered, Monopolies are now called in, and wit's become a free trade for all sorts to live by†: lawyers live by wit, and they live worshipfully: soldiers live by wit, and they live honourably: panders live by wit, and they live honestly: in a word there are few trades but live by wit, only bawds and midwives live by womens' labours, as fools and fiddlers do by making mirth; pages and parasites by making legs; painters and players by making mouths and faces: ha, dos't well, wits?

Rhod. Faith, thou followest a figure in thy jests, as country gentlemen follow fashions, when they be worn threadbare.

D'Ol. Well, well, let's leave these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meet?

Mug. How think you, are we not met now?

D'Ol. Tush, man! I mean at my chamber, where we may may take free use of ourselves; that is, drink sack, and talk satire, and let our wits run the wild goose chase over court and country. I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good wits, the shop of good words, the mint of good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse; critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certain

* "Good sooth" is the reading of the original.

† The allusion seems to be to the abolition of most of those odious privileges by Elizabeth about two years before her death, and by James I. soon after his accession.

hours i' th' day resort thither; it shall be a second Sorbonne, where all doubts or differences of learning, honour, duelism, criticism, and poetry, shall be disputed: and how, wits, do ye follow the court still?

Rhod. Close at heels, sir; and I can tell you, you have much to answer to your stars, that you do not so too.

D'Ol. As why, wits? as why?

Rhod. Why, sir, the court's as 'twere the stage: and they that have a good suit of parts and qualities, ought to press thither to grace them, and receive their due merit.

D'Ol. Tush, let the court follow me: he that soars too near the sun, melts his wings many times: as I am, I possess myself, I enjoy my liberty, my learning, my wit: as for wealth and honour let 'em go; I'll not lose my learning to be a lord, nor my wit to be an alderman.

Mug. Admirable D'Olive!

D'Ol. And what! you stand gazing at this comet here †, and admire it, I dare say.

Rhod. And do not you?

D'Ol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rhod. But I wonder how she entertains time in that solitary cell: does she not take tobacco think you?

D'Ol. She does, she does: others make it their physic, she makes it her food: her sister and she

* The quarto reads, "for your stars;" but I conceive the meaning, "by neglecting the course for which nature intended you."

† D'Olive here abruptly changes the subject, and refers to the secluded Marcellina.

take it by turn, first one, then the other, and Vandome ministers to them both.

Mug. How sayest thou by that Helen of Greece the Countess's sister? there were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive, to admire and marry too.

D'Ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No? what exceptions lie against the choice?

D'Ol. Tush, tell me not of choice; if I stood affected that way, I would choose my wife as men do Valentines, blindfold, or draw cuts for them*, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing; for take this of me, there's ten times more deceit in women than in horse-flesh; and I say still, that a pretty well-pac'd chamber-maid is the only fashion; if she grow full or fulsome, give her but sixpence to buy her a hand-basket, and send her the way of all flesh, there's no more but so.

Mug. Indeed that's the savingest way.

D'Ol. O me! what a hell 'tis for a man to be tied to the continual charge of a coach, with the

* Bourne mentions that the ceremony of drawing lots on the eve before Valentine's Day, is a custom never omitted by the vulgar. He alludes also to tradition, that on that day the birds choose their mates, "and concludes," says Brand, "that perhaps the youthful part of the world hath first practised this custom." To this latter superstition Shakspeare refers in *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Saint Valentine is past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?"

Malone has a note on the custom in "*Hamlet*." But for a full account of it, and innumerable references to the latter belief, see Brand's "*Pop. Ant.*" vol. i. p. 47.

appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth: and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of guests, grooms, panders, waiting-maids, &c. I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me; shrewish if she be honest; intolerable if she be wise; imperious as an empress; all she does must be law, all she says gospel: Oh, what a penance 'tis to endure her! I glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal, and yet perhaps when all's done, my heir shall be like my horse-keeper: fie on't! the very thought of marriage were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

Rhod. Well, I durst venture twice the price of your gilt coney's wool*, we shall have you change your copy ere a twelvemonth's day.

Mug. We must have you dub'd o' th' order; there's no remedy: you that have unmarried, done such honourable service in the commonwealth, must needs receive the honour due to't in marriage.

Rhod. That he may do, and never marry.

D'Ol. As how, wits? i'faith as how?

Rhod. For if he can prove his father was free o' th' order, and that he was his father's son, then by the laudable custom of the city, he may be a cuckold by his father's copy, and never serve for't.

D'Ol. Ever good i'faith!

Mug. Nay how can he plead that, when 'tis as well known his father died a bachelor?

* Hats are made of coney's wool, and Rhoderique has before noticed his "embroidered beaver," and here again alludes to it.

D'Ol. Bitter, in verity, bitter! But good still in its kind.

Rhod. Go to, we must have you follow the lantern of your forefathers.

Mug. His forefathers? S'body had he more fathers than one?

D'Ol. Why this is right: here's wit canvast out on's coat, into's jacket: the string sounds ever well, that rubs not too much o' th' frets: I must love your wits, I must take pleasure in you. Farewell, good wits: you know my lodging, make an errand thither now and then, and save your ordinary; do, wits, do.

Mug. We shall be troublesome t'ye.

D'Ol. O God, sir, you wrong me, to think I can be troubled with wit: I love a good wit as I love myself: if you need a brace or two of crowns at any time, address but your sonnet, it shall be as sufficient as your bond at all times: I carry half a score birds in a cage, shall ever remain at your call. Farewell, wits; farewell, good wits.

[*Exit.*

Rhod. Farewell the true map of a gull: by heaven he shall to th' court! 'tis the perfect model of an impudent upstart; the compound of a poet, and a lawyer; he shall sure to th' court.

Mug. Nay, for God's sake, let's have no fools at court.

Rhod. He shall to't that's certain. The Duke had a purpose to dispatch some one or other to the French king, to entreat him to send for the body of his niece, which the melancholy Earl of Saint Anne, her husband, hath kept so long un-

buried, as meaning one grave should entomb himself and her together.

Mug. A very worthy subject for an ambassage, as D'Olive is for an ambassador agent; and 'tis as suitable to his brain, as his parcel-gilt beaver to his fool's head.

Rhod. Well it shall go hard, but he shall be employed. Oh, 'tis a most accomplished ass; the mongrel of a gull, and a villain: the very essence of his soul is pure villany: the substance of his brain, foolery: one that believes nothing from the stars upward*; a Pagan in belief, an epicure beyond-belief: prodigious in lust: prodigal in wasteful expense, in necessary most penurious: his wit is to admire and imitate; his grace is to censure, and detract: he shall to th' court, i'faith he shall thither: I will shape such employment for him, as that he himself shall have no less contentment, in making mirth to the whole court, than the Duke and the whole court shall have pleasure in enjoying his presence. A knave if he be rich, is fit to make an officer, as a fool if he be a knave is fit to make an intelligencer. [*Exeunt.*

* *i. e.* An atheist; who has no belief in any thing which is not perceptible by his outward senses.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter DIGUE and LICETTE, with Tapers.

Dig. What an order is this? Eleven o'clock at night is our lady's morning, and her hour to rise at, as in the morning it is other lady's hour: these tapers are our suns, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee, *Licette*, what makes the virgin lady, my lady's sister, break wind so continually, and sigh so tempestuously? I believe she's in love.

Lic. With whom, can you tell?

Dig. Not very well, but certes that's her disease; a man may cast her water in her face*: the truth is, 'tis no matter what she is, for there is little goodness in her; I could never yet finger one *cardicue*† of her bounty; and indeed all bounty now-a-days is dead amongst ladies. This same *Bonitas* is quite put down amongst 'em. But see, now we shall discover the heaviness of this virgin lady, I'll eaves-drop, and if possible,

* Discover her complaint by her looks.

† *i. e.* *Quart d'ecu*; which is said by *Malone* to be the fourth part of the smaller French crown, and about eight-pence of our money; *Cotgrave* says eighteen-pence. So in the "Noble Gentleman" of *Fletcher*:

"Give her a *cardicue*, 'tis royal payment."

And in "All's Well that Ends Well:"

"Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it."

hear who is her lover: for when this same amorous spirit possesses these young people, they have no other subject to talk of.

[They retire to the back of the stage.]

Enter MARCELLINA and EURYONE.

Eury. Oh, sister, would that matchless Earl ever have wrong'd his wife with jealousy?

Mar. Never.

Eury. Good Lord, what difference is in men; but was ever such a man as this seen*? to love his wife, even after death so dearly, to live with her in death? To leave the world and all his pleasures; all his friends and honours, as all were nothing now his wife is gone; is it not strange?

Mar. Exceeding strange.

Eury. But, sister, should not the nobleman be chronicled if he had right? I pray you, sister, should he not?

Mar. Yes, yes, he should.

Eury. But did you ever hear of such a noble gentleman? did you, sister?

Mar. I tell you no.

Eury. And do you not delight to hear him spoken of, and praised, and honoured? do you not, madam?

Mar. What should I say? I do.

Eury. Why very well: and should not every woman that loves the sovereign honour of her

* The quarto reads, "but such a man as this was ever seen;" but I conceive she asks the question, and does not intend to assert that all men of the same description must necessarily act as he did.

sex delight to hear him prais'd as well as we?
Good madam, answer heartily.

Mar. Yet again! who ever heard one talk so?

Eury. Talk so? Why should not every lady talk so?

You think belike I love the nobleman:
Heaven is my judge if I——indeed his love
And honour to his wife so after death,
Would make a fairy love him, yet not love,
But think the better of him, and sometimes
Talk of his love or so: but you know, madam,
I call'd her sister; and if I love him,
It is but as my brother, I protest.

[Vandome heard within.]

Vand. Let me come in.

Serv. Sir, you must not enter.

Mar. What rude disorder'd noise is that within?

Lic. I know not, madam.

Enter SERVANT.

Dig. How now?

Serv. Where's my lady?

Mar. What haste with you?

Serv. Madam, there's one at the door that asks to speak with you, admits no answer, but will enforce his passage to your honour.

Mar. What insolent guest is that?

Eury. Who should he be,
That is so ignorant of your worth and custom?

Enter another SERVANT.

2 Serv. Madam, here's one hath drawn his rapier on us, and will come in he says.

Mar. This is strange rudeness :
What is his name? do you not know the man?

1 *Serv.* No, madam, 'tis too dark.

Mar. Then take a light,
See if you know him, if not raise the streets.

[*Exeunt Servants ; and Licette with a candle.*]

Eury. And keep the door safe. What night-walker's this, that hath not light enough to see his rudeness?

Enter LICETTE in haste.

Lic. Oh, madam! 'tis the noble gentleman,
Monsieur Vandome, your servant.

Eury. Is it he? is he return'd?

Mar. Haste! commend me to him; tell him I may not nor will not see him, for I have vow'd the contrary to all.

Lic. Madam, we told him so a hundred times, yet he will enter.

(*Within.*) Hold, hold, keep him back there!

Mar. What rudeness, what strange insolence is this?

Enter VANDOME.

Vand. What hour is this? what fashion? what sad life?

What superstition of unholy vow?

What place is this? Oh, shall it ere be said

Such perfect judgment should be drown'd in humour?

Such beauty consecrate to bats and owls?

[*Lays his sword at her feet.*]

Here lies the weapon that enforc'd my passage,
Sought in my love, sought in regard of you;

For whom I will endure a thousand deaths
 Rather than suffer you to perish thus,
 And be the fable of the scornful world :
 If I offend you, lady, kill me now.

Mar. What shall I say? Alas, my worthy servant,

I would to God I had not liv'd to be
 A fable to the world, a shame to thee!

Vand. Dear mistress, hear me and forbear
 these humours!

Mar. Forbear your vain dissuasions.

Vand. Shall your judgment——

Mar. I will not hear a word.

[*Exeunt Marcellina and Licette.*]

Vand. Strange will in women!
 What says my honourable virgin sister?
 How is it you can brook this bat-like life,
 And sit as one without life?

Eury. Would I were!
 If any man would kill me, I'd forgive him.

Vand. Oh, true fit of a maiden melancholy!
 Whence comes it, lovely sister?

Eury. In my mind,
 Yourself hath small occasion to be merry,
 That are arriv'd on such a hapless shore,
 As bears the dead weight of so dear a sister;
 For whose decease (being my dear sister vow'd),
 I shall for ever lead this desolate life.

Vand. Now heaven forbid! women in love
 with women?

Love's fire shines with too mutual a refraction;
 And both ways weakens his cold beams too much,
 To pierce so deeply; 'tis not for her I know
 That you are thus impassion'd.

Eury. For her I would be sworn and for her husband.

Vand. Ay marry sir! a quick man may do much In these kind of impressions.

Eury. See how idly
You understand me: these same travellers,
That can live any where, make jests of any thing;
And cast so far from home, for nothing else
But to learn how they may cast off their friends:
She had a husband does not cast her off so:
Oh, 'tis a rare, a noble gentleman!

Vand. Well well, there is some other humour stirring,
In your young blood than a dead woman's love.

Eury. No, I'll be sworn.

Vand. Why is it possible,
That you, whose frolic breast was ever fill'd
With all the spirits of a mirthful lady,
Should be with such a sorrow so transform'd?
Your most sweet hand in touch of instruments,
Turn'd to pick straws, and fumble upon rushes?
Your heavenly voice, turn'd into heavy sighs;
And your rare wit too in a manner tainted?
This cannot be: I know some other cause,
Fashions this strange effect; and that myself
Am born to find it out, and be your cure,
In any wound it forceth whatsoever:
But if you will not tell me, at your peril,

Eury. Brother.

Vand. Did you call?

Eury. No, 'tis no matter.

Vand. So then.

Eury. Do you hear?
Assur'd you are my kind and honour'd brother,
I'll tell you all.

Vand. Oh, will you? do so then.

Eury. You will be secret?

Vand. Secret? is't a secret?

Eury. No, 'tis a trifle that torments one thus:
Did ever man ask such a question,
When he had brought a woman to this pass?

Vand. What, 'tis no treason is it?

Eury. Treason, quoth he?

Vand. Well if it be, I will engage my quarters*
With a fair ladies ever: tell the secret.

Eury. Attending oftentimes the Duke and
Dutchess,
To visit the most passionate Earl your brother;
That noble gentleman——

Vand. Well said; put in that.

Eury. Put it in? why? i'faith you're such a man,
I'll tell no further; you are chang'd indeed.
A traveller† quoth you?

Vand. Why what means this?
Come, lady, forth; I would not lose the thanks,
The credit, and the honour I shall have
For that most happy good I know in fate
I am to furnish thy desires withal,
For all this house in gold.

Eury. Thank you, good brother.
Attending (as I say) the Duke and Dutchess
To the sad Earl——

Vand. That noble gentleman?

Eury. Why ay, is he not?

Vand. Beshrew my heart else:
The Earl quoth you, he casts not off his wife.

* Vandome alludes to the sentence passed on those convicted of high treason, of which to be *quartered* was a part.

† The quarto reads, "A travail quoth you?"

Eury. Nay look you now——

Vand. Why, does he pray?

Eury. Why no.

Vand. Forth then I pray, you lovers are so captious.

Eury. When I observ'd his constancy in love,
His honour of his dear wife's memory,
His woe for her, his life with her in death,
I grew in love, even with his very mind——

Vand. Oh, with his mind?

Eury. Ay, by my soul no more.

Vand. A good mind certainly is a good thing :
And a good thing you know——

Eury. That is the chief:

The body without that, alas, is nothing :
And this his mind cast such a fire into me,
That it hath half consum'd me, since it lov'd
His wife so dearly, that was dear to me :
And ever I am saying to myself,
How more than happy should that woman be,
That had her honour'd place in his true love ;
But as for me, I know I have no reason
To hope for such an honour at his hands.

Vand. What at the Earl's hands? I think so indeed.

Heaven I beseech thee was your love so simple
T' inflame itself with him? why he's a husband
For any princess, any queen, or empress :
The ladies of this land would tear him piece-meal
(As did the drunken Froes, the Thracian harper)
To marry but a limb, a look of him :
Heaven's my sweet comfort! Set your thoughts
on him?

Eury. Oh, cruel man, dissembling traveller!

Even now you took upon you to be sure
 It was in you to satisfy my longings,
 And whatsoever 'twere, you would procure it:
 Oh, you were born to do me good, you know:
 You would not lose the credit and the honour,
 You should have by my satisfaction
 For all this house in gold ; the very fates,
 And you were all one in your power to help me.
 And now to come and wonder at my folly,
 Mock me, and make my love impossible?
 Wretch that I was ! I did not keep it in.

Vand. Alas, poor sister ; when a grief is grown,
 Full home, and to the deepest, then it breaks,
 And joy (sun like) out of a black cloud shineth.
 But couldst thou think i'faith I was in earnest,
 To esteem any man without the reach
 Of thy far-shooting beauties ? any name
 Too good to subscribe to Euryone ?
 Here is my hand, if ever I were thought
 A gentleman or would be still esteemed so
 I will so virtuously solicit for thee,
 And with such cunning wind into his heart,
 That I sustain no doubt I shall dissolve
 His settled melancholy (be it ne'er so grounded)
 To rational love and grave philosophy * :
 I know my sight will cheer him at the heart ;
 In whom a quick form of my dear dead sister
 Will fire his heavy spirits ; and all this

(* I have before observed that this play is most imperfectly printed, and as the love which St. Anne bore to his deceased wife was productive of *most irrational effects*, I have ventured to change the reading of the original, which is,

“ His settled melancholy be it ne'er so grounded,
 On rational love, and grave philosophy.”

May work that change in him, that nothing else
Hath hope to joy in; and so farewell, sister,
Some few days hence I'll tell thee how I speed.

Eury. Thanks, honour'd brother: but you shall
not go

Before you dine with your best loved mistress.
Come in, sweet brother.

Vand. In to dinner now?

Midnight would blush at that: farewell, farewell.

Eury. Dear brother do but drink, or taste a
banquet*;

I'faith I have most excellent conserves;

You shall come in in earnest; stay a little!

Or will you drink some cordial still'd waters

After your travel? pray thee, worthy brother!

Upon my love you shall stay! Sweet, now enter.

Vand. Not for the world: commend my hum-
ble service,

And use all means to bring abroad my mistress.

Eury. I will in sadness: farewell, happy brother.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DUKE, DUTCHESS, JERONNIME, and MU-
GERON; DUTCHESS and JERONNIME sit down to
work.

Duke. Come, Mugeron, where is this worthy
statesman,

That you and Rhoderique would persuade

To be our worthy agent into France?

The colour we shall lay on it, t' inter

* By a *banquet*, in the language of our poet's time, something like a modern desert is meant, viz. a collation of fruit, wine, sweetmeats, &c. See the notes of Stevens and Malone, on a passage in Act I. of "Romeo and Juliet," Scene V.

The body of the long deceased countess,
The French king's niece, whom her kind husband
keeps,

With such great cost, and care from burial,
Will show as probable as can be thought:
Think you he can be gotten to perform it?

Mug. Fear not, my lord : the wizard is as forward,

To usurp greatness, as all greatness is
To abuse virtue, or as riches honour.
You cannot load the ass with too much honour.
He shall be yours, my lord ; Rhoderique and I,
Will give him to your highness for your footcloth.

Duke. How happens it he liv'd conceal'd so long?

Mug. It is his humour, sir ; for he says still,
His jocund mind loves pleasure above honour ;
His swinge of liberty, above his life :
It is not safe (he says *) to build his nest
So near the eagle ; his mind is his kingdom ;
His chamber is a court of all good wits ;
And many such rare sparks of resolution,
He blesseth his most loved self withal,
As presently, your excellence shall hear.
But there† is one thing I had half forgotten,
With which your highness needs must be prepar'd :
I have discours'd with him about the office
Of an ambassador ; and he stands on this,
That when he once hath kiss'd your highness'
hand,

* The quarto reads, (*says he*) ; but this seemed to imply a quotation of D'Olive's own words ; and as this very simple transposition rendered the passage quite clear, I chose to hazard it.

† "*This* is one thing," is the reading of the quarto

And taken his dispatch, he then presents
 Your highness' person, hath your place and power,
 Must put his hat on, use you, as you him,
 That you may see before he goes how well
 He can assume your presence and your greatness.

Duke. And will he practice his new state before us?

Mug. Ay, and upon you too, and kiss your
 Dutchess,
 As you use at your parting.

Duke. Out upon him! she will not let him
 kiss her.

Mug. He will kiss her, to do your person right.

Duke. It will be excellent:
 She shall not know this till he offer it.

Mug. See, see, he comes.

*Enter RHODERIQUE, MONSIEUR D'OLIVE, and
 PACQUE.*

Rhod. Here is the gentleman
 Your highness doth desire to do you honour
 In the presenting of your princely person,
 And going lord ambassador to th' French king.

Duke. Is this the gentleman whose worth so
 highly

You recommend to our election?

Rhod. and Mug. This is the man, my lord.

Duke. We understand, sir,
 We have been wrong'd, by being kept so long
 From notice of your honourable parts,
 Wherein your country claims a deeper interest
 Than your mere private self: what makes wise
 nature

Fashion in men these excellent perfections;
Of haughty courage, great wit, wisdom incredible——

D'Ol. It pleaseth your good excellence to say so.

Duke. But that she aims therein at public good?
And you in duty thereto, of yourself
Ought to have made us tender of your parts,
And not entomb them tyrant-like alive.

Rhod. We for our parts, my lord, are not in
fault;
For we have spurred him forward evermore,
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play upon in stately music.

Mug. And if he had been ought else but an ass
Your grace ere this time long had made him great.
(*To D'Olive.*) Did we not tell you this?

D'Ol. Oftentimes :
But sure, my honour'd lord, the times before
Were not as now they be ; thanks to our fortune
That we enjoy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gracious self ! for then 'twas policy
To keep all wits of hope still under hatches
Far from the court, lest their exceeding parts
Should overshine those that were then in place ;
And 'twas our happiness, that we might live so ;
For in that freely-chos'd obscurity
We found our safety, which men most of note
Many times lost ; and I alas for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poor shell ;
For your learn'd excellence, I know knows well,
Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, still.

Duke. 'Twas much you could contain your-
self, that had
So great means to have liv'd in greater place.

D'Ol. * Faith, sir, I had a poor roof or a pent-house

To shade me from the sun, and three or four tiles
To shroud me from the rain, and thought myself
As private as I had King Gyges' ring,

And could have gone invisible; yet saw all
That past our states rough sea both near and far:
There saw I our great galeases tost

Upon the wallowing waves, up with one billow
And then down with another: our great men

Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like
An elephant, and straightways like an ox

And then a mouse: or like those changeable
creatures

That live in the burdello †, now in satin,
To-morrow next in stammel ‡:

When I sat all this while in my poor cell
Secure of lightning, or the sudden thunder;
Convers'd with the poor muses; gave a scholar
Forty or fifty crowns a-year to teach me

* There seems to be some resemblance between the characters of D'Olive, in the present play, and Mount Marino in the "Noble Gentleman" of Fletcher. Our poet's performance, however, was undoubtedly the original.

† "In a brothell." The word is found in Act I. of Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour." And in the "Ladies' Privilege," Adorni says, "These gentlemen know better to cut a caper, than a cable, or *board a pinck in the burdells*, than a pinnacle at sea."

‡ See note, vol. ii. p. 259. It seems from the text to have been a coarse and cheap kind of stuff of a pale red colour. So in the "Woman Hater" of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Is't not a misery to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench, humble herself in an *old stammel* petticoat?"

And prate to me about the predicables * ;
 When indeed my thoughts flew a higher pitch
 Than genus and species ; as by this taste
 I hope your highness happily perceives,
 And shall hereafter more at large approve,
 If any worthy opportunity
 Make but her foretop subject to my hold :
 And so I leave your grace to the tuition
 Of him that made you.

Rhod. Soft, good sir, I pray.

What says your excellence to this gentleman?
 Have I not made my word good to your highness?

Duke. Well, sir, however envious policy
 Hath robb'd my predecessors of your service,
 You must not 'scape my hands, that have design'd
 Present employment for you ; and 'tis this :
 'Tis not unknown unto you with what grief
 We take the sorrow of the Earl Saint Anne
 For his deceased wife ; with whose dead sight
 He feeds his passion, keeping her from rite
 Of christian burial, to make his eyes
 Do penance by their everlasting tears
 For losing the dear sight of her quick beauties.

D'Ol. Well spoke i'faith ! your grace must
 give me leave

To praise your wit, for faith 'tis rarely spoken.

Duke. The better for your good commendation.
 But, sir, your embassy to the French king
 Shall be to this effect ; thus you shall say——

D'Ol. Not so ; your excellence shall pardon me

* The predicables, genus, and species, of which D'Olive speaks, are terms in logic ; and the first means the five things which, as logicians say, may be affirmed of any thing.

I will not have my tale put in my mouth :
 If you'll deliver me your mind in gross
 Why so ; I shall express it as I can,
 I warrant you 'twill be sufficient.

Duke. 'Tis very good : then, sir, my will in gross,
 Is that in pity of the sad Countess's case.
 The king would ask the body of his niece
 To give it funeral fitting her high blood :
 Which (as yourself requires and reason wills)
 I leave to be enforc'd and amplified
 With all the ornaments of art and nature,
 Which flows I see in your sharp intellect.

D'Ol. Alas, you cannot see't in this short time;
 But there be some not far hence that have seen
 And heard me too ere now : I could have wish'd
 Your highness's presence in a private conventicle
 At what time the high point of state was handled.

Duke. What was the point ?

D'Ol. It was my hap to make a number there
 Myself (as every other gentleman)
 Being interested in that grave affair
 Where I deliver'd my opinion : how well ?

Duke. What was the matter pray * ?

D'Ol. The matter, sir,
 Was of an ancient subject, and yet newly
 Call'd into question ; and 'twas this in brief :
 We sat as I remember all in rout,
 All sorts of men together ;
 A squire and a carpenter, a lawyer and a sawyer,
 A merchant and a broker, a justice and a peasant,
 And so forth without all difference.

Duke. But what was the matter ?

* In the quarto this line is included in D'Olive's speech.

D'Ol. Faith a stale argument though newly handled ;
And I am fearful I shall shame myself,
The subject is so threadbare.

Duke. 'Tis no matter; be as it will, go to the point I pray.

D'Ol. Then thus it is : the question of estate
(Or the state of the question) was in brief,
Whether in an aristocratical *
Or in a democratical estate
Tobacco might be brought to lawful use :
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part——

Mug. and *Rhod.* Pray thee to the point.

D'Ol. First to the point then ;
Upstart a weaver, blown up b' inspiration,
That had borne office in the congregation,
A little fellow and yet great in spirit,
I never shall forget him for he was
A most hot-liver'd enemy to tobacco ;
His face was like the ten of diamonds
Pointed each way † with pushes ‡, and his nose
Was like the ace of clubs §, which I must tell you
|| Was it that set him and tobacco first
At such hot enmity; for that nose of his,
(According to the puritanic cut)

* "Aristocracy" in the quarto.

† The quarto reads, "each *where*."

‡ "With *pushes*," i. e. with *pimples*. It is used in this sense by Bacon in his "Essays." See Johnson's Dictionary.

§ Sterne was possibly indebted to this whimsical comparison for his description of "My Great Grandfather's Nose," in the third volume of his "Tristram Shandy."

|| The remainder of this speech is printed as prose in the quarto.

Having a narrow bridge, and this tobacco
(Being in drink) durst not pass by; and finding
His narrow passage stopp'd*, fled back as't came,
And went away in pet.

Mug. Just cause of quarrel.

Duke. But pray thee briefly say what said the
weaver.

D'Ol. The weaver, sir, much like a virginal
Jack †,

Start nimbly up; the colour of his beard
I scarce remember; but purblind he was
With the Geneva print ‡, and wore one ear
Shorter than t'other for a difference.

Duke. A man of very open note it seems.

D'Ol. He was so, sir; and hotly he inveigh'd
Against tobacco with a most strong breath,
(For he had eaten garlic the same morning
As 'twas his use, partly against ill airs,
Partly to make his speeches savory;) Said 'twas a Pagan plant, a profane weed
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant
Out of the word; invented sure by Satan
In these our latter days, to cast a mist
Before mens' eyes, that they might not behold

* The allusion here is to the fashion of forcing the tobacco through the nostrils. See p. 15.

† See vol. i. p. 327.

‡ The celebrated Calvin, who was distinguished by the strictness of his doctrines, was professor of divinity at Geneva, and the Puritans were ridiculed on the same account. So in Jasper Mayne's "City Match:"

"*Bright.* Who does he look like in that dress?

New Cut. Hum! why,
Like a Geneva weaver in black, who left
The loom, and entered into th' ministry
For conscience sake."

The grossness of old superstition
Which is as 'twere deriv'd into the church
From the foul sink of Romish popery :
And that it was a judgment on our land
That the substantial commodities,
And mighty blessings of this realm of France,
Bells, rattles, hobby-horses, and such like,
Which had brought so much wealth into the land,
Should now be chang'd into the smoke of vanity,
The smoke of superstition : for his own part
He held a garlic clove being sanctified
Did edify more the body of a man,
Than a whole tun of this profane tobacco
Being ta'en without thanksgiving : in a word
He said it was a rag of popery,
And none that were truly regenerate would
Profane his nostrils with the smoke thereof :
And speaking of your grace behind your back,
He charg'd and conjur'd you to see the use
Of vain tobacco banish'd from the land,
For fear lest for the great abuse thereof
Our candle were put out : and therewithal
Taking his handkerchief to wipe his mouth,
As he had told a lie, he tun'd his nose*
To the old strain as if he were preparing
For a new exercise ; but I myself
(Angry to hear this generous tobacco,
The gentleman's saint and the soldier's idol,
So ignorantly polluted) stood me up,
Took some tobacco for a compliment,
Brake phlegm some twice or thrice, then shook
mine ears

* *Noise is the reading of the quarto.*

And lick'd my lips, as if I begg'd attention,
And so directing me to your sweet grace,
Thus I replied.

Rhod. and *Mug.* Room for a speech there.
Silence!

D'Ol. I am amused, or I am in a quandary,
gentlemen, (for in good faith I remember not well
whether of them was my words) —

Duke. 'Tis no matter, either of them will serve
the turn.

D'Ol. Whether I should (as the poet says)
eloquar, an sileam, whether by answering a fool I
should myself seem no less, or by giving way to
his wind (for words are but wind) I might betray
the cause; to the maintenance whereof, all true
Troyans (from whose race we claim our descent)
owe all their patrimonies, and if need be their
dearest blood, and their sweetest breath—I would
not be tedious to your highness.

Duke. You are not, sir. Proceed.

D'Ol. Tobacco, that excellent plant, the use
whereof (as of a fifth element) the world cannot
want*, is that little shop of nature wherein her
whole workmanship is abridg'd; where you may
see earth kindled into fire, the fire breathe out an
exhalation; which entering in at the mouth walks
through the regions of a man's brain, drives out
all ill vapours but itself, draws down all bad
humours by the mouth, which in time might
breed a scab over the whole body if already they
have not: a plant of singular use; for on the one
side, nature being an enemy to vacuity and empti-

* "Cannot want," i. e. cannot exist without.

ness, and on the other, there being so many empty brains in the world as there are, how shall Nature's course be continued? how shall these empty brains be filled, but with air, Nature's immediate instrument to that purpose? If with air, what so proper as your fume? what fume so healthful as your perfume? what perfume so sovereign as tobacco? besides the excellent edge it gives a man's wit, (as they can best judge that have been present at a feast of tobacco where commonly all good wits are consorted) what variety of discourse it begets: what sparks of wit it yields, it is a world to hear: as likewise to the courage of a man; for if it be true, what *Johannes de savo. et savo. et*—writes, that he that drinks verjuice pisseth vinegar, then it must needs follow to be as true, that he that eats smoke, farts fire: for garlic, I will not say (because it is a plant of our own country), but it may cure the diseases of the country; but for the diseases of the court, they are out of the element of garlic to medicine; to conclude, as there is no enemy to tobacco but garlic, so there is no friend to garlic but a sheep's head, and so I conclude.

Duke. Well, sir, if this be but your natural vein, I must confess I knew you not indeed. When I made offer to instruct your brain For the ambassage, and will trust you now If 'twere to send you forth to the great Turk With an ambassage.

D'Ol. But, sir, in conclusion, 'Twas ordered for my speech, that since tobacco Had so long been in use, it should thenceforth Be brought to lawful use; but limited thus:

That none should dare to take it but a gentleman,
 Or he that had some gentlemanly humour,
 The mur*, the head-ache, the catarrh, the bone-ache,
 Or other branches of the sharp salt rheum
 Fitting a gentleman.

Rhod. Your grace has made choice
 Of a most simple lord ambassador.

Duke. Well, sir, you need not look for a com-
 mission,
 My hand shall well dispatch you for this business.
 Take now the place and state of an ambassador;
 Present our person and perform our charge,
 And so farewell, good lord ambassador.

D'Ol. Farewell, good Duke, and, Gueaquin,
 to thee. *[Offers to salute her.]*

Dutch. How now, you fool? Out, you pre-
 sumptuous gull.

D'Ol. How now, you baggage? 'Sfoot! are
 you so coy.

To the Duke's person, to his second self?
 Are you too good dame to enlarge yourself
 Unto your proper object? 'sight! 'twere a good
 deed——

Dutch. What means your grace to suffer me
 abus'd thus?

Duke. Sweet love, be pleas'd; you do not
 know this lord.

Give me thy hand, my lord.

D'Ol. And give me thine.

Duke. Farewell again.

D'Ol. Farewell again to thee.

Duke. Now go thy ways for an ambassador.

[Exeunt Duke, Dutch. and Jer.]

* "The mur," is explained by Blount—"a great cold, the pose."

D'Ol. Now go thy ways for a Duke.

Mug. and *Rhod.* Most excellent lord!

Rhod. Why this was well perform'd, and like
a duke,

Whose person you most naturally present.

D'Ol. I told you I would do't; now I'll begin
To make the world take notice I am noble :
The first thing I will do I'll swear to pay
No debts upon my honour.

Mug. A good cheap proof of your nobility.

D'Ol. But if I knew where I might pawn mine
honour,

For some odd thousand crowns, it shall be laid :
I'll pay't again when I have done withal :
Then 'twill be expected I shall be of some religion,
I must think of some for fashion, or for faction sake,
As it becomes great personages to do :
I'll think upon't betwixt this and the day.

Rhod. Well said, my lord : this lordship of
yours will work a mighty alteration in you : do
you not feel it begins to work already?

D'Ol. Faith only in this : it makes me think,
how they that were my companions before, shall
now be my favourites : they that were my friends
before, shall now be my followers : they that
were my servants before, shall now be my knaves* :
but they that were my creditors before, shall re-
main my creditors still.

Mug. Excellent lord ! Come, will you show
your lordship in the presence now?

D'Ol. Faith I do not care, if I go and make a
face or two there, or a few graceful legs, speak a
little Italian, and away ; there's all a presence
doth require. [*Exeunt.*

* See note, p. 149.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter VANDOME and ST. ANNE.

St. Anne. You have inclin'd me more to leave
this life,

Than I suppos'd it possible for an angel ;
Nor is your judgment to suppress your passion
For so dear lov'd a sister (being as well
Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforce-
ment

Of your dissuasive arguments. And besides,
Your true resemblance of her, much supplies
Her want in my affections ; with all which,
I feel in these deep griefs, to which I yield
(A kind of false, sluggish, and rotting sweetness,
Mix'd with a humour where all things in life,
Lie drown'd in sour, wretched, and horrid
thoughts)*

The way to cowardly desperation opened :
And whatsoever urgeth souls accurs'd
To their destruction, and sometimes their plague
So violently gripes me, that I lie
Whole days and nights bound at his tyrannous feet ;
So that my days are not like life or light,
But bitterest death, and a continual night.

Vand. The ground of all is unsufficed love,
Which would be best eas'd with some other object ;

* In the quarto the words " and rotting sweetness " only are included in a parenthesis ; but I think the passage is much cleared by the alteration.

The general rule of Naso being authentic—
Quod successore novo vincitur omnis amor :
 For the affections of the mind drawn forth
 In many currents, are not so impulsive
 In any one ; and so the Persian king
 Made the great river Ganges run distinctly
 In an innumerable sort of channels ;
 By which means, of a fierce and dangerous flood,
 He turn'd it into many pleasing rivers :
 So likewise is an army disarray'd,
 Made penetrable for the assaulting foe :
 So huge fires being diffused, grow assuag'd :
 Lastly, as all force being unite, increaseth,
 So being dispers'd, it grows less sharp, and
 céaseth.

St. Anne. Alas, I know I cannot love another:
 My heart accustomed to love only her,
 My eyes accusom'd to view only her,
 Will tell me whatsoever is not her, is foul and
 hateful.

Vand. Yet forbear to keep her
 Still in your sight: force not her breathless body
 Thus against nature to survive, being dead:
 Let it consume, that it may reassume
 A form incorruptible: and refrain
 The places where you us'd to joy in her:
Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge littus amatum :
 For how can you be ever sound or safe,
 Wherein so many red steps of your wounds,
 Gasp in your eyes? with change of place be sure,
 Like sick men mending, you shall find recure.

[*They retire* *.

* This stage direction is not in the quarto; but it appeared to me out of all probability that the next scene could pass be-

*Enter the DUKE, DUTCHESS, D'OLIVE, JERON-
NIME, MUGERON, and RHODERIQUE, to see the
dead Countess that is kept in her Attire unburied.*

D'Ol. Faith, madam, my company may well be spar'd at so mournful a visitation; for, by my soul, to see Pigmalion dote upon a marble picture, a senseless statue, I should laugh and spoil the tragedy.

Dutch. Oh, 'tis an object full of pity, my lord.

D'Ol. 'Tis pity indeed, that any man should love a woman so constantly.

Duke. Bitterly turned, my lord: we must still admire you.

D'Ol. Tush, my lord, true manhood can neither mourn nor admire: it's fit for women; they can weep at pleasure, even to admiration.

Dutch. But men use to admire rare things, my Lord.

D'Ol. But this is nothing rare; 'tis a virtue common for men to love their wives after death: the value of a good wife (as all good things else) are better known by their want, than by their

fore the husband and brother of the deceased lady. I would very willingly indeed have got them off the stage altogether, and for that purpose have understood the direction prefixed to it, "to see the dead countess," with a little latitude, as meaning only *on their way to see her*: this would have prevented D'Olive's, now unseasonable, jesting from passing in the presence of the dead body. But though an editor must be allowed to take some liberties with stage directions, I question if he would be justified in changing the *scene* altogether, which must have been the case had I done so; for when D'Olive and the rest depart, the quarto has, "Exeunt. Manent Vand. and St. An."

fruition : for no man loves his wife so well while she lives, but he loves her ten times better when she's dead.

Rhod. This is sound philosophy, my lord.

D'Ol. Faith, my lord, I speak my thoughts ; and for mine own part, I should so ill endure the loss of a wife (always provided I loved her) that if I lost her this week, I'd have another by the beginning o' th' next * : and thus resolv'd, I leave your highness to deal with Atropos, for cutting my lady's throat † : I am for France ; all my care is for followers to imp out my train : I fear I must come to your grace for a press ; for I will be follow'd as becomes an honourable lord ; and that is, like an honest squire ; for with our great lords, followers abroad, and hospitality at home, are out of date : the world's now grown thrifty : he that fills a whole page in folio, with his style, thinks it veriest noble, to be mann'd with one bare page and a Pandare ; and yet Pandare in ancient time, was the name of an honest courtier ; what 'tis now, *Viderit utilitas* : Come, wits, let's to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

VANDOME and ST. ANNE come forward :

Vand. Well now, my lord, remember all the reasons

And arguments I us'd at first to you,
To draw you from your hurtful passions,

* Our poet was perhaps indebted to the " Colloquium Senile" of Erasmus, where Polygamus expresses himself nearly in the same terms.

† It would be better to read, " thread ;" but perhaps it was intentional.

And therewithal admit one further cause,
Drawn from my love, and all the powers I have
Euryone, vow'd sister to my sister,
Whose virtues, beauties, and perfections,
Adorn our country, and do nearest match
With her rich graces that your love adores,
Hath wounded my affections ; and to her
I would intreat your lordship's graceful word.

St. Anne. But is it true? Loves my dear brother now?

It much delights me, for your choice is noble:
Yet need you not urge me to come abroad,
Your own worth will suffice for your wish'd speed.

Vand. I know, my lord, no man alive can win
Her resolv'd judgment from virginity,
Unless you speak for him ; whose word, of all
dames,

Is held most sweet, and worthy to persuade them.

St. Anne. The world will think me too fantastical,

To ope so suddenly my vow'd obscureness.

Vand. My lord, my love is sudden, and requires
A sudden remedy : if I be delayed,
Consider love's delay breeds desperation,
By weighing how strongly love works in yourself.

St. Anne. Dear brother, nothing underneath
the stars,

Makes me so willing to partake the air,
And undergo the burden of the world,
As your most worthy self, and your wish'd good :
And glad I am that by this means I may
See your descent continued, and therein
Behold some new-born image of my wife :
Dear wife, take knowledge that thy brother's love,

Makes me dispense with my true zeal to thee*:
 And if for his sake I admit the earth
 To hide this treasure of thy precious beauties,
 And that thy part surviving, be not pleas'd,
 Let it appear to me, ye just assisters
 Of all intentions bent to sovereign justice!
 And I will follow it into the grave,
 Or dying with it, or preserve it thus,
 As long as any life is left betwixt us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MONSIEUR D'OLIVE *and* RHODERIQUE.

D'Ol. But didst note what a presence I came off withal?

Rhod. 'Sfoot! you drew the eyes of the whole presence upon you: there was one lady a man might see her heart ready to start out of her eyes to follow you.

D'Ol. But Monsieur Mustapha there kept state, when I accosted him: 'sight! the brazen head look'd to be worship'd I think: no, I'll commit no idolatry for the proudest image of 'em all, I.

Rhod. Your lordship has the right garb of an excellent courtier; respect's a clown supple jointed; courtesy's a very peagoose; 'tis stiff-ham'd audacity that carries it; get once within their distance, and you are in their bosoms instantly.

D'Ol. S'heart! do they look I should stand

* I have somewhat chang'd the reading of the two last lines, which runs in the quarto—

“Dear *life*, take knowledge that thy brother's love,
 Makes me *despair* with my true zeal to thee.”

aloof, like a scholar, and make legs at their greatness? No, I'll none of that; come up close to him, give him a clap o' th' shoulder shall make him cry oh again, it's a tender place to deal withal*, and say, well encountered noble Brutus.

Rhod. That's the only way indeed to be familiar.

D'Ol. S'foot! I'll make legs to none, unless it be to a justice of peace when he speaks in's chair, or to a constable when he leans on his staff, that's flat: softness and modesty savours of the cart, 'tis boldness, boldness does the deed in the court: and as your camelion varies all colours o' th' rainbow, both white and red, so must your true courtier be able to vary his countenance through all humours; state, strangeness, scorn, mirth, melancholy, flattery, and so forth: some colours likewise his face may change upon occasion; black or blue it may; tawny it may; but red and white at no hand; avoid that like a serjeant: keep your colour stiff, unguilty of passion or disgrace, not changing white at sight of your mercer, nor red at sight of your surgeon: above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of blushing! it does ill in a young waiting-woman, but monstrous, monstrous, in an old courtier.

Rhod. Well, all this while your lordship forgets your ambassage; you have given out you will be gone within this month, and yet nothing is ready.

D'Ol. It's no matter, let the moon keep her

* D'Olive alludes to arrests for debt, which are generally made by tapping the unfortunate man on the shoulder.

course : and yet to say truth, 'twere more than time I were gone, for by heaven I am so haunted by followers ; every day new offers of followers : but heaven shield me from any more followers ! How now, what's the news ?

Enter MUGERON and two others.

Mug. My lord, here's two of my special friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honourable action.

D'Ol. S'foot ! my ears are double lock'd against followers : you know my number's full, all places under me are bestowed : I'll out of town this night that's infallible : I'll no more followers o' mine honour.

Mug. S'light ! lord, you must entertain them : they have paid me my income, and I have undertaken your lordship shall grace them.

D'Ol. Well, my masters, you might have come at a time when your entertainment would have prov'd better than now it is like : but such as it is, upon the commendation of my steward, here——

Mug. A pox o' your lordship's steward !

D'Ol. You're welcome : in a word, *discern and spy out.*

Both. We humbly thank your lordship.

D'Ol. Mugeron, let 'em be entered.

Mug. In what rank, my lord, gentlemen or yeomen ?

D'Ol. Gentlemen ; their bearing betrays no less ; it goes not always by apparel : I do allow you to suit yourselves anew in my colours at your own charges.

Both. Thank your good lordship.

D'Ol. Thy name first, I pray thee?

Cor. Cornelius, my lord.

D'Ol. What profession?

Cor. A surgeon, an't please your lordship.

D'Ol. I had rather thou'dst been a barber, for I think there will be little bloodshed amongst my followers, unless it be of thy letting: I'll see their nails pared before they go. And yet now I bethink myself, our ambassage is into France, there may be employment for thee: hast thou a tub*?

Cor. I would be loath, my lord, to be dislocated or unfurnish'd of any of my properties.

D'Ol. Thou speak'st like thyself, Cornelius: book him down gentleman.

Mug. Very well, sir.

D'Ol. Now your profession, I pray?

Frip. Frippery, my lord, or as some term it, petty brokery†.

D'Ol. An honest man I'll warrant thee, I never knew other of thy trade.

Frip. Truly a richer your lordship might have, an honester I hope not.

D'Ol. I believe thee, Petty Broker: canst burn gold lace?

Frip. I can do any thing, my lord, belonging to my trade.

D'Ol. Book him down gentleman; he'll do

* The tub was usually resorted to for the cure of the "malady of France." See a humorous description in Act III. Scene IV. of Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle;" or a full account in a note by Warburton, in Act IV. of "Timon of Athens."

† A dealer in old clothes, or a pawnbroker.

good upon the voyage I warrant him: provide thee a nag, Petty Broker, thou'll find employment for him doubt not: keep thyself an honest man, and by our return I do not doubt but to see thee a rich knave: farewell, Petty Broker: prepare yourselves against the day; this gentleman shall acquaint you with my colours. Farewell, Fripper; farewell, Petty Broker: *discern and spy out* an't is my motto.

Both. God continue your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

Rhod. (*Aside.*) A very seasonable prayer, For unknown to him, it lies now upon its death-bed.

D'Ol. And how like you my chamber, good wits?

Rhod. Excellent well, sir.

D'Ol. Nay, believe it, it shall do well (as you will say) when you see't set forth suitable to my project: here shall stand my court-cupboard*, with furniture of plate; here shall run a wind instrument; here shall hang my base viol; here my theorbo; and here will I hang myself.

Both. 'Twill do admirable well.

D'Ol. But how will I hang myself, good wits? Not in person, but in picture; I will be drawn.

Rhod. What hang'd and drawn too?

D'Ol. Good again: I say I will be drawn, all in complete satin of some courtly colour, like a knight of Cupid's band: on this side shall be rank'd chairs and stools, and other such compliments of a chamber: this corner will be a con-

* A *court-cupboard* is, perhaps, what we now call a sideboard, says Mr. Stevens in a note on Act I. Scene V. of "Romeo and Juliet," and this is confirmed by Nichols. They are frequently alluded to in the old writers. So in "May Day" of our author; the "Honest Whore" of Dekker, and the "Roaring Girl" of Middleton.

venient room for my close-stool : I acquaint you with all my privities, you see.

Mug. Ay, sir, we smell your meaning.

D'Ol. Here shall be a perch for my parrot, while I remain unmarried, I shall have the less miss of my wife : here a hoop for my monkey ; (when I am married my wife will have the less miss of me) : here will I have the statue of some excellent poet, and I will have his nose go with a vice, (as I have seen the experience) and that (as if 't had taken cold i' th' head)——

Rhod. For want of a gilt nightcap.

D'Ol. Bitter still ! shall like a spout run pure wit all day long ; and it shall be fed with a pipe brought at my charge, from Helicon, over the Alps, and under the sea by the brain of some great engineer* ; and I think 'twill do excellent.

Mug. No question of that, my lord.

D'Ol. Well now, wits, about your several charges touching my ambassage. Rhoderique, is my speech put out to making?

Rhod. It's almost done.

D'Ol. 'Tis well ; tell him he shall have forty crowns ; promise, promise ; want for no promising : and, well remembered, have I e'er a gentleman usher yet ? a strange thing, amongst all my followers, not one has wit enough to be a gentleman usher : I must have one, there's no remedy : farewell. Have a care of my followers, all but my petty Broker, he'll shift for himself.

Rhod. Well, let us alone for your followers.

* It is probable, I think, that our author intends to ridicule those fantastic statues which discharge water from the mouth, nipples, &c. and which were much more common in his time than at present.

D'Ol. Well said, *discern and spy out.*

Both. We thank your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

D'Ol. Heaven I beseech thee, what an abominable sort of followers have I put upon me: these courtiers feed on 'em with my countenance: I cannot look into the city, but one or other makes tender of his good parts to me; either his language, his travail, his intelligence, or something. Gentlemen send me their younger sons furnished in complete, to learn fashions forsooth; as if the riding of five hundred miles, and spending a thousand crowns would make 'em wiser than God meant to make 'em. Others are with child* with the travelling humour; as if an ass for going to Paris, could come home a courser of Naples: others are possest with the humour of gallantry; fancy it to be the only happiness in this world, to be enabled by such a colour to carry a feather in his crest, wear gold lace, gilt spurs; and so sets his fortunes on't; turns two or three tenements into trunks, and creeps home again with less than a snail, not a house to hide his head in †: three hundred of these goldfinches

* The original reads, "Others with child."

† This ruinous fashion hath been remarked and reprehended by Shakspeare and an innumerable number of contemporary writers. So in "Henry VIII."

"Oh, many

Have broke their backs *with laying manors on them*

For this great journey."

And in "King John:"

"Rash inconsiderate fiery voluntaries

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here."

See notes on Scene I. of "Henry VIII."

I have entertained for my followers; I can go in no corner, but I meet with some of my wifflers * in their accoutrements; you may hear 'em half a mile ere they come at you, and smell 'em half an hour after they are past you; six or seven make a perfect morrice-dance; they need no bells, their spurs serve their turn †: I am ashamed to train 'em abroad; they'll say I carry a whole forest of feathers with me, and I should plod afore 'em in plain stuff, like a writing schoolmaster before his boys when they go a feasting: I am afraid of nothing but I shall be balladed, I and all my wifflers: but it's no matter; I'll fashion 'em, I'll show 'em fashions: by heaven I'll give three parts of 'em the slip, let 'em look for't: and yet to say truth, I shall not need, for if I can but linger my journey another month, I am sure I shall mute ‡ half my feathers; I feel 'em begin to wear thin already: there's not ten crowns in twenty a' their purses: and, by this light! I was told at court, that my greasy host of the Porcupine, last holiday, was got up to the ears in one of my followers satin suits; and Vandome went so far, that he swore he saw two of them hang'd: myself indeed passing yesterday

* Whifflers, from the French *viffleur*, were fifers who walked before persons in high stations, in processions or on occasions of ceremony. The true meaning, which is here adopted, was first given by Warton in a note on Act III. of "Othello." It afterwards became a common appellation of contempt.

† These spurs are frequently ridiculed by the dramatic writers of the time. So Jonson in "Every Man out of his Humour:"

"I had spurs of mine own before, but they were not *ginglers*."

‡ "Mute," molt.

by the frippery *, spied two of them hang out at a stall with a gambrel † thrust from shoulder to shoulder, like a sheep that was new flayed: 'tis not for nothing that this petty broker follows me; the vulture smells a prey; not the carcasses, but the cases of some of my deceased followers; s'light! I think it were my wisest course, to put ten pounds in stock with him, and turn petty broker; certainly there's good to be done upon't; if we be but a day or two out of town he'll be able to load every day a fresh horse with satin suits, and send them back hither: indeed 'tis like to be hot travel, and therefore 'twill be an ease to my followers to have their clothes at home afore 'em; they'll on, get off how they can: little know they what pikes their feathers must pass; before they go, the sergeants, when they come home, the surgeons: but choose them, I'll wash my hands on 'em. [Exit.

* *i. e.* The place where old clothes are sold.

† "Gambrel." This word is found in Act IV. Scene I. of "The Nice Valour" of Fletcher, where La Nove says to the cowardly Gallant,

"Lay by your scorn and pride (they are scurvy qualities)
And meet me; or I'll box you while I have you,
And carry you *gambril'd thither like mutton.*"

On which Mr. Weber observes, "From the text, it appears that *gambriled* was used for *tying together the legs of a sheep* after it had been killed." But I believe this gentleman is mistaken: *gambril* was the name of the stick, (and is still common), described by D'Olive as "thrust from shoulder to shoulder" to keep them *asunder*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VANDOME solus.

Vand. My sister's exequies are now perform'd
With such pomp as express'd the excellence
Of her lord's love to her, and fir'd the envy
Of our great Duke; who would have no man equal
The honour he does t' his adored wife:

And now the earl (as he hath promis'd me)
Is in this sad cell of my honour'd mistress,
Urging my love to fair Euryone,
Which I fram'd, only to bring him abroad,
And (if it might succeed) make his effects
With change of objects, change his helpless sorrow
To helpful love. I stood where I observ'd
Their words and looks, and all that pass'd be-
twixt them:

And she hath with such cunning borne herself
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified desires, her only love
To virtue and her lovers; and, in brief,
Hath figur'd with such life my dear dead sister,
Enchasing all this with her heighten'd beauty,
That I believe she hath entangled him,
And won success to our industrious plot.
If he be touch'd, I know it grieves his soul,
That having underta'en to speak for me,
(Imagining my love was as I feign'd)
His own love to her, should enforce his tongue
To court her for himself, and deceive me:

By this time we have tried his passionate blood;
 If he be caught (as heaven vouchsafe he be!)
 I'll play a little with his fantasy.

Enter ST. ANNE.

St. Anne. Am I alone? Is there no eye nor ear
 That doth observe me? Heaven, how have I
 grasp'd,

My spirits in my heart, that would have burst
 To give wish'd issue to my * violent love?
 Dead wife excuse me, since I love thee still,
 That liv'st in her, whom I must love for thee:
 For he that is not mov'd with strongest passion
 In viewing her; that man did ne'er know thee:
 She's thy surviving image: but woe's me;
 Why am I thus transported past myself?

Vand. (Aside.) Oh, are your dull uxorious
 spirits rais'd?
 One madness doth beget another still.

St. Anne. But stay;
 Advise me, soul; why didst thou light me
 Over this threshold? was't to wrong my brother?
 To wrong my wife, in wronging of my brother?
 I'll die a miserable man, no villain:
 Yet in this case of love, who is my brother?
 Who is my father? who is any kin?
 I care not, I am nearest to myself:
 I will pursue my passion: I will have her.

Vand. Traitor, I here arrest thee in the names
 Of heaven, and earth, and deepest Acheron,
 Love's traitor, brother's, traitor to thy wife.

St. Anne. Oh, brother, stood you so near my
 dishonour?

* The original reads, "any violent love."

Had you forborne awhile, all had been chang'd :
 You know the variable thoughts of love,
 You know the use of honour, that will ever
 Retire into itself; and my just blood
 Shall rather flow with honour than with love :
 Be you a happy lover, I a friend,
 For I will die for love of her and thee.

Vand. My lord and brother, I'll not challenge
 more,

In love and kindness than my love deserves :
 That you have found one whom your heart can like,
 And that one, whom we all sought to prefer,
 To make you happy in a life renew'd,
 It is a heaven to me ; by how much more
 My heart embrac'd you for my sister's love :
 'Tis true I did dissemble love t' Euryone,
 To make you happy in her dear affection,
 Who more doats on you, than you can on her :
 Enjoy Euryone, she is your own,
 The same that ever my dear sister was :
 And heaven bless both your loves, as I release
 All my feign'd love, and interest to you !

St. Anne. How nobly hath your love deluded
 me ?

How justly have you been unjust to me ?
 Let me embrace the oracle of my good,
 The author and the patron of my life.

Vand. Tush, betwixt us, my lord, what need
 these terms ?

As if we knew not one another yet.
 Make speed, my lord, and make your nuptials
 short,

As they are sudden bless'd in your desires.

St. Anne. Oh, I wish nothing more than light-
 ning haste !

Vand. Stay, one word first, my lord ; you are
a sweet brother

To put in trust, and woo love for another.

St. Anne. Pray thee no more of that.

Vand. Well then be gone, [*Exit St. Anne.*
My lord, her brother, comes.

Enter VAUMONT.

Vaum. Most happy friend,
How hath our plot succeeded ?

Vand. He's our own.
His blood was fram'd for every shade of virtue,
To ravish into true inamorate fire :
The funeral of my sister has been held
With all solemnity ; now must his nuptials,
With no less speed and pomp be celebrate*.

Vaum. What wonders hath your fortunate
spirit and virtues
Wrought to our comforts ! could you crown th'
enchantments
Of your divine wit with another spell,
Of power to bring my wife out of her cell,
You should be our quick Hermes, our Alcides.

Vand. That's my next labour : come, my lord,
yourself
Shall stand unseen, and see by next morn's light

* The quarto reads,

“ The funeral of my sister *must be held*
With all solemnity, *and then his nuptials*
With no less speed and pomp be celebrate.”

But as Vandome, at the opening of this act, informed 'us that the exequies of his sister *had been* performed, it followed either that our poet here forgot himself, or that the text was corrupt ; as the necessary change was trifling, I have presumed on the latter.

(Which is her bed-time) how my brain's bold *
valour

Will rouse her from her vow's severity :
No will nor power can withstand policy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter D'OLIVE, PACQUE, and DIGUE.

D'Ol. Welcome, little wits : are you he my
page Pacque here makes choice of, to be his fel-
low coach-horse ?

Dig. I am my lord.

D'Ol. What countryman ?

Dig. Born i' the city.

Pac. But begot in th' court : I can tell your
lordship, he hath as good court-breeding, as any
imp in a country : if your lordship please to ex-
amine him in any part of the court accidence,
from a noun to an interjection, I'll undertake
you shall find him sufficient.

D'Ol. Say'st thou so, little wit : why then,
sir, how many pronouns be there ?

Dig. Faith, my lord, there are more ; but I
have learned but three sorts : the goad, the ful-
ham, and the stop-kater-tre † ; which are all de-

* The original reads, "brains-bold."

† These were different sorts of false dice made use of by the
sharper and gamblers of the time, and are frequently men-
tioned by the dramatic writers. The goads, or gourds, are con-
jectured by Malone to have been dice in which a secret cavity
had been made ; and the fulhams are said by Douce to derive
their names from Fulham, where they were chiefly made. One
of the articles in Flowerdale's fictitious will in the "London

monstratives, for here they be : there are relatives too, but they are nothing without their antecedents.

D'Ol. Well said, little wit, i'faith. How many antecedents are there?

Dig. Faith, my lord, their number is uncertain ; but they that are, are either squires, or gentlemen ushers.

D'Ol. Very well said : when all is done, the court is the only school of good education ; especially for pages and waiting-women ; Paris, or Padua, or the famous school of England, called Winchester*, (famous I mean for the goose), where scholars wear petticoats so long, till their pen and inkhorns knock against their knees, all these I say, are but belfries to the body or school of the court : he that would have his son pro-

Prodigal," is, "To my son, Mat. Flowerdale, I bequeath two bale of false dice—*videlicet*, high men, and low men, *fullomes*, *stop-cater trayses*, and other bones of function." See notes on Act I. Scene III. of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Flowerdale and Digue, however, agree that they have not named all ; and on this subject, under the head of Cheating Law, which he explains, "play at *false dice*," Green observes (in his "Notable Discovery of Coosnage, sign E 3-4), "Pardon me, gentlemen, for although no man could better than myself discover this law, as its terms and the name of their cheats, barddice, flats, forgers, langrets, gourds, demies, and many others, with their nature, and the crosses and contraries to them upon advantage, yet for some special reasons herein I will be silent."

* A particular symptom in the *lues venerea*, was called a "*Winchester goose*," says Stevens, in the last note to "*Troilus and Cressida*," and in illustration he quotes the passage in the text : this Upton observes, in his *Critical Observations on Shakespeare*, (edit. 1748, p. 150), was "the swelling in the groin."

ceed doctor* in three days, let him send him thither; there's the forge to fashion all the parts of them: there they shall learn the true use of their good parts indeed.

Pac. Well, my lord, you have said well for the court. What says your lordship now to us Courtiers; shall we go the voyage?

D'Ol. My little Hermaphrodites, I entertain you here into my chamber; and if need be, nearer; your service you know. I will not promise mountains, nor assure you annuities of forty or fifty crowns; in a word, I will promise nothing; but I will be your good lord, do you not doubt.

Dig. We do not, my lord, but are sure you will show yourself noble: and as you promise us nothing, so you will honourably keep promise with us, and give us nothing.

D'Ol. Pretty little wit, i'faith: can he verse?

Pac. Ay and set too, my lord; he's both a setter and a verser †.

D'Ol. Pretty in faith; but I mean, has he a vein natural?

Pac. Oh, my lord, it comes from him as easily——

Dig. As suits from a courtier, without money;

* To "*proceed doctor*," is an academical turn for taking the degree of doctor either in divinity, law, or physic, and (as I believe) by a person who had before a regular degree of a lower kind.

† Pacque means, probably, in the first instance, that he can both *write verses and set them to music*: he afterwards puns on this, by calling him a *setter and verser*, common cant names at that time for notorious cheats. See Green, as before quoted.

or money from a citizen without security, my lord.

D'Ol. Well, I perceive nature has suited your wits; and I'll suit you in guarded coats*, answerable to your wits: for wit's as suitable to guarded coats, as wisdom is to welted gowns. My other followers horse themselves; myself will horse you: and now tell me (for I will take you into my bosom) what's the opinion of the many-headed beast touching my new addition of honour?

Dig. Some think, my lord, it hath given you addition of pride, and outercuidance†.

D'Ol. They are deceiv'd that think so: I must confess, it would make a fool proud; but for me, I am *semper idem*.

Pac. We believe your lordship.

D'Ol. I find no alteration in myself in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser than I was, when I was no lord, nor no more bountiful, nor no more honest; only in respect of my state, I assume a kind of state; to receive suiters now, with the nod of nobility, not (as before) with the

* *i. e.* Ornamented with lace; it is very common. So in the "Merchant of Venice," Act II. Scene II.

" ——— Give him a livery
More *guarded* than his fellows."

† "Outercuidance," over weening, over presumption. The word (as has been observed by Reed) is found in Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," and in the "Mad Couple well Matched" of Brome; as also in "Eastward Hoe," in which both Jonson and our poet had a share: "I must tell thee, Francis, (says Golding, Act IV.) these are manifest signs of an ill nature, and that God doth often punish such pride and *outrecuidance* with scorn and infamy."

cap of courtesy; the knee of knighthood *, and why knee of knighthood, little wit? there's another question for your court accidence.

Dig. Because gentlemen, or yeomen, or peasants, or so, receive knighthood on their knees.

Pac. The signification of the knee of knighthood in heraldry, an't please your lordship, is, that knights are tied in honour to fight up to the knees in blood, for the defence of fair ladies.

D'Ol. Very good; but if it be so, what honour do they deserve, that purchase their knighthood?

Dig. Purchase their knighthood, my lord? Marry, I think they come truly by't, for they pay well for't.

D'Ol. You cut me off by the knees, little wit: but I say, (if you will hear me) that if they deserve to be knighted, that purchase their knighthood with fighting up to the knee, what do they deserve, that purchase their knighthood with fighting above the knee?

Pac. Marry, my lord, I say the purchase is good, if the conveyance will hold water.

D'Ol. Why this is excellent: by heaven twenty pounds annuity shall not purchase you from my heels. But forth now: what is the opinion of the world touching this new honour of mine? Do not fools envy it?

Dig. No, my lord, but wise men wonder at it: you having so buried your wisdom hereto-

* The alliteration of this speech is sufficiently humorous, but our author seems to have been indebted to the "music with her silver sound," in "Romeo and Juliet."

fore in taverns, and vaulting-houses*, that the world could never discover you to be capable of honour.

D'Ol. As though Achilles could hide himself under a woman's clothes; was he not discovered at first? This honour is like a woman, or a crocodile (choose you whether), it flies them that follow it, and follows them that fly it: for myself, however my worth for the time kept his bed, yet did I ever prophecy to myself that it would rise before the sun-set of my days: I did ever dream, that this head was born to bear a breadth, this shoulder to support a state, this face to look big, this body to bear a presence; these feet were born to be revellers, and these calves were born to be courtiers: in a word, I was born noble, and I will die nobly: neither shall my nobility perish with death; after-ages shall resound the memory thereof, while the sun sets in the east, or the moon in the west.

Pac. Or the seven stars in the north.

D'Ol. The siege of Boulogne shall be no more a landmark for times: Agincourt battle, St. James's

* Vaulting was a common sport among our ancestors, and for their entertainment and exercise vaulting houses were, I believe, established. By engaging him in this sport the death of Camillo is brought about in "The White Devil" of Webster: but vaulting house was used in a very different sense, as a cant word for a house of ill fame, and as there could be nothing disgraceful in D'Olive frequenting the former, I conceive it is used in this sense in the text; as in the "Microcosmus" of Nabbes:

"My name is Blood. Air was my father, and my mother a *light-heel'd madam*, that kept a *vaulting school* at the sign of Virgo." Act II.

Field, the loss of Calais, and the winning of Cales, shall grow out of use: men shall reckon their years, women their marriages, from the day of our ambassage; as I was born, or married, two, three, or four years before the great ambassage. Farmers shall count their leases from this day; gentlemen their mortgages from this day: Saint Dennis shall be ras'd out of the calendar, and the day of our instalment enter'd in red letters: and as Saint Valentine's day is fortunate to choose lovers, Saint Luke's to choose husbands, so shall this day be to the choosing of lords: it shall be a critical day, a day of note: in that day it shall be good to quarrel, but not to fight: they that marry on that day, shall not repent; marry, the morrow after perhaps they may: it shall be wholesome to beat a sergeant on that day: he that eats garlic on that morning, shall be a rank knave till night.

Dig. What a day will this be if it hold?

D'Ol. Hold? S'foot! it shall hold, and shall be held sacred to immortality: let all the chronickers, ballet makers, and almanackmongers, do what they dare.

Enter RHODERIQUE.

Rhod. S'foot! my lord, all's dash'd; your voyage is overthrown.

D'Ol. What ails the frantic, tro*?

Rhod. The lady is entomb'd, that was the subject of your ambassage; and you ambassage is buried.

* So Shakspeare in "Much Ado about Nothing:"

"What means the fool, trow?"

Pac. Dido is dead, and wrapt in lead.

Dig. O heavy hearse!

Pac. Your lordship's honour must wait upon her.

Dig. O scurvy verse *! your lordship's welcome home: pray let's walk your horse, my lord.

D'Ol. A pretty gullery. Why, my little wits, do you believe this to be true?

Pac. For my part, my lord, I am of opinion you are gull'd.

Dig. And I am of opinion that I am partly guilty of the same.

Enter MUGERON and a Page.

Mug. Where's this lord fool here? S'light! you have made a pretty piece of service on't: raised up all the country in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay, there's no employment for them.

D'Ol. Good still!

Mug. S'light! I ever took thee to be a hammer of the right feather †; but I durst have laid my life, no man could ever have cramm'd such a gudgeon as this down the throat of thee: to create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee

* This is almost literally quoted from the eleventh Eclogue of Spencer:

“Dido, my dear, alas! is dead,

Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.

O heavy hearse!

Let streaming tears be poured out in store;

O careful verse!”

† I know not to what Mugeron alludes unless it be to the bird called a yellow-hammer.

laughter for the whole court* : I am asham'd of myself that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

D'Ol. Good wit i'faith. I know all this is but a gullery now : but since you have presum'd to go thus far with me, come what can come to the state, sink or swim, I'll be no more a father to it, nor the duke ; nor for the world wade one half step further in the action.

Pac. But now your lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers ?

D'Ol. Followers ? let them follow the court as I have done : there let them raise their fortunes : if not, they know the way to the petty brokers, there let them shift and hang.

[*Exit D'Olive with his two Pages.*]

Rhod. Here we may strike the Plaudit † to our play : my lord fool's gone ; all our audience will forsake us.

Mug. Page, after, and call him again.

Rhod. Let him go : I'll take up some other fool for the Duke to employ : every ordinary affords fools enough : and didst not see a pair of gallants sit not far hence like a couple of bough-pots to make the room smell ?

Mug. Yes, they are gone : but what of them ?

Rhod. I'll press them to the court : or if need be, our Muse is not so barren, but she is able to devise one trick or other to retrieve ‡ D'Olive to court again.

* The Christmas Lord was one formerly chosen to preside over the games and sports carried on at that festive season. See vol. ii. p. 80.

† This is the usual word with which the plays of Terence and Plautus conclude.

‡ *Retire* is the reading of the quarto.

Mug. Indeed thou toldst me how gloriously he apprehended the favour of a great lady i' th' presence, whose heart (he said) stood a tiptoe in her eye to look at him.

Rhod. 'Tis well remembered.

Mug. Oh, a love-letter from that lady would retrieve him as sure as death.

Rhod. It would of mine honour: we'll feign one from her instantly. Page, fetch pen and ink here.

[The Page goes out, and returns with pens and ink.]

Mug. Now do you and your muse engender: my barren sconce shall prompt something.

Rhod. Soft then: the lady Jeronnime, who I said viewed him so in the presence, is the Venus that must enamour him: we'll go no further for that. But in what likeness must he come to the court to her now? as a lord he may not; in any other shape he will not.

Mug. Then let him come in his own shape like a gull.

Rhod. Well, disguis'd he shall be: that shall be his mistress' direction: this shall be my helicon; and from this quiver will I draw the shaft that shall wound him*.

Mug. Come on: how wilt thou begin?

Rhod. Faith thus: Dearly beloved.

Mug. Ware ho, that's profane†.

Rhod. Go to then! *Divine D'Olive*: I am sure that's not profane

* The helicon and quiver are, I suppose, the ink-bottle and pen of Rhoderique, to which he points as he is speaking.

† As being the words with which the marriage ceremony, and two of those with which the morning service begins.

Mug. Well, forward.

Rhod. *I see in the power of thy beauties——*

Mug. Break off your period, and say, 'twas with a sigh.

Rhod. Content: here's a full prick stands for a tear too.

Mug. So, now take my brain.

Rhod. Pour it on.

Mug. *I talk like a fool, but alas thou art wise and silent ;——*

Rhod. Excellent! *And the more wise the more silent.*

Mug. That's something common.

Rhod. So should his mistress be.

Mug. That's true indeed: who breaks way next?

Rhod. That will I, sir. *But, alas, why art not thou noble, that thou might'st match me in blood ?——*

Mug. I'll answer that for her.

Rhod. Come on.

Mug. *But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation.*

Rhod. That's not amiss: forth now. *Thy wit proves thee to be a lord, thy presence shows it: Oh, that word presence has cost me dear !——*

Mug. Well said, because she saw him i' th' presence.

Rhod. *Oh, do but say thou lov'st me !——*

Mug. Soft, there's too many Os.

Rhod. Not a whit: O's but the next door to P; and his mistress may use her O with—with modesty: or if thou wilt, I'll stop it with another brackish tear.

Mug. No, no, let it run on.

Rhod. *Oh, do but say thou lov'st me! and yet do not neither; and yet do.*——

Mug. Well said, let that last stand, let him do in any case: now say thus, *Do not appear at court*——

Rhod. So.

Mug. *At least in my company,*——

Rhod. Well.

Mug. *At least before folks;*——

Rhod. Why so?

Mug. *For the flame will break forth;*——

Rhod. Go on: thou doest well.

Mug. *Where there's fire i' th' hearth,*——

Rhod. What, then?

Mug. *There will be smoke i' th' chimney:*——

Rhod. Forth.——

Mug. *Warm, but burn me not: there's reason in all things.*——

Rhod. Well said, now do I vie* it: *Come to my chamber betwixt two and three;*——

Mug. A very good number.

Rhod. *But walk not under my window; if thou dost, come disguised: in any case wear not thy tuft taffeta cloak; if thou dost, thou killest me.*

Mug. Well said, now to the *l'envoy*†.

Rhod. *Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet*

* This word is sometimes found in the old dramatic writers: so in the "Muse's Looking Glass" of Randolph, and the "Loyal Subject" of Fletcher. It was a term used at the game of gleck.

† See note, vol. ii. p. 402. With the *l'envoy* the poet usually takes leave.

*such, as it skills not whose I am if I be thine ;
Jeronnime**. Now for a fit pander to transport it,
and have at him. [Exeunt.

* This affected manner of concluding a letter is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in " Every Man Out of his Humour, Act III. Scene VII. where Sordide reads, " And thus, not doubting of your fatherly benevolence, I humbly ask your blessing, and pray God to bless you.

Yours, if his own."

How's this ! *Yours, if his own ?* Is he not my son, except he be his own son ? belike this is some *new kind of subscription the gallants use."*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter VAUMONT and VANDOME.

Vand. Come, my good lord, now will I try
my brain,
If it can forge another golden chain,
To draw the poor recluse, my honour'd mistress
From her dark cell and superstitious vow.
I oft have heard there is a kind of cure
To fright a lingering fever from a man
By an imaginous fear; which may be true,
For one heat (all know) doth drive out another;
One passion doth expel another still;
And therefore I will use a feign'd device
To kindle fury in her frozen breast,
That rage may fire out grief, and so restore her
To her most sociable self again.

Vaum. *Juno Lucina fer opem,*
And ease my labouring house of such a care!

Vand. Mark but my midwifery; the day is now
Some three hours old, and now her night begins:
Stand close, my lord, if she and her sad meany*
Be toward sleep, or sleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarms: page! boy! sister!
All tongue-tied? all asleep? page! sister!

* "Meany," household or domestic servants. So in "Lear,"
Act II. Scene IV.

"They summon'd up their *meiny*, straight took horse."
Where the passage in the text has been quoted by Stevens.

Vaum. Alas, Vandome, do not disturb their rest
For pity sake, 'tis young night yet with them.

Vand. My lord, your only way to deal with
women

And parrots, is to keep them waking still *.

Page! who's above? are you all dead here!

[*Digue looks out with a light.*]

Dig. S'light! is hell broke loose? who's there?

Vand. A friend.

Dig. Then know this castle is the house of woe:
Here harbour none but two distressed ladies
Condemn'd to darkness, and this is their jail,
And I the giant set to guard the same:

My name is Dildo. [*He retires.*]

Vand. Sirrah, leave your roguery, and hearken
to me: what, Page, I say!

[*He returns again with a light.*]

Dig. Tempt not disasters: take thy life: be-
gone.

Vaum. An excellent villany!

Vand. Sirrah! I have business of weight to
impart to your lady.

Dig. If your business be of weight, let it wait
till the afternoon, for by that time my lady will
be delivered of her first sleep. Begone, for fear
of watery meteors.

Vand. Go to, sir! leave your villany, and dis-
patch this news to your lady.

Dig. Is your business from yourself, or from
somebody besides?

Vand. From nobody besides myself.

* Mr. Stevens, in a note on Act III. of "Othello," observes,
"Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from
sleep;" and to this the passage in the text alludes.

Dig. Very good ; then I'll tell her, here's one beside himself has business to her from nobody.

[*He retires.*]

Vaum. A perfect young hempstring*.

Vand. Peace lest he overhear you.

[*He returns.*]

Dig. You are not the constable, sir, are you?

Vand. Will you dispatch, sir? you know me well enough, I am Vandome.

Eury. (*Within.*) What's the matter? who's there? Brother Vandome?

Vand. Sister.

Eury. What tempest drives you hither at such an hour?

Vand. Why I hope you are not going to bed; I see you are not yet unready†: if ever you will deserve my love, let it be now, by calling forth my mistress, I have news for her, that touch her nearly.

Eury. What is't, good brother?

Vand. The worst of ills: would any tongue but mine had been the messenger.

Mar. (*Within.*) What's that, servant?

Vand. Oh, mistress, come down with all speed possible, and leave that mournful cell of yours,

* So in the "Taming of the Shrew:"

"Come hither, *crack-hemp*."

And Rixula, in "Mother Bombie," vol. i. p. 246:

"Then I wish'd for noise,

Of *crack-halter* boys,

On those hempen strings to be twanging."

† "Undressed." So in "A Trick to Catch the Old One," by Middleton, Audry says to Dampit, "Take the warm napkin about your neck, sir, whilst I help to make you *unready*."

I'll show you another place worthy of your mourning.

Mar. Speak, man, my heart is armed with a mourning habit of such proof, that there is none greater without it, to pierce it.

Vand. If you please to come down, I'll impart what I know: if not I'll leave you.

Eury. Why stand you so at gaze, sister? go down to him. Stay, brother, she comes to you.

Vand. (*To Vaum.*) 'Twill take I doubt not: though herself be ice,

There's one with her all fire; and to her spirit I must apply my counterfeit device:

Stand close, my lord.

Vaum. I warrant you, proceed.

MARCELLINA and EURYONE come down. VAUMONT conceals himself.

Vand. Come, silly mistress, where's your worthy lord?

I know you know not, but too well I know.

Mar. Now heaven grant all be well!

Vand. How can it be?

While you poor turtle sit and mourn at home,
Mew'd in your cage, your mate he flies abroad:
O heavens! who would have thought him such a man?

Eury. Why what man, brother? I believe my speeches will prove true of him.

Vand. To wrong such a beauty, to profane such virtue, and to prove disloyal.

Eury. Disloyal *? nay ne'er gild him o'er with

* "Disloyal," unchaste, faithless to his marriage vow.

fine terms: brother, he is a filthy lord, and ever was; I did ever say so; I never knew any good o' th' hair*: I do but wonder how you made shift to love him, or what you saw in him to entertain but so much as a piece of a good thought of him.

Mar. Good sister, forbear.

Eury. Tush! sister, bid me not forbear: a woman may bear, and bear, and be never the better thought on neither†: I would you had never seen the eyes of him, for I know he never loved you in's life.

Mar. You wrong him, sister; I am sure he lov'd me

As I lov'd him; and happy I had been
Had I then died, and shunn'd this hapless life.

Eury. Nay, let him die, and all such as he is: he lay a caterwauling‡ not long since: oh, if it had been the will of heaven! what a dear blessing had the world had in his riddance.

Vand. But had the lecher none to single out
For object of his light lascivious blood,

* "I never knew any good o' th' hair," of the same kind, or complexion: it is used in this sense in the "First Part of Henry IV." Act IV. Scene I.

"The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division."

And "The Nice Valour" of Fletcher, Act I. Scene I.

"—— But 'twas said, sir,

A lady of my hair cannot want pitying."

† The language of Euryone here bears a near resemblance to that of the Hostess in the "Second Part of Henry IV.:" "I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on." Act II. Scene I.

‡ This term seems to mean here, the complaining cries of Vaumont in a fit of sickness.

But my poor cousin that attends the Dutchess,
Lady Jeronime?

Eury. What, that blaber-lip'd blouse?

Vand. Nay, no blouse, sister, though I must
confess

She comes far short of your perfection.

Eury. Yes, by my troth, if she were your
cousin a thousand times, she's but a sallow
freckled face-piece when she is at the best.

Vand. Yet spare my cousin, sister, for my sake;
She merits milder censure at your hands,
And ever held your worth in noblest terms.

Eury. Faith the gentlewoman is a sweet gen-
tlewoman of herself, I must needs give her her
due.

Vand. But for my lord, your husband, ho-
nour'd mistress,
He made your beauties and your virtues too,
But foils to grace my cousin's; had you seen
His amorous letters—* But my cousin presently
Will tell you all; for she rejects his suit:
Yet I advis'd her to make a shew she did not;
But 'point to meet him, when you might surprise
him,
And this is just the hour.

Eury. God's my life! sister, lose not this ad-
vantage; it will be a good trump to lay in his
way upon any quarrel: come, you shall go:
S'body! will you suffer him to disgrace you in
this sort? dispraise your beauty? And I do not
think too, but he has been as bold with your

* In the quarto the conclusion of this speech is in prose. I
have made something like a division, agreeable, I think, to the
author's intention.

honour, which above all earthly things should be dearest to a woman.

Vand. Next to her beauty.

Eury. True, next to her beauty : and I do not think, sister, but he deviseth slanders against you, even in that high kind.

Vand. Infinite, infinite.

Eury. And I believe I take part with her too : would I knew that i'faith!

Vand. Make your account, your share's as deep as her's : when you see my cousin, she'll tell you all : we'll to her presently.

Eury. Has she told you she would tell us?

Vand. Assured me, on her oath.

Eury. S'light! I would but know what he can say : I pray you, brother, tell me.

Vand. To what end? 'twill but stir your patience.

Eury. No I protest : when I know my carriage to be such, as no stain can obscure, his slanders shall never move me : yet would I fain know what he feigns.

Vand. It fits not me to play the gossip's part : we'll to my cousin, she'll relate all.

Eury. S'light! what can she say? pray let's have a taste on't onward*.

Vand. What can he not say, who being drunk with lust, and surfeiting with desire of change, regards not what he says? and briefly I will tell you thus much now : Let my melancholy lady (says he) hold on this course till she waste her-

* Meaning, I conceive, " give us a specimen of it as we proceed." But I would prefer reading with trifling variation—

" Pray let's have a taste on't! one word!

self, and consume my revenue in tapers ; yet this is certain, that as long as she has that sister of hers at her elbow——

Eury. Me? why me? I bid defiance to his foul throat.

Vaum. (*Aside.*) Hold there, Vandome, now it begins to take.

Eury. What can his yellow jealousy surmise against me? If you love me, let me hear it: I protest it shall not move me.

Vand. Marry forsooth, you are the shoeing-horn, he says, to draw on, to draw on sister*.

Eury. The shoeing horn with a vengeance! what's his meaning in that?

Vand. Nay I have done, my cousin shall tell the rest: come, shall we go?

Eury. Go? by heaven you bid me to a banquet: sister, resolve yourself, for you shall go; lose no more time, for you shall abroad on my life: his liquorice chaps are walking by this time: but, for heaven's sweet hope! what means he by that shoeing-horn? As I live it shall not move me.

* The humorous paper in the "Spectator" upon *shoeing-horns*, will occur to every reader, and Vandome undoubtedly insinuates that Euryone was accused of being a pandress to her sister. Deicon, in "Gammer Gurton's Needle, says,

"—— Out at doores I hyed mee,

And caught a *slyp* of *bacon*, when I saw none spyed mee,

Which I intend not far hence, unless my purpose fayle,

Shall serve for a *shoing horne* to draw on two pots of ale."

It again occurs (as quoted in a note on this passage) in "Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication," "To have some *shooeing horn* to pull on your wine, as a *rasher* of the coles, or a *redde herring*."

Vand. Tell me but this, did you ever break* betwixt my mistress and your sister here, and a certain lord i' th' court?

Eury. How? break?

Vand. Go to, you understand me: have not you a Petrarch in Italian?

Eury. Petrarch? yes, what of that?

Vand. Well, he says you can,† your good; you may be waiting-woman to any dame in Europe: that Petrarch does good offices.

Eury. Marry hang him! good offices? S'foot! how understands he that?

Vand. As when any lady is in private courtship with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helps to entertain time: you understand his meaning?

Eury. Sister, if you resolve to go, so it is; for by heaven your stay shall be no bar to me; I'll go, that's infallible: it had been as good he had slandered the devil: shoeing-horn? Oh, that I were a man for's sake!

Vand. But to abuse your person and your beauty too; a grace wherein this part of the world is happy: but I shall offend too much.

Eury. Not me, it shall never move me.

* *i. e.* Explain to her the love he had for her. So in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act I. Scene I.

"If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will *break* with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her."

† "You *can*, your good;" *i. e.* your well-skilled offices of this kind. So in "Hamlet:"

"I've seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they *can* well on horseback."

Vand. But to say ye had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the visible marks of a shrew), a dry hand (which is a sign of a bad liver, as he said you were), being toward a husband too! this was intolerable*.

Vaum. (*Aside.*) This strikes it up to the head.

Vand. Indeed he said you dressed your head in a pretty strange fashion: but you would dress your husband's head in a far stranger; meaning the Count of Saint Anne I think.

Eury. God's precious! did he touch mine honour with him?

Vand. Faith nothing but that he wears black, and says 'tis his mistress' colours: and yet he protests that in his eye your face shows well enough by candlelight, for the Count never saw it otherwise, unless 'twere under a mask, which indeed, he says, becomes you above all things.

Eury. Come, page, go along with me, I'll stay for nobody: 'tis at your cousin's chamber, is it not?

Vand. Marry is it, there you shall find him at it.

Eury. That's enough: let my sister go waste his revenue in tapers, 'twill be her own another day.

Mar. Good sister! servant! if ever there were any love or respect to me in you both——

* I believe I have improved the sense of the passage by putting—"which is a sign of a bad liver, as he said you were," in a parenthesis. But I cannot but think a part of the speech has been transposed, and that we should read, "But to say, you had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the visible marks of a shrew, as he said you were); a dry hand, which is a sign of a bad liver, (being toward a husband too!) this was intolerable."

Eury. Sister, there is no love nor respect, nor any conjuration, shall stay me: and yet, by my part in heaven! I'll not be moved a wit with him: you may retire yourself to your old cell, and there waste your eyes in tears, your heart in sighs, I'll away certain.

Vand. But soft, let's agree first what course we shall take when we take him.

Eury, Marry, even raise the streets on him, and bring him forth with a flock of boys about him, to whoot at him.

Vand. No, that were too great a dishonour: I'll put him out on's pain presently.

[*Draws his sword.*]

Page. Nay, good sir, spare his life; cut off the offending part, and save the Count.

Mar. Is there no remedy? must I break my vow?

Stay, I'll abroad, though with another aim
Not to procure, but to prevent his shame.

Vand. Go, page; march on, you know my cousin's chamber,

My company may wrong you; I will cross
The nearer way, and set the house afore you:
But, sister, see you be not mov'd, for God's sake.

Eury. Not I by heaven: come, sister, be not moved;

But if you spare him, may heaven ne'er spare you.

• [*Exeunt Mar. Eury. and Page. Vaum. comes forward.*]

Vand. So now the solemn votary is reviv'd.

Vaum. Pray heaven you have not gone a step too far,

And rais'd more sprites, than you can conjure
down.

Vand. No, my lord, no; th' Herculean labour's
pass'd,

The vow is broke, which was the end we sweat for,
The reconcilment will meet of itself:

Come, let's to court, and watch the ladies' chamber,
Where they are gone with hopeful spleen to see
you.

*Enter D'OLIVE in disguise, walking towards the
Apartments of the Ladies; after him RHODE-
RIQUE and MUGERON observing him.*

Rhod. See, Mugeron, our counterfeit letter
hath taken: who's yonder think'st?

Mug. 'Tis not D'Olive?

Rhod. If it be not he, I am sure he's not far off:
those be his tressels* that support the motion.

Mug. 'Tis he, by heaven, wrap'd in his care-
less cloak!

See, the Duke enters: let him enjoy the benefit
of the enchanted ring, and stand awhile invisible:
at our best opportunity we'll discover him to the
Duke.

* The legs of D'Olive seem to be so called from their resembling the shapeless legs of stools or tressels. Our poet has the same image in the last scene of his "Widow's Tears;" and it is found also in the "Blurt Master Constable" of Middleton. It is perhaps needless to add that *motion* here means a *puppet*.

Enter DUKE, DUTCHESS, VANDOME, ST. ANNE, and VAUMONT; afterwards DIGUE, who draws VANDOME aside, and then speaks to him so as not to be overheard by the others. RHODERIQUE and MUGERON converse with the DUKE apart.

Dig. Monsieur Vandome, yonder's no lord to be found: my lady stays at hand and craves your speech.

Vand. Tell her she mistook the place, and conduct her hither. How will she look when she finds her expectation mock'd now?

[Exit Dig.]

Vaum. What's that, Vandome?

Vand. Your wife and sister are coming hither, hoping to take you and my cousin together.

Vaum. Alas! how shall we appease them, when they see themselves so deluded?

Vand. Let me alone, and stand you off, my lord.

Enter MARCELLINA and EURYONE.

Madam, you're welcome to the court: do you see your lord yonder? I have made him happy by training you forth: in a word, all I said was but a train to draw you from your vow: nay, there's no going back: come forward and keep your temper. Sister, cloud not you your forehead: yonder's a sun (*pointing to St. Anne*) will clear your beauties I am sure. Now you see the shoeing-horn is expounded: all was but a shoeing-horn to draw you hither: now show yourselves women, and say nothing.

Duke. (*To Rhod. and Mug.*) Let him alone awhile. Vandome, who's there?

What whisper you?

Vand. Y'ave done? come forward:

See here, my lord, my honourable mistress,
And her fair sister, whom your highness knows
Could never be importun'd from their vows
By pray'er, or th' earnest suits of any friends,
Now hearing false report that your fair Dutchess
Was dangerously sick, to visit her
Did that which no friend else could win her to,
And brake her long-kept vow with her repair.

Duke. Madam, you do me an exceeding honour
In showing this true kindness to my Dutchess,
Which she with all her kindness will requite.

Vand. (*To St. Anne.*) Now, my good lord, the
motion you have made,

With such kind importunity by yourself,
And seconded with all persuasions
On my poor part, for marriage of this lady,
Herself now comes to tell you she embraces,
And (with that promise made me) I present her.

Eury. Sister, we must forgive him.

St. Anne. Matchless lady,

Your beauties and your virtues have atchiev'd
An action that I thought impossible:
For all the sweet attractions of your sex,
In your conditions, so to life resembling
The grace and fashion of my other wife,
You have reviv'd her to my loving thoughts,
And all the honours I have done to her
Shall be continu'd (with increase) to you.

Mug. Now let's discover our ambassador, my lord.

Duke. Do so. [*D'Olive is going off.*]

Mug. My lord! my lord ambassador!

D'Ol. My lord fool, am I not?

Mug. Go to, you are he: you cannot cloak your lordship from our knowledge.

Rhod. Come, come: could Achilles hide himself under a woman's clothes? Greatness will shine through clouds of any disguise.

Duke. Who's that, Rhoderique?

Rhod. Monsieur D'Olive, my lord, stolen hither disguis'd, with what mind we know not.

Mug. Never strive to be gone, sir: my lord, his habit expounds his heart: 'twere good he were search'd.

D'Ol. Well rooks well, I'll be no longer a block to whet your dull wits on. My lord, my lord, you wrong not yourself only, but your whole state, to suffer such ulcers as these to gather head in your court; never look to have any action sort to your honour, when you suffer such earwigs to creep into your ears thus.

Duke. What's the matter, Rhoderique?

Rhod. Alas, my lord, only the lightness of his brain, because his hopes are lost.

Mug. For our parts we have been trusty and secret to him in the whole manage of his embassy.

D'Ol. Trusty? A plague on you both! there's as much trust in a common whore as in one of you: and as for secresy, there's no more in you than in a profest scrivener.

Vand. Why a scrivener, Monsieur D'Olive?

D'Ol. Marry sir, a man cannot trust him with

borrowing so much as poor forty shillings, but he will have it *Known to all men by these presents* *.

Vand. That's true indeed, but you employed these gentlemen very safely.

D'Ol. Employed? Ay, marry sir, they were the men that first kindled this humour of employment in me: a pox of employment I say! it has cost me—but what it has cost me, it skills not: they have thrust upon me a crew of threadbare, unbutton'd fellows, to be my followers; tailors, frippers, brokers, cashier'd clerks, pettifoggers, and I know not who I: S'light! I think they have swept all the bowling alleys i' th' city for them: and a crew of these, rak'd like old rags out of dunghills by candlelight, have they presented to me in very good fashion, to be gentlemen of my train, and sold them hope of raising their fortunes by me: a plague on that phrase, raising of fortunes! it has undone more men than ten diceing houses: raise their fortunes with a vengeance! And a man will play the fool and be a lord, or be a fool and play the lord, he shall be sure to want no followers; so there be hope to raise their fortunes. A burning fever light on you, and all such followers! S'foot! they say followers are but shadows, that follow their lords no longer than the sun shines on them: but I find it not so: the sun is set upon my employment, and yet I cannot shake off my shadows; my followers grow to my heels like kibes, I cannot stir out of doors for 'em. An your grace have any employment for followers, pray enter-

* Perhaps it is useless to say these are the words with which bonds and some other legal instruments begin.

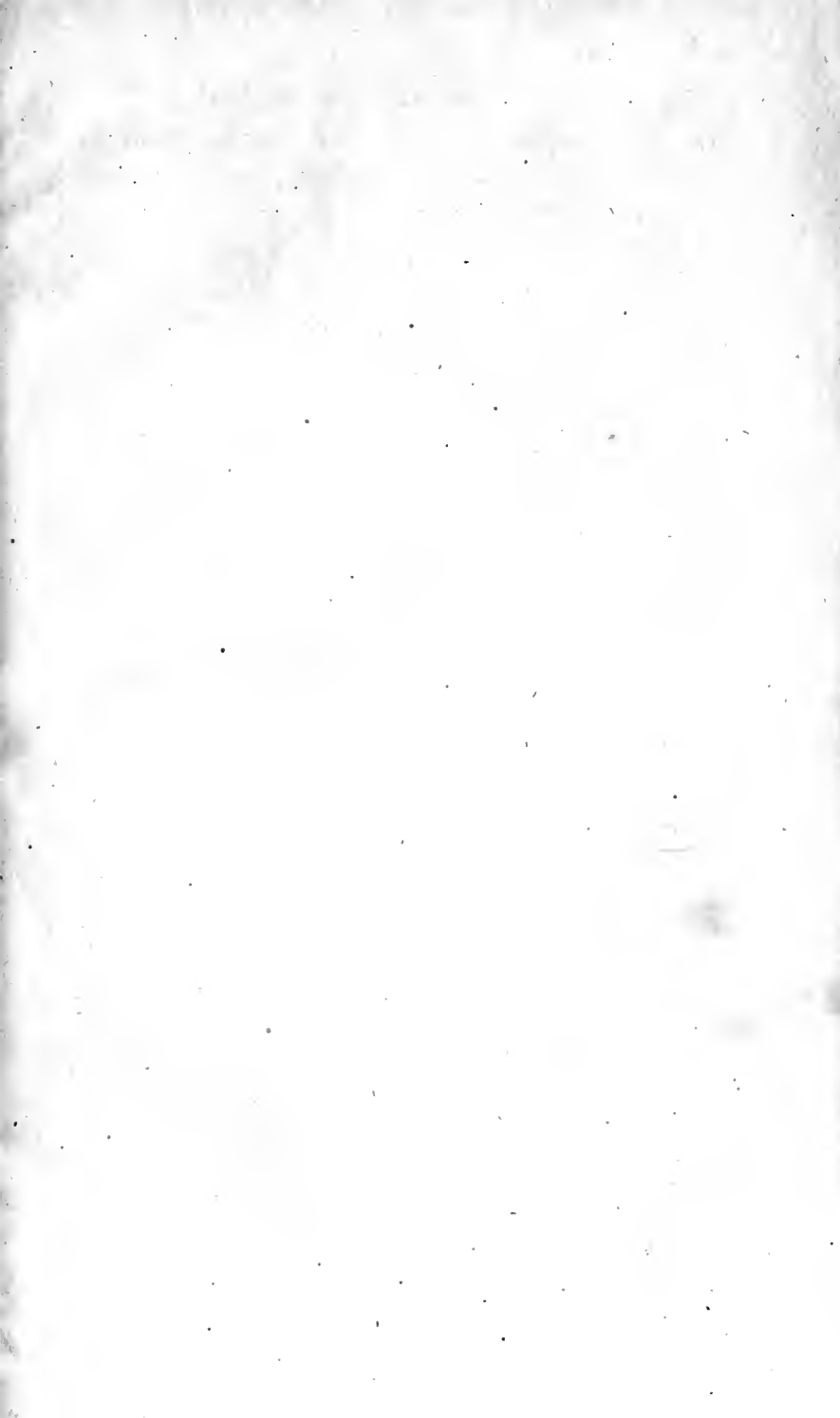
tain my company: they'll spend their blood in your service, for they have little else to spend: you may soon raise their fortunes.

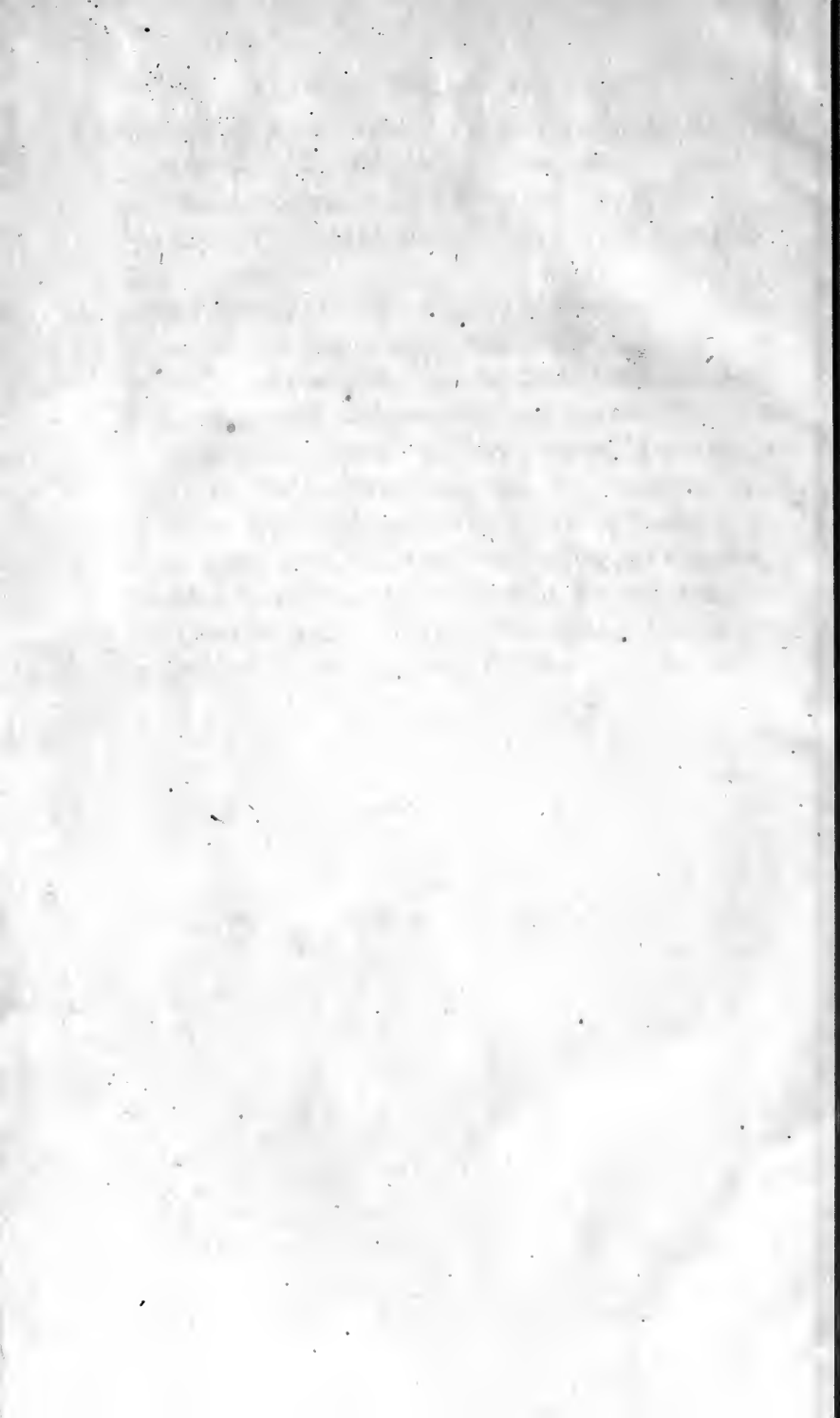
Duke. Well, Monsieur D'Olive, your forwardness

In this intended service, shall well know
What acceptation it hath won itself
In our kind thoughts: nor let this sudden change
Discourage the designments you have laid
For our state's good: reserve yourself I pray,
Till fitter times: meantime will I secure you
From all your followers: follow us to court.
And, good my lords, and you my honour'd ladies,
Be all made happy in the worthy knowledge
Of this our worthy friend Monsieur D'Olive.

Omnes. Good Monsieur D'Olive. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. III.





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